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Aphrodite at Leatherhead*

By John Helston

FOUR streams: whose whole delight in island lawns,
Dark-hanging alder dusks and willows pale
O'er shining grey-green shadowed waterways,
Makes murmuring haste of exit from the vale—
Through fourteen arches voluble
Where river tide-weed sways.
Whose burthen is of things insoluble
From hidden deeps below the hills where yawns
Some veinous and insatiable Desire,
That sits for ever there
When Summer fills the valley with slow fire,
Whereto the stealthy Mole is minister
In secret places damp and caverns dire.

Red brick-work lichened grey; grey stone to green:
Mossed corner-crannies flowerful with flame:
And red roofs hiding daily deeper now,
As Spring comes quietly the hills between—
With deeper breath misting the elms below.
And the old walls—but yellow ere she came—
Are gladly golden as they take the sun;

* Without presuming to "present" Mr. Helston after the manner of fashionable actors, we think it will interest the public to know that he was for years a working mechanic—turner, fitter, &c.—in electrical, locomotive, motor-car, and other workshops.

And brightly bronze about them poplars grow. . . .
All things in shine and shadow seem to know
That spring is everywhere and benison.

Clear to their pebbled floors the waters move
To mix their several courses in one tide. . . .
And there I saw Spring floating, like a bride
Veiled in the weft of her own dreams: and Love
Laughed in the spray he shook from off his vans;
And through bright water-drops his countenance
Was roguish as a young god's face above
The amorous ways of some white nymph, grown coy
Of love for long, till conquered by the boy
Among her secret rushes. I descried
These things, and others, on the southern side.

Yea, all was sweetly, of a sudden, strange.
Were no more houses, but great woods that passed
Into the shadows of some mountain range
Crowned with a sunlight coronet of snows.
Now shining flowers, by verdant glooms o'ercast,
Along a bank beside blue water rose.
Blue water broken by low waterfalls
And plashy places, strewn with rocks and sand,
As Naiads would delight. There one did stand
In a broad sunlight; like some statue planned
Of Love himself, whose marble meaning calls
Out of the ages:—more a vital thing
Than many a heart of beats grown dead to spring,
Whose body is a sepulchre that palls,
With its own pallid plinth, all burgeoning
Of primal joys at Love's chief festivals.
All loveliness to make one greatly mad
With dreams whereof men grow more madly great
Upon that glory which, of starry date,
Crowns Beauty's co-eternal high estate;
All these good things she had.
There was a sweet, pure passion in her eyes
To make all cynic sense grow gladly wise—
E'en sorrow, wisely glad.

All things, it seemed, to her were ministers:
Thrushes, flute-throated, shook the shades with song,
In amorous, rich, and lovely echoes long.
So, nightingales in sunlight would rehearse
Their moontide music: and a fairy throng
Of blue-winged butterflies would oft repair
To visit the broad blossom of her hair,

That, like some golden-hanging creeper, clung
Round the wild rose-buds of her bosom there.
All things that deem it more to live and die,
And to bring forth and blossom, than to lose
The fear of death by being never born,
Did pilgrimage about her feet—to vie
In plenitude of thanks. And each in turn,
Among a many there, had power to choose
That gift she deemed most gracious. Thus cuckoos
Made woodland evening mellow with their cry,
But sometimes sang all night, till they should learn
The ordered harmony of night and morn
That pleased her most. And all that liberty
Which is Love's servant and his great reward—
Whose virtue bids growth grow, and melody
Be made of bird, and leaves' delightful tune,
And the green grateful guerdon of the sward
Be gladder, being free;
And all the phased enchantment of the moon,
And every change of sun or starry light,
That made her woodland places wonderful
With cloud and beams and shadows dark or bright—
All these did praise her of their own accord,
Whilst all around was heard,
On loom-gales tender over day and night,
The mystery of Love's most lovely word,
Spring's foam-flung "APHRODITE."

All white she was, but as the foam of May
Is white on apple-orchards under stars.
Her like I have not seen by mortal day,
By many a night, when dreams were avatars
Of Love's delight, I have not seen it. Nay!
Not since youth died, and love has passed away. . . .
It may be few are tempted so as are
Poets; for whom is woman's loveliness
Made lovelier than morning may express
With all those hues whereof her melting star
Is tender witness. Through the evening woods
Song floating on the sunset's ardent floods
Is very lovely: and there is a noon,
So tense with Summer's passionate distress
Of extreme silent Beauty's breathlessness
That all things seem to swoon
Down the large luxury of languor's dreams—
So prodigal it teems
With passion's trance, mid-rapture craves for boon.
All greatly good are these: their several praise

Make up the total of the poet's ways,
That lead his soul to God that is in art.
But surer lies there even,
Of all his roads to heaven:—
High dreams, wherein a woman plays her part.
Where, mingled in some supreme period,
Their blood accelerates the heart of God.

Who has loved greatly has more greatly lived
Than those for whom is life a market-place.
Not for his breadth of Being were contrived
Of man the scales, or measure of his grace.
But he has made his bargain face to face
With God—if there be God in more than lies
Of ancient vogue, that in the Truth's disguise
Were hawked by priests as unction for sore eyes,
Till all the world was blinded, and fell down
Before such gods beside whom wood and stone
Were truths of wholesome aspect. At the throne
Of her, God's goddess of the year's great Truth
That is in Spring and primal Nature's passion,
I did fall down in fancy of such fashion
That all my soul, and body too, forsooth!
Cried out in worship holy. Like a youth,
When Longing's ecstasies would fan the fires
Of love's delirium to strange desires
That hang 'twixt earth and heaven, was I then!
Forgotten, all, were baser things of men:
All baseness known of women I forgot.
And all the morning of pure passion's pain
Rang rapturous responses through my brain—
Love's own dear antidote.

Then spake I to this lady in such wise:—
"O Incarnation lovely of my Love,
O lovely lust of Increase called of Spring,
O Bride of Burgeoning,
I am become all bridegroom for thine eyes!
In every sense of me thine echoes teem:
By this broad mirror of the noon above
The stars still set and rise
To watch thee from the darkness of their dream!
Their passion I can trace
Reflected in thy face!
For thee, with voice of worship, calls the stream;
The slow clouds rise from holy mountain tops
Like incense for thee blown in silver steam;
And the pure fountain drops

Her singing shade of rainbows through the beam!
All things are quick to love, this April day.
There is a world of longing in the wind
About thy tresses twined:
It listeth, or it lusteth—Who shall say?"

"O Goddess of the glory in green leaves,
I am heart-hungry, I, thy worshipper!
And fasting sense within my soul perceives,
Thou lovely whisperer,
That famished I may feed my full of thee!
Let us behind the mountains and the sea
To some far land where sorrow never dwells,
Nor ever evil comes;
Where often I have tracked thee through the dells,
And thy soft south wind roams,
Laden with fragrant breathing of bluebells!
There may I mix myself with bounteous thine:
In all my various need and veins I pine:
Let me be made one with thee, and divine!"

"God gave His sanction, surely, when He gave
A soul to man and beauty to the world,
To claim the light within a falling wave,
The moonrise and the daydawn dew-empearled,
And every dædal impulse of the sun,
For Joy's own bride, Imagination.
To fill with increase earthly truth, and save,
With gracious things, the soul this side the grave. . . .
And thou, O lovely One, art all of Truth!
Thou art Truth's greatest goddess, that I know:
Long have I loved thee, from my youngest youth
Upwards. Oh, hear me, Goddess; let us go!
And as we go, forgive that I have sinned
In loving thee too little anywhere!
I hear a voice of whispers on the wind:
'Fair as she is, she yet would be more fair,
And yet more dear, for thee to clasp her there,
Than thou hast ever known!'
Surely the fountain's shade is in thy hair,
Clear-falling, full of music of low tone.
And trees are surely making lovely moan
To swell my longing's prayer:—
Alone!—the fountain; and the trees—alone!
Oh, hearken! Oh, mine only goddess, hark!
Immortal ocean mads me—yon great pine
Voices that sea whereon we will embark
For lands of love, where lesser suns grow dark

Behind us, and before us, greater shine
On thine own island always! where the lark
Sings without ceasing, and his cloud of song
Is all of cloud 'twixt us and deep blue heaven!—
Lest thou should'st slay me of this madness stark,
Lest I, perchance, of love should do thee wrong. . . .
I could do ravishment upon thee, even!"

"Oh, no! I meant it not, my Aphrodite!
Be not in haste to anger thee for such!
If I did haste to lead me to delight,
Blame me not now for loving thee too much!
See, with a song I'll charm thee till art kind;
Till all things matter nothing, only love!
I'll woo thee till art won for very shame
Thou did'st keep Love long waiting but to prove
The patience, not the passion, of his kind—
The wisdom, not the wonder, of his name!"

"*Where thy green bowers are, by the white foam,*
Oh, Aphrodité, be mine!
O'er waves of that song the sea sings in the pine
I am fain to pursue thee, to follow thee home,
To Desire's own echoing shrine!
Dark the stars are above us: wait not for the night.
Oh, haste! Let us love by thine own April light,
To those dream-island murmurs of thine,
Aphrodite!
Aphrodité! Spring's lady! Be mine!"

Then did my lady from her gracious eyes
Make only answer for a little space;
But dreams as old as any paradise
Were passing o'er the Eden of her face.
She made as if to speak me answer thrice;
And twice there came a whisper full of "Nays!"
And once there came a whisper full of sighs—
She was a very woman in her ways!
Whoso has heard the birch-wood's voice of praise
In all her leafy languages arise,
When warm winds mould her myriad hair of green,
With sunlight soft between;
And tenderness and tuneful artifice,
Has heard an echo, but he has not *seen*
How breathed my lady's bosom then, I ween!
For—shaking out her shining hair—thuswise
She sang; and for the manner how she sang,
I think the wind sang like it to the sea

APHRODITE AT LEATHERHEAD

A million years ago,
Or by some Cytherean promontory
That morning when from ocean's cave she sprang,
With warm hair wet and heavy, hanging low,
All foam and mystery.

"I am more fair, and haply far more human,
Than mortal maids ungracious in their love?
O Love of Mine, that would'st so have me woman,
The sun sees, all the sky looks down above! . . .
My bosom for a great delight of kisses
Grows tender, as to woo me to thy mind.
I am grown fain to hide me in my tresses. . . .
Nay, then! shall Aphrodité prove unkind?
And am I fair, and am I dear to thee?
O Love, O Love! that thou so temptest me!"

And I went to her: we were all alone!
And very real and near my lady smiled.
And very far away had all things gone
With Love's own lonely landscapes reconciled
But hardly. Now a shade of April trees
Made murmur through the kisses of the sun
About our coming, and a choir of birds
Sang all at once old Hymen's morning hymn. . . .
I did not see there any Cherubim
Or flaming swords, or flaming fiddlesticks,
To frighten folk away with fire-work tricks.
And all the snakes were silent that were there
Save those soft golden ones—my lady's hair,
Through which she oft would whisper golden words
So all her hair grew eloquent, and dim
With golden shadow all her countenance.
I thought the blue love-lightnings of her glance
Had waked men made of Arctic-midnight cold,
Had made more timid love be overbold:
For me, I walked in trance,
Too tender to be fearful, organ-souled,
From which she shook the utmost chords of sense,
That trembled round her wild white innocence
Like choral dawns round life's high places rolled.

We two alone through all an April shade!
Great hollies flickered argent fire and gloomed
Like dark blue midnight memories that loomed
Still permeate with brooding sense of stars.

And with a sense of day's own dye there bloomed
Long spaces steeped in bluebells' azure light,
Till earth rose heaven. Soft winds disarrayed
The birch with splendour so her myriad hairs
Were as green water-fountains falling bright
About shy limbs of their own silver sprite.
And from her greenwood lairs
Did Echo steal on Echo unawares,
Through many a silent breathing of blown trees
And shadow-haunted glade
Across a world of woodland: then the breeze
Burdened with brine and long-drawn cadences,
Deep, solemn-sounding only as the sea's!

Now flashed the foam-white crescent wave and curled
The long blue shine of waters crowding home
With all the plangent pulse of ocean's world,
Eager to fill each separate mouth of foam
With sigh of breathing kisses salt and slow,
And print its passioned progress o'er the strand:
The sun was scarce more golden than the sand
Among the dunes of grassy beaches low.
And from the sea-wind's wide-flung first embrace
That shook the birches' hair with amorous storms
Such sweet, strong madness shuddered through the place
We two were nigh to panic, in alarms
That only lovers feel when face to face
And joys to warmer grow.
I durst not ask surrender of those charms
She was become as eager to forgo
As I to lose my way amid her arms,
As she to lose her woman's way of "No!"
Her sense and mine swayed, trembled, danced, and flung
Madly against each other. The blue sky
Darkened against a darker sea. We clung—
We two together—for a space, to sigh
And pant with longings inarticulate
In any language save of starry date
That Love interprets through tumultuous tears
His own warm wishes dye,
For everlasting meaning to the years;
God's breath of Lust, love's lips would sanctify.

In every vein some ancestor of old
Who clasped his bride in caverns oversea
Spake to me then; and Passion's pæan rolled

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Mute from the margins of eternity
With its own might of message. "Comfort me!
O Love of Mine, you loved me long ago:
Because thou *art*, thou *wast*—in Arcady!—
Before Love's lure was laid in Ilion!—
Before Astarte or Semiramis,
Thou sawest in far forgotten years agone
How the moon held her midnight mysteries
In the untrodden places of the snow
On highest Himalaya!—We were one
In sun-warm sands that waited Babylon,
O Love of Mine that loved me long ago!
We two may meet and mix but once, no more,
In each of all our myriad lives, and oh!
A myriad streams of mingling through me flow
To mate with thine, beloved, by the shore!"
She spake it; and I knew her mine to love
In her most intimate and tender trance,
In rapture where the inner circumstance
Of Being breaks in primal blowth above
The bridal-beds of elementary pain.
I watched her pure eyes clouding with the stain
Of passion-surges grown intolerable
Against the flood-gates of her maidenhood:
And in her face a lovely shameful mood
Stained, with its blushing darkness of eclipse,
Her white skin scarlet as her anxious lips
That whispered: "Love me when the tide is full!"
She had slipped down and left me so I stood
As one from dreams, when sudden waking strips,
From out the closure of his arms, delight
In some dear woman, captive all the night,
Whose tender ministrations memories mock
Through empty, hateful portals at his blood.
She had slipped down beneath me so I stood
Shaken, in that green shadow of the wood;
Swaying, and staring at the stricken trees
Writhing among embraces of the breeze,
I saw their white limbs rock:
Without, I heard the echoes of the tide. . . .
And now she made a place for me beside
Her lithe limbs laid among deep grass and good
For lovely strife at amorous victories:
She hid her face within its golden hood
Or ardent hair, her only veil,—my bride!
And as I kissed her through it, "At the flood. . . .
At the full flood-tide take me!" then she gasped.
And so we waited, mutely mad through all

Anticipation's raptured interval,
Limbs interwoven, beating bosoms clasped.

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The tide had turned an hour: the outer deep
Echoed with fainter music in our ears,
Breathed in our blood soft, tuneful things of sleep:
And soft, pleached sunlights dried her passion's tears.
I watched a thousand recollections creep
In faint, quick flushes from her bosom's nest
To hide among her golden shade of hair. . . .
My lovely Aphrodité! Oh, to rest
All weariness of sordid struggle there,
But once again! To me thou wast more fair,
And art, than aught; and full of God's own love
And all the wonder of His wedded years!
I kissed His hand when I have kissed thy breast,
Surely, if there be God found anywhere!
My Aphrodité! Only once again! . . .
The memory of our mingling soars above,
Star-like, among the spheres.
Fraught with new meaning is the stellar Wain:
God's lovely lust is wound about the stars,
And every earthly atom woos its kind!
All pregnant Nature teemed that avatars
Be born in Man, to breed from every wind
Response of holy Truth, so that the mind
Of all men hear His message in their youth;
And hearing, know, as know they surely can,
That naught which man may ever do for Truth
Compares with all that Truth shall do for man!
Truth only may teach Beauty, Beauty this:—
That Love alone is worthy lord of souls;
Hate, but a hireling still the beast controls—
Ugly, a mean thing, full of blemishes,
That yet shall rise, as man rose from the beast,
Through many purifyings, till its yeast
Be potent as a purer Manhood's barm
For use on evil only, and all harm
Has lost its power to choke the centuries.
Yea! in that tranquil hemisphere of time
Men call the future hate shall cleanse the earth
With manifold Truth's teaching, for sublime
Example even unto love that worth
Is in all things that best fulfil their birth.
Yea! as the Yeast of God, in man shall rise
The sun of Truth, till evil come to dearth
Among the outer darkness, and fulfil
Its life in one great catacomb of Ill. . . .

As I dreamed thus beside her, here her eyes,
That had been veiled awhile with drowsy peace,
Opened: it seemed she knew my thoughts. "To these,
O Love of Mine, shalt add this other thing:—
Lust *was*, that Love *might be*. They blaspheme God
Who criticise His methods. Lust is good,
And he who mocks it doth imbue his blood
With mockery against God's grace of Spring.
Lust is His breath who quickened all a world—
Too good a thing to waste on baser joy:
Whoso shall lose his lust in loveless ease
Shall find his pleasure only to destroy.
This shall be truth for lovers:—Only love
Than lust in them should holier be: above
All other ways shall this one purify!"
She paused in thought. Then both her white arms curled
Softly about my neck. She whispered: "Dear,
Remember this hereafter; I am near,
Yea, very near thee always; and would guide
My poet's passions only to her side
Thou mayest love, and loving her, love me."
She spake the last a trifle wistfully.
"And I will so awake, I promise thee,
Her woman's nature, thou need'st never roam
To clasp me ever by this island foam. . . .
My memory shall move ye in your home."

At that I made to answer; but she stopped
My mouth with many kisses for a space.
I kissed her tender eyelids when they dropped,
That could not hide the longing in her face.
But afterwards, again I answered her,
"My goddess, though were every woman fair,
That would not make her love me—make her *love:*
I doubt some women know what love may be!"
Her eyes were laughing as she answered me.
"No? Can all *men* love? Art a foolish one!
There are some things e'en poets' brains above.
I say we women are so great at it,
So old we are in passion's lovely lore,
Not all men-poets that the sun shone on
Have guessed how deep Desire in us can sit
And sing such songs as Sappho sang of yore—
Nay, sings in us for ever! There is more
Of God's own meaning than a man may guess
In Woman that is Woman!" . . . Strange distress
Shook out in tremors through her frame: she wept
Such poignant tears as only women keep.

And long it took to kiss them into sleep:
The tide was out ere she had ceased to weep. . . .
Only the wind sighed. . . . In her arms I slept.

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Evening. . . . The further sky had faded light:
It gave the sharp sea-line a deeper hue
Than ere I slept: somewhat more darkly bright
The sea seemed,—one unbroken, lovely blue
Save for its host of small waves falling white,
As the slow tide made over emerald rocks
And broad brown levels of the chevroned sand
That gleamed to gold in places. Aphrodite
Sat by me, holding mine with one small hand
The while the other spread out wayward locks
For Fancy's idle weaving so I saw
Her blue-blown bosom's founts that glimmered through
Had fed too long the sea-wind's chilly maw.
And at the sight my passion sprang anew
To robe her round in warm protection's clasp.
But she brake from me with a sudden gasp—
"O Love of Mine, the hour is come! Adieu!
Adieu? Oh, ay! *Farewell!* . . . yet not farewell. . . .
No more may Aphrodité be such bride
To thee as she. . . . Alas! Alas!" she cried.
I seized her then, her resolution tried
So sorely, that she, moaning, made to tell
I should once more take all my last long fill
Of her; but, soon as I had had my will,
She must be gone for ever from my side—
In mortal shape, that is. . . . And here the tide,
Meseemed, spake sudden from a falling wave
Of deeper tone than heretofore. She gave
A nod of piteous gesture to the sea:
Her smooth throat shuddered as she echoed, "Hark!"
And in her eyes a birth of tears grew dark:
And then she gave her lovely self to me.

But of some things we spake. . . . I shall not tell
Of that last anguish of our mingled lives,
That like some unforgetful fever drives
Along my blood this moment. How she made,
As the stars strengthen, so desire in me
More manifest with lovely light and shade.
This may I:—At the last we kissed farewell,
There by the shore of that dark evening sea,
That ne'er may fade from out my memory
Till life's last pulse has faded in a knell. . . .
Yea, we stood up together at the last:

APHRODITE AT LEATHERHEAD

She had looked seaward thrice: her blown hair fell
In whispering, wild sadness—"It is past!"—
About my breast. . . . The tide was calling home
My lovely one. She shivered in a blast
That sounded like a summons from the foam
She might not disobey. . . . And then I heard
Far out upon the sea-line, near the sun,
A murmur of waves falling grow to one
Clear word, that shone like sea-birds, seen afar,
Shine when they leave the water suddenly;
And silent as the foam fades, or a star
Among wide waste sea-waters was that word
The sea-line spake to me.
And, as it came, the trees around were stirred
Strangely, as of some Sorrow passing through;
And the wind rose three sudden times and shrilled,
And at the sound the shadow of the sea
Passed over eyes that had been heaven's hue;
And thrice her hair was shaken as it filled,
With sharp, small sounds she stifled ere they grew
Larger and tore my ears, while passion thrilled
Her tightened arms. And then our lips withdrew
That had shut hard in stricken hold on each:
And blind with parting's pain
I stood where we had lain;
And from our bridal-bed had last of speech
With her, my bride. For now she turned again—
The tide was round her little feet—and called;
And all the sea in echo rose and fell:
"Farewell, O Love! O Mortal Love, farewell!
We have not loved in vain!
Already in me quickens graft of thee!
And all my womb, with mortal love enthralled,
Shall burgeon with fresh fruit of Poetry!
That poetry which makes men to me turn,
Even as thou didst mix with me, to make
My love a meaning so their senses ache
With purer passion when their lust shall burn:—
Seeing that loveless lust begets a rod,
Whereby the soul is beaten from the brute,
And the blind brute knows but the beast for God;
Till God's own voice be mute,
Where blasphemy for ugliness doth yearn.
And now I go! Take comfort! I am near
When thou shalt clasp some tender woman kind!
Surely, I promise thee, shall be more dear
Her kisses, for my teaching!" And the wind
Spake of a sudden, solemn; and the trees

Shook, all together; and a shape of foam
Clung wildly white upon her, round her knees:
Her hair, her hand, waved; and she turned her home.

Then from the bower of birch-trees, that had hung
With tender tapestries our joys, and sung
Our bridal benison, I brake and cried,
As one from whom love's last despair has wrung
Hatred of future living. In the tide,
As men may fling life from them, then I flung,
And sought my death in tombs that held my bride.
But with soft strength resistless I was borne,
Three separate times of struggle, back to land—
She would not let me drown. So life forlorn
Went up with baffled death once more to stand
'Midst those green imprints of impassioned hours,
Where fragrant from her body lay the grass,
And the mute stems of broken bluebell-flowers
Bore bridal-witness. Thence I saw her pass
Toward the falling darkness far away,—
Her gold hair like a floating flame. Alas!
The lovely golden head that might not stay.
Swift sank the sun from out our wedding-day,
And sorrowful for me that sundown showed
The while I watched her, passing, float afar.
Till, in her place, there loomed a sudden star
And through a mist of purple twilight glowed
Insistent, white, and wonderful. And soon,
As one that sees a darkness on the moon,
Infected with an earthlight, shape and shine—
Upon the shadow of the further coast
I saw, above the wan foam-water's line,
A glooming shape that floated on the dark
Of April's ebbing flood, against a ghost—
Like a faint flame that silver limbs display—
And glimmered lonely o'er the wave: a stark,
Still shape that gloomed beside a silver ray—
The crescent of a month that might be May.

And, as befoundered by some larger sense,
By passion brought to birth for vain delight—
Whose wings, alas, are less than infinite,
Nay, weak as wide and wild with the Immense—
My soul beat blindly down that bridal-night
Whose joy was flown before its screen of stars
Had dropped a veil of splendours dark and bright
On love's own splendid shame. As iron bars
The darks that shut upon me seemed, and rang

APHRODITE AT LEATHERHEAD

As iron rings reverberant when my soul,
Too feeble for the quest on which it sprang,
Shuddered upon them; till such strong control
As Frenzy has for madmen rioted
Its own despair to ruin that was ease,
And the mad stars, distraught as mine own head,
Grew quiet with their old accustomed peace.
Then like a man from such a grave arisen
As holds the springtide-splendours of a dream,
'Gainst which is life a thing grown pale in prison,
My soul went sadly forward down a stream
Of half-remembered twilight things that draw
The patient pulses from their sleepy blood
Back into power of living. Soon I saw
The darkness break and scatter from a wood,
Familiar with a host of laughing leaves
In England's loveliest late April mood,
That drew my feet by threads of grassy track
Adown green slopes and sunlight. Sense conceives
No light so swift as then came rolling back
The town above, the bridge whereon I stood.

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Then I awoke, and watched a little space
The four small streams grow into one; and heard
A train behind me whistle. But the place
Was strange for Surrey still. And afterward,
Her name clung to my ears, her glory glowed,
At every bend along the London road.

The Lesson of the Balkan War

By F.M. Lord Roberts

The first great lesson that has been given to us as to what is required from the soldier in modern warfare was taught by the Russo-Japanese campaign. Manchuria, however, was so far away, and the difficulty of arriving at first-hand evidence was so great, that what was to be learnt from that campaign was not brought home to the ordinary reader until all popular interest in the war had ceased. Thoughtful soldiers, on the other hand, both in this country and on the Continent, had arrived at some very clear conclusions. They realised that the Japanese successes were the result of years of patient training, and that, so long as the Japanese could depend upon an army thoroughly trained and adequately led, they had nothing to fear from the haphazard organisation that the Russians could oppose to them. But when, at the height of their successes, the Japanese made peace, it astonished the world and amazed the Russians themselves. There was, however, good reasons for this sudden *volte face* of the victorious Japanese: they understood that the Russian officers had begun to profit by the experiences of the war, and they realised that a fresh flood from their immense resources was about to pour in, while they knew only too well that the winning of the series of Pyrrhic battles culminating in the victory of Mukden had exhausted the supply of their competent regimental officers and trained men, and that they would have to oppose Russia's next effort with partially trained troops led by officers hastily promoted from the ranks. This necessity was opposed to their philosophy of war. They, therefore, made peace.

Although the true meaning of this apparently unaccountable phenomenon did not escape the notice of real students of war, the people in this country in general were satisfied that financial difficulties were responsible for

Japan's apparent moderation during the Portsmouth negotiations; and, when the Civil minds that frame the British Empire's military policy groped in the dark for some Budget-meeting expedient for providing Great Britain with an improved army, they reverted to the old heresy of the amateur soldier, insufficiently armed and trained. It was a cheap expedient, and it suited the policy of the moment.

Arguments that suit a particular policy have only to be sufficiently reiterated to convince those who favour the policy of their sincerity. The true lessons of the great struggle in Manchuria passed unheeded, and this country became content to maintain a small regular army of good quality, adequately trained and supported by a levy of partially trained civilians called the Territorial Force. The public conscience was calmed by the hypothetical assumption that, as we possessed a magnificent Navy, the country would be immune from invasion for at least six months, and that within that period the civilian levy organised for home defence would have been drilled into a serviceable army. Those who knew something about the possibilities of modern steam power at sea shook their heads, and it then came to be admitted by the council of experts that, in spite of a powerful Navy, such a contingency as a hostile raid was indeed a possibility. Until last summer this was grudgingly conceded. It is now an open secret that the last Naval manœuvres, designed expressly to prove the impossibility of a successful descent upon these shores, demonstrated exactly the reverse. The weak squadron conveying the transports not only succeeded in evading the powerful fleet opposed to it, but actually effected a theoretical landing of 40,000 men. If this be possible when the fleet is expecting the descent, how much more vulnerable will the coast-line be when it is not expecting it and is engaged in bringing the enemy's main squadrons to battle; or when it is maimed and crippled after a conflict with the enemy. It has to be borne in mind that in the conditions of modern war the victors as well as the vanquished will probably be seriously damaged and for a time cease to be sea-worthy.

At this opportune moment, when the belief in the infallibility of the Navy to prevent a sudden raid has been shaken, and when all the hypothetical arguments upon

which the Territorial Force has been based have tumbled to pieces, the struggle in the Balkans has brought fresh evidence to show the criminality of the suggestion that partially trained troops in any proportion can hope successfully to cross bayonets with a seasoned army.

The Ottoman army, as is well known, has a military system of mobilisation that differs from those employed by other great military Powers. The reason for this is territorial. Until quite recent years the Ottoman army was recruited exclusively from the Moslem element. To suit this practice the Staff found it necessary to draw heavily upon the Asiatic provinces. This brought about the Redif system of organisation. The advent of the Young Turk régime four years ago induced the new Government to recruit from among Ottoman Christians. This was part of the Young Turks' policy of regeneration. This policy was so irritating to the various nationalities composing the Empire that from the moment the new scheme of army reorganisation was instituted the Ottoman army found itself engaged in partisan warfare within its own frontiers. During the past four years the Turkish Government has been obliged continuously to employ a large moiety of its troops in dealing with insurrection. Military operations were almost continuous in Albania and the Yemen; there was trouble in Servia and Kurdistan, to say nothing of the concentration of troops that became necessary in view of the hostilities with Italy. This abnormal strain upon the regular troops necessitated an unceasing drain upon the first-class reservists and thoroughly disorganised the whole of the Redif system.

At the outbreak of war with the Balkan Allies there was an insufficient supply of first-class reservists either to complete the establishments of the first-line units, or to mobilise according to the book the Divisions which should have been exclusively drawn from the first ban of Redif. When the Ottoman General Staff found itself opposed by the Balkan Federation, it had to face the problem of invasion by at least a million well-trained men.

In order that it should be able to mobilise armies to meet this menace, the Ottoman General Staff was forced to go into the byways and hedgerows to find the necessary men. Arms and equipment there were plenty, but of

trained men equal to the requirements of the modern battle there were too few. Eye-witnesses of the mobilisation of the First Turkish Army Corps in Constantinople have given me the most pathetic description of the material with which the units of the Army Corps were brought up to strength. Redifs from Anatolia came pouring into the capital. They comprised callow youths who had never yet handled a rifle, old men whose last experience of war dated from the days of Osman Pasha. This material was hurriedly issued with coarse khaki uniform and cheap contract ammunition boots; it was given rifles and bandoliers and then sent to squad instruction on the War Office parade ground. At the most, three days were allowed for this instruction, and then the men were spirited away by night straight to the battlefield.

It may be gathered from the evidence of the fighting on both sides in the battles which decided the fate of Turkey in Europe that the struggle was as fierce as anything that took place in the Japanese War. Both armies appear to have been actuated with a deadly racial hatred for each other; both armies were equipped with weapons of the most modern design; the Turks had the advantage in numbers; the weather was terrible, and hunger and disease had already seized upon the combatants. In these circumstances, all else being equal, the Ottoman troops, backed by the *moral* of five hundred years of conquest, should have driven the Bulgarians from the field. The Bulgarians possessed, however, the one asset that in modern battles will always decide the issue. The Bulgarian troops, though suffering the same chastisement and privations as their enemy, were the component parts of a well-officered and perfectly disciplined machine; the Turks, on the other hand, were neither disciplined nor intelligently led. The raw levies that filled the gaps in the ranks squirmed under the punishment, their nerves gave under the strain. They knew no force upon which to depend when their own courage failed them. They fled like driven sheep from the firing lines, obsessed with but one idea, which was to place as many miles as possible between them and the battlefield that their trembling limbs could accomplish between dusk and dawn. They recked nothing of the stalwart Regulars holding manfully on to their positions; their terror deadened

their ears alike to the supplications and imprecations of their officers; the loaded whips of the mounted *gendarmes* even failed to herd them back to the line of battle. Wild-eyed, inarticulate of speech or jibbering like maniacs, they fled to the ranks of others who had not yet experienced the ordeal. Their desperate terror communicated itself to these newcomers. Thus it was that, after ten days of battle, Turkish Generals, who had been commanding Divisions, found that their units had dwindled to mere skeletons. Then the fatal order for the retirement was given, and the great army, undermined in its *moral*, fell back in disorder.

This is the story which competent observers have brought to this country. They traced the cause of the *débâcle* primarily to the employment of partially trained and untrained troops in battle. There were, of course, other contributory causes, to wit, maladministration and dearth of officers competent to lead. These, however, are one and all defects that we should find in our own Territorial Force if in case of home defence we were to attempt to place a mobile citizen army in the field.

The Turkish General Staff was not slow to appreciate the real cause of the disaster. When the Bulgarians gave them the opportunity to reorganise after the retreat, their first action was to eliminate as far as possible the partially-trained element from their field army, and to man the lines at Chatalja with units composed of old soldiers. The miserable caricatures in khaki, who had fled from the battle-field, were collected in gangs to dig trenches and bury the cholera casualties.

The wisdom of this change of policy by the Turkish General Staff was immediately and strikingly demonstrated by the defence of the lines at Chatalja. Here the well-trained Turkish troops, snug in their trenches, not only gave pause to the Bulgarian advance, but handsomely defeated their attack, and in about the only close fighting that took place during the campaign, showed a great superiority to the Bulgarians.

To my mind it would seem that the lesson of this Thracian campaign, in which the military reputation of the Ottoman Empire came tumbling down like a castle built of cards, was almost Providentially sent to warn this country against the folly of its existing military policy. Is

it to be believed that our Territorial troops, if they were to find themselves arrayed in battle, no matter how great the odds in their favour, against the seasoned troops of an European enemy, would be able to make a better resistance than the Turks? The nervous development of this nation has grown with the advance of education. It seems to me that highly imaginative troops, devoid of the confidence that discipline and training bring, would be less able to sustain the nerve-shaking elements of the modern battle than the unimaginative and sheep-like Turkish soldiers. Unless I have been misinformed, the naval hierarchy have admitted the possibility of our Territorial Force being called upon to oppose a raid before they have undergone the six months' training which Lord Haldane at one period promised them upon mobilisation. If this be true, then all that I have contended during the past few years is now admitted. In face, therefore, of this untraversable evidence from the Balkans, it is tantamount to racial suicide to leave matters as they are.

Harkness's Fancy

By Maurice Hewlett

I MAY have been a precocious child, but I cannot tell within a year or two how soon it was that I attained manhood. There must have been a moment of time when I clothed myself in skins, like Adam; when I knew what this world calls good and evil—by which this world means nothing more nor less than men and women, and chiefly women, I think. Savage peoples initiate their young and teach them the taboos of society by stripes. We allow our issue to gash themselves. By stripes, then, upon my young flesh, I scored up this lesson for myself. Certain things were never to be spoken of, certain things never to be looked at in certain ways, certain things never to be done consciously, or for the pleasure to be got out of them. One stepped out of childish conventions into mannish conventions, and did so, certainly, without any instruction from outside. I remember, for instance, that, as children, it was a rigid part of our belief that our father was the handsomest man in the world—handsome was the word. In the same way our mother was by prerogative the most beautiful woman. If some hero flashed upon our scene—Garibaldi, Lancelot of the Lake, or another—the greatest praise we could possibly have given him for beauty, excellence, courage, or manly worth would have put him second to our father. So also Helen of Sparta and Beatrice of Florence gave way. That was the law of the nursery, rigid and never to be questioned until unconsciously I grew out of it, and becoming a man, put upon me the panoply of manly eyes. I now accepted it that to kiss my sister was nothing, but that to kiss her friend would be very wicked. I discovered that there were two ways of looking at a young woman, and two ways of thinking about her. I discovered that it was lawful to have some kinds of appetite, and to take pleasure in foods,

exercise, sleep, warmth, cold water, hot water, the smell of flowers, and quite unlawful so much as to think of, or to admit to myself, the existence of other kinds of appetite. I discovered, in fact, that love was a shameful thing, that if one was in love one concealed it from the world, and, above all the world, from the object of one's love. The conviction was probably instinctive, for one is not the descendant of puritans for nothing; but the discovery of it is another matter. Attendance at school and the continuous reading of romance were partly responsible for that; physical development clinched the affair. I was in all respects mature at thirteen, though my courage (to use the word in Chaucer's sense) was not equal to my ability. I had more than usual diffidence against me, more than usual reserve; and self-consciousness, from which I have only lately escaped, grew upon me hand in hand with experience.

But being now become a day-scholar at the Grammar School, and thrown whether I would or not among other boys of my own age, I sank my recondite self deeply under the folds of my quickened senses. I became aware of a world which was not his world at all. I watched, I heard, I judged, I studied intently my comrades; and while in secret I shared their own hardy lives, I was more than content to appear a cipher among them. I had no friends and made none. All my comradeship with my schoolmates took place in my head, for however salient in mood or inclination I may have been, I was a laggard in action. In company I was lower than the least of them; in my solitude, at their head I captured the universe. Daily, to and fro, for two or three years I journeyed between my home and this school, with a couple of two-mile walks and a couple of train-journeys to be got through in all weathers and all conditions of light. I saw little or nothing of my school-fellows out of hours, and lived all my play-time, if you can so call it, intensely alone with the people of my imagination—to whose number I could now add gleanings from the Grammar School.

I don't claim objective reality for any of these; I am sure that they were of my own making. Though unseen beings throng round us all, though as a child I had been conscious of them, though I had actually seen one, in

these first school years of mine the machinery I had for seeing the usually unseen was eclipsed; my recondite self was fast in his *cachot*—and I didn't know that he was there! But one may imagine fairies enough out of one's reading, and going beyond that, using it as a spring-board, advance in the work of creation from realising to begetting. So it was with me. The *Faerie Queen* was as familiar as the Latin Primer ought to have been. I had much of Mallory by heart—a book full of magic. Forth of his pages stepped men-at-arms and damsels the moment I was alone, and held me company for as long as I would. The persons of Homer's music came next to them. I was Hector and held Andromache to my heart. I kissed her farewell when I went forth to school, and hurried home at night from the station, impatient for her arms. I was never Paris, and had only awe of Helen. Even then I dimly guessed her divinity, that godhead which the supremest beauty really is. But I was often Odysseus the much-enduring, and very well acquainted with the wiles of Calypso. Next in power of enchantment came certainly Don Quixote, in whose lank bones I was often encased. Dulcinea's charm was very real to me. I revelled in her honeyed name. I was Don Juan too, and I was Tom Jones; but my most natural impersonation in those years was Tristram. The luxury of that champion's sorrows had a swooning sweetness of their own of which I never tired. Iseult meant nothing. I cared nothing for her. I was enamoured of the hero, and saw myself drenched in his passion. Like Narcissus in the fable, I loved myself, and saw myself in Tristram's form, the most beautiful and the most beloved of beings.

Chivalry and Romance chained me at that time and not the supernatural. The fairy adventures of the heroes of my love swept by me untouched. Morgan le Fay, Britomart, Vivien, Nimue, Merlin did not convince me; they were picturesque conventions whose decorative quality I felt, while so far as I was concerned they were garniture or apparatus. And yet the fruitful meadows through which I took my daily way were as forests to me; the grass-stems spired up to my fired fancy like great trees. Among them I used to minish myself to the size of an ant and become a pioneer hewing out a pathway through virgin thickets. I

had my ears alert for the sound of a horn, of a galloping horse, of the Questing Beast and hounds in full cry. But I never looked to encounter a fairy in these most fairy solitudes. Beleaguered ladies, knights errant, dwarfs, churls, fiends of hell, leaping like flames out of pits in the ground: all these, but no fairies. It's very odd that having seen the reality and devoured the fictitious, I should have had zest for neither, but so it is.

As for my school-mates, though I had very little to say to them, or they to me, I used to watch them very closely, and, as I have said, came to weave them into my dreams. Some figured as heroes, some as magnanimous allies, some as malignant enemies, some who struck me as beautiful received of me the kind of idolatry, the insensate self-surrender which creatures of my sort have always offered up to beauty of any sort. I remember T——e, a very shapely and distinguished youth. I worshipped him as a god, and have seen him since—alas! I remember B—— also, a tall, lean, loose-limbed young man. He was a great cricketer, a good-natured, sleepy giant, perfectly stupid (I am sure) but with marks of breed about him which I could not possibly mistake. Him, too, I enthroned upon my temple-frieze; he would have figured there as Meleager had I been a few years older. As it was, he rode a blazoned charger, all black, and feutred his lance with the Knights of King Arthur's court. Then there was H——n, a good-looking, good-natured boy, and T——r, another. Many and many a day did they ride forth with me adventuring—that is, spiritually they did so; physically speaking, I had no scot or lot with them. We were in plate armour, visored and beplumed. We slung our storied shields behind us; we had our spears at rest; we laughed, told tales, sang as we went through the glades of the forest, down the rutted charcoal-burner's track, and came to the black mere, where there lay a barge with oars among the reeds. I can see, now, H——n throw up his head, bared to the sky and slanting sun. He had thick and dark curly hair and a very white neck. His name of chivalry was Sagramor. T——r was of stouter build and less salient humour. He was Bors, a brother of Lancelot's. I, who was moody, here as in working life, was Tristram, more often Tramtris.

Of other more sinister figures I remember two. R——s,

who bullied me until I was provoked at last into facing him; a greedy, pale, lecherous boy, graceless, a liar, but extremely clever. I had a horror of him which endures now. If he, as I have, had a dweller in the deeps of him, his must have been a satyr. I cannot doubt it now. Disastrous ally for mortal man! Vice sat upon his face like a grease; vice made his fingers quick. He had a lickorous tongue and a taste for sweet things which even then made me sick. So repulsive was he to me, so impressed upon my fancy, that it was curious he did not haunt my inner life. But I never met him there. No shape of his ever encountered me in the wilds and solitary places. In the manifest world he afflicted me to an extent which the rogue-fairy in the wood could never have approached. Perhaps it was that all my being was forearmed against him, and that I fought him off. At any rate, he never trespassed in my preserves.

The other was R——d, a blear and diseased creature, a thing of pity and terror to the wholesome, one of those outcasts of the world which every school has to know and reckon with. A furtive, nail-biting, pick-nose wretch with an unholy hunger for ink, earth-worms and the like. What terrible tenant do the likes of these carry about with them! He, too, haunted me, but not fearfully; but he, too, I now understand too well, was haunted and ridden to doom. I pitied him, tried to be kind to him, tried to treat him as the human thing which in some sort he was. I discovered that when he was interested he forgot his loathsome cravings, and became almost lovable. I went home with him once, to a mean house in ——. He took me into the back-yard and showed me his treasury—half a dozen rabbits, as many guinea-pigs, and a raven with a bald head. He was all kindness to these prisoners, fondled them with hands and voice, spoke a kind of inarticulate baby language to them, and gave them pet names. He forgot his misery, his poverty—I remember that he never had a handkerchief and always wanted one, that his jacket-sleeves were near his elbow, and that his wrist bones were red and broken. But now there shone a clear light in his eye; he could face the world as he spoke to me of the habits of his friends. We got upon some sort of terms by these means, and I always had a kind of affection for poor

R——d. In a sense we were both outcasts, and might have warmed the world for each other. If I had not been so entirely absorbed in my private life as to grudge any moment of it unnecessarily spent I should have asked him home. But boys are exorbitant in their own affairs, and I had no time to spare him.

I was a year at —— before I got so far with any schoolfellow of mine there; but just about the time of my visit to R——d I fell in with another boy, called Harkness, who, for some reason of his own, desired my closer acquaintance and got as much of it as I was able to give to anybody, and a good deal more than he deserved or I was the better of. He, too, was a day-boy, whose people lived in a suburb of the town which lay upon my road. We scraped acquaintance by occasionally travelling together so much of the way as he had to traverse; from this point onwards all the advances were his. I had no liking for him, and, in fact, some of his customs shocked me. But he was older than I, very friendly, and very interesting. He evidently liked me; he asked me to tea with him; he used to wait for me, going and returning. I had no means of refusing his acquaintance, and did not; but I got no good out of him.

As he was older, so he was much more competent. Not so much vicious as curious and enterprising, he knew a great many things which I only guessed at, and could do much —or said that he could—which I only dreamed about. He put a good deal of heart into my instruction, and left me finally with my lesson learned. I never saw nor heard of him after I left the school. We did not correspond, and he left no mark upon me of any kind. The lesson learned, I used the knowledge certainly; but it did not take me into the region which he knew best. His grove of philosophy was close to the school, in K—— Park, which is a fine enclosure of forest trees, glades, brake-fern and deer. Here, in complete solitude, for we never saw a soul, my sentimental education was begun by this self-appointed professor. As I remember, he was a good-looking lad enough, with a round and merry face, high colour, bright eyes, a moist and laughing mouth. Had he known the way in he would have been at home in the Garden of Priapus, where perhaps he is now. He was hardy in address, a ready speaker, rather eloquent upon the theme that he loved,

and I daresay he may have been as fortunate as he said, or very nearly. Certainly what he had to tell me of love and women opened my understanding. I believe that I envied him his ease of attainment more than what he said he had attained. I might have been stimulated by his adventures to be adventurous on my own account, but I never was, neither at that time nor at any other. I am quite certain that never in my life have I gone forth conquering and to conquer in affairs of the heart. You need to be a Casanova—which Harkness was in his little way—and I have had no aptitude for the part. But as I said just now, I absorbed his teachings and made use of them. So far as he gave me food for reflection I ate it, and assimilated it in my own manner. Neither by him nor by any person far more considerable than himself has my imagination been moved in the direction of the mover of it. Let great poet, great musician, great painter stir me ever so deeply, I have never been able to follow him an inch. I was excited by pictures to see new pictures of my own, by poems to make poems—of my own, not of theirs. In these, no doubt, were elements of theirs; there was a borrowed something, a quality, an accent, a spirit of attack. But the forms were mine, and the setting always so. All my life I have used other men's art and wisdom as a spring-board. I suppose every poet can say the same. This was to be the use to me of the lessons of the precocious, affectionate, and philoprogenitive Harkness.

I remember very well one golden summer evening when he and I lay talking under a great oak—he expounding and I plucking at the grass as I listened, or let my mind go free—how, quite suddenly, the mesh he was weaving about my groping mind parted in the midst and showed me for an appreciable moment a possibility of something—it was no more—which he could never have seen.

From the dense shade in which we lay there stretched out an avenue of timber trees, whereunder the bracken, breast high, had been cut to make a ride. Upon this bracken, and upon this smooth channel in the midst the late sun streamed towards us, a soft wash of gold. Behind all this the sky, pale to whiteness immediately overhead, deepened to the splendid orange of the sunset. Each tree cast his shadow upon his neighbour, so that only the top-

most branches burned in the light. Over and above us floated the drowsy hum of the insect world; rarely we heard the moaning of a wood-dove, more rarely still the stirring of deer hidden in the thicket shade. This was a magical evening, primed with wonders, in the glamour of which Master Harkness could find nothing better for him to rehearse than the progress of his amours with his mother's housemaid. Yet something of the evening glow, something of the opulence of summer smouldered in his words. He painted his mistress with the colour of the sunset, he borrowed of it burnt gold to deck her clay. He hymned the whiteness of her neck, her slender waist, her whispers, the kisses of her mouth. The scamp was luxuriating in his own imaginings or reminiscences, much less of a lover and far more of a rhapsodist than he suspected. As such his pæan of precocious love stirred my senses and fired my imagination, but not in the direction of his own. For the glow which he cast upon his affair was a borrowed one. He had dipped without knowing into the languid glory of the evening, which like a pool of wealth lay ready to my hand also. I gave him faint attention from the first. After he had started my thoughts he might sing rapture after rapture of his young and ardent sense. For me the spirit of a world not his whispered, "*A te convien tenere altro viaggio*," and little as I knew it, in my vague exploration of that scene of beauty, of those scarcely stirring, stilly burning trees, of that shimmering-fronded fern, of that misty splendour, I was hunting for the soul of it all, for the informing spirit of it all. Harkness's erotics gave ardour to my search, but no clue. I lost him, left him behind, and never found him again. He fell into the Garden of Priapus, I doubt. As for me, I believed that I was now looking at a Dryad. I was looking certainly at a spirit informed. A being, irradiate and quivering with life and joy of life stood dipt to the breast in the brake; stood so, bathing in the light; stood so, preening herself like a pigeon on the roof-edge, and saw me and took no heed.

She had appeared, or had been manifest to me, quite suddenly. At one moment I saw the avenue of lit green, at another she was dipt in it. I could describe her now, at this distance of time—a radiant young female thing, fiercely favoured, smiling with a fierce joy, with a gleam of

fierce light in her narrowed eyes. Upon her body and face was the hue of the sun's red beam; her hair, loose and fanned out behind her head, was of the colour of natural silk, but diaphanous as well as burnished, so that while the surfaces glittered like spun glass the deeps of it were translucent and showed the fire behind. Her garment was thin and grey, and it clung to her like a bark, seemed to grow upon her as a creeping stone-weed grows. Harkness would have admired the audacity of her shape, as I did; but I found nothing provocative in it. As well might a boy have enamoured himself of a slim tree as of that unearthly shaft of beauty.

I said that she preened herself; the word is inexact. She rather stood bathing in the light, motionless but for the lifting of her face into it that she might dip, or for the bending of her head that the warmth behind her might strike upon the nape of her neck. Those were all her movements, slowly rehearsed, and again and again rehearsed. With each of them she thrilled anew; she thrilled and glowed responsive to the play of the light. I don't know whether she saw me, though it seemed to me that our looks had encountered. If her eyes had taken me in I should have known it, I think; and if I had known it I should have quailed and looked at her no more. So shamefaced was I, so self-conscious, that I can be positive about that; for far from avoiding her I watched her intently, studied her in all her parts, and found out some curious things.

Looking at her beside the oaks, for instance, whence she must have emanated, I could judge why it was that I had not seen her come out. Her colouring was precisely that of her background. Her garment, smock or frock or vest as you will, was grey-green like the oak-stems, her whites were those of the sky-gleams, her roses those of the sun's rays. The maze of her hair could hardly be told from the photosphere. I tested this simply and summarily. Shutting my eyes for a second, when I opened them she was gone. Shutting them again and opening, there she was, sunning herself, breathing deep and long, watching her own beauties as the light played with them. I tried this many times, and it did not fail me. I could, with her assistance, bring her upon my retina or take her off it, as if I had worked a

shutter across my eyes. But as I watched her so I got very excited. Her business was so mysterious, her pleasure in it so absorbing; she was visible and yet secret; I was visible, and yet she could be ignorant of it. I got the same throbbing sort of interest out of her as many and many a time I have got since out of watching other wild creatures at their affairs, crouching hidden where they could not discern me by any of their senses. Few things enthral me more than that—and here I had my first taste of it. I remember that my heart beat, I remember that I trembled. Nothing could have torn me from the spot but what precisely did, an alien intervention. The besotted Harkness stopped short in his recital and asked me what I was staring at.

That was the end of it. I had rather have died than tell him. Perhaps I was afraid of his mockery, perhaps I dared not risk his unbelief, perhaps I felt ashamed that I had been prying, perhaps I grudged him the sight of her moulded beauty and keen wild face. "What am I staring at? Why, nothing," I said. I got up and put the strap of my school satchel over my head. I never looked for her again before I walked away. Whether she left when I left, whether she was really there or a projection of my mind, whether my inner self, my prisoner, had seen her, or my schoolboy self through his agency, whether it was a trick of the senses, a dream, or the like I can't tell you. I only know that I have now recalled exactly what I seemed to see, and that I have seen her since—her or her co-mate—once or twice.

I can account for her now easily enough. I can assure myself that she was really there, that she, or the like of her, pervades, haunts, indwells all such places; but it seems that there must be a right relation between the seer and the object before the unseen can become the seen. Put it like this, that form is a necessary convention of our being, a mode of consciousness just as space is, just as time, just as rhythm are; then it is clear enough that the spirits of natural fact must take on form and sensible body before we can apprehend them. They take on such form for us or such body through our means; that is what I mean by a right relation between them and ourselves. Now some persons have the faculty of discerning spirits, that is, of clothing them in bodily form, and others have not; but

of those who have it all do not discern them in the same form, or clothe them in the same body. The form will be rhythmical to some, to other some audible, to others yet again odorous, "aromatic pain," or bliss. These things are no matter, they are accidents of our state. They cause the form to be relative, just as the conception of God is; but the substance is constant. I have seen innumerable spirits, but always in bodily form. I have never perceived them by means of any other sense, such as hearing, though sight has occasionally been assisted by hearing. If during an orchestral symphony you look steadily enough at one musician or another you can always hear his instrument above the rest and follow his part in the symphony. In the same way when I look at fairy throngs I can hear them sing. If I single out one of them for observation I hear him or her sing—not words, never words; they have none. I saw once, like a driven cloud, the spirits of the North-west wind sweep down the sky over the bare ridge of a chalk down, winged and shrouded, eager creatures, embattled like a host. They were grey and dun-coloured, pale in the face. Their hair swept forward, not back; for it seemed as if the wind in gusts went faster than themselves, and was driving them faster than they could go. Another might well have heard these beings like a terrible, rushing music, as cries of havoc or desolation, wild peals of laughter, fury and exultation. But to me they were inaudible. I heard the volleying of the wind, but them I saw. So in the still ecstasy of that Dryad bathing in the light I saw, beyond doubt, what the Greeks called by that name, what some of them saw; and I saw it in their mode, although at the time of seeing I knew nothing of them or their modes, because it happened to be also my mode. But so far I did no more than see her, for though I haunted the place where she had been she never came there again, or never showed herself. It became to me sacred ground, where with awed breath I could say, "Here indeed she stood and bathed herself. Here I really saw her, and she me"; and I encompassed it with a fantastic cult of my own invention. It may have been very comic, or very foolish, but I don't myself think it was either, because it was so sincere, and because the impulse to do it came so naturally. I used to bare my head; I made a point of saving some of

my luncheon (which I took with me to school) that I might leave it there. It was real sacrifice that, because I had a fine appetite, and it was pure worship. In my solitary hours, which were many, I walked with her of course, talked and played with her. But that was another thing, imagination, or fancy, and I don't remember anything of what we said or did. It needs to be carefully distinguished from the first apparition with which imagination, having nothing whatever to proceed upon, had nothing whatever to do. One thing, however, I do remember, that our relations were entirely sexless; and, as I write, another comes into mind. I saw no affinity between her and the creature of my first discovery.* It never occurred to me to connect the two, either positively, as being inhabitants of a world of their own, or negatively, as not being of my world. I was not a reflective boy, but my mind proceeded upon flashes, by leaps of intuition. When I was moved I could conceive anything, everything; when I was unmoved I was as dull as a clod. It was idle to tell me to think. I could only think when I was moved from within to think. That made me the despair of my father and the vessel of my schoolmaster's wrath. So here I saw no relationship whatsoever between the two appearances. Now, of course, I do. I see now that both were fairies, informed spirits of certain times or places. For time has a spirit as well as space. But more of this in due season. I am not synthesising now, but recording. One had been merely curious, the other for a time enthralled me. The first had been made when I was too young to be interested. The second found me more prepared, and seeded in my brain for many a day. Gradually, however, it too faded as fancy began to develop within me. I took to writing, I began to fall in love; and at fifteen I went to a boarding-school. Farewell, then, to rewards and fairies!

* I have already described that in the pages of this REVIEW, under the title, I think, "A Reminiscence."

The House of the Seven Deadly Sins

By Richard Whiteing

I CAME to know it in this way. I'm a bit of a Caliph Haroun in my fashion, with this difference: that mighty London is a far happier hunting-ground than Bagdad. I go out for scenes and faces; and when I see one or other of the right sort, I'm bound to give it a chance of explaining itself. Pursued in this spirit, slumming is the gentlest of arts.

This time it was a man in the Camberwell Road, who was evidently of our British class of white trash or lowest middle of idleness, dissipation, and false pretence. All was wrong with him, from the boots with their creviced uppers to the greasy-looking hat fresh from the sponge. Other interesting peculiarities were not wanting. In the first place, what business had he to be out at four in the afternoon as though he had just got up? In the next place, what business had he with such an eye at any time of day?—dull and bulging and carrying a sickening suggestion of boiled cod. Or with the bullet head hardly wider than the mass of the supporting neck? Such necks are made for ropes far more inevitably than ropes are made for necks.

So I shadowed him, careless where he might lead, for I had plenty of time on hand. And presently I saw him stop short, fumble for something in his pocket which he failed to find, and then turn sharp on his tracks.

I turned with him, and in less than two minutes saw him let himself into a house in a side street and disappear.

I knew it for a house of mystery; I might almost say because, at the first glance, it seemed nothing of the sort. It was smooth-faced with coloured compo; it stood in a crescent as a sort of guarantee of good faith; it bore a modest card in a fly-blown window pane, "Bedroom to Let." The mystery seemed to begin its fulfilment of promise when my ring was answered by an Amazon of the

handsome hussy breed, who seemed *corps de ballet* to the waist, and fair, but below merely landlady and old skirt. There, however, I was in error; she informed me that she was not the "lady" in question, but "to oblige" would willingly summon her from below. I took the room at once, a front parlour, and went away on the understanding that I should move in with a handbag that afternoon.

* * * * * *

That very night I began to see sights and to hear things. In the course of the week, and thanks in great part to an aged sempstress in the next room to mine who honoured me with her confidences, I knew that I was in the House of the Seven Deadly Sins.

I had indeed no right to expect such luck, but, after all, adventures are to the adventurous. I am perfectly well aware that one has not to go far in general society without meeting these sins one by one. Any dinner-party may give you one of them for a neighbour, any omnibus another; for that matter you may look into your own heart, if you can afford the time. But it is rare to find them all at hand for the bird's-eye view, under one patch of sky. Here they were all alive, and that was the charm of it. I had often read about them in books of devotion, but in that medium they were as fruits preserved in sugar, and lacked flavour. Now I had them all fresh gathered, so to speak, in an old-fashioned house which, in washing its doorstep, seemed as the man who wiped his mouth and said, "I have done no evil." Yet it was a dumping ground for the rubbish of our wasteful civilisation, and the more convincingly so because its setting was one of sordid sin. Its halls never glittered even at night, when they might have been expected to do so. Its customers were not wicked noblemen, but the failures and the wastrels of a strenuous class, that, for good or ill, is the only stuff for a backbone in any country in the world.

"The sevene dedly synnys," said an old writer, "be lyknyd to sevene sundry bestis; as Pryde to ye lyon, Covetyse to ye urchon (hedgehog), Wrathe to ye wolfe, Envye to ye hounde, Slowthe to ye asse, Glotonye to a

bere, and Lecherye to a swyne." Here they were, and in the similitude of our own flesh and blood.

Glotonye, I found, in the person of the shabby inmate, lived in the first-floor front, immediately over my head. I give this sin the right of preference, because I am inclined to think that, in its two departments of solids and fluids, it is the taproot of all the rest. From information received, as well as from observation, I soon learn that my sleek protagonist has never, never, never done a stroke of work in all his life. He began as a young man of family, as that distinction goes in the shopkeeping line. His fathers, with their crown of achievement in the latest of them, founded the largest drapery emporium in Clapham, and the disgusted sire has banished him from his sight. His four pound a week, paid by the family solicitor, goes straight to the gaming-table as its first course in circulation, and his many liabilities await the event. He does a little in welshing, but his preference is for the cards in a game which he calls Vantune. The vice is still a blessing, for it is the only thing that saves the beast in him to human usages and to human thought. The brain takes its opportunity for a furtive airing in a sporting paper, while the stomach is lying still. He is a terror in the sheer blankness of his mind, in the style of his greeting as you pass him on the stairs—a grunt which bears the same relation to duly vocalised utterance as the Ugh! of the Indian or the pig. Survivals such, to show us what all were when they chipped the earliest flints. He has light hair on a scalp brushed almost as threadbare as the clothing, and a disposition to personal neatness due no doubt to his bringing up, for he wears the cleanest linen he can afford. Another interesting particular of his life and times is that he always comes home drunk.

His room-mate is Wrathe—now recognisable as the handsome hussy who answered the door on my first visit to the house. If he wins at the cards, he frisks home in his liquor with a tendency to carols ending in "ri-tiddly-i-ti-ti!"—if lost, the vocal performance shifts to his scolding trull. For a helpmeet of this kind she is, one selected apparently on the principle of catch-as-catch-can in the eugenics of the gutter. The result, as it bears on the hopes of our country for the rising generation, has not

yet come to hand. She is as one who has taken a rough job for pay, and her lure is the weekly dole from the family—to whom personally she is an utter stranger. She has a vague idea that her present status is a sort of rise in the scale of being. Once a maid of all work, she lifted that curse of labour, as she considered it, by walking the streets, and finally, under a lamp in lieu of an altar, took him for better or for worse. The dread that his improvidence may drive her back to the toil of her first calling, or to the uncertainties of the other, especially on wet nights, never fails to put her into rages in which she rags him from an enseamed bed.

He usually answers her with gibes. Anything interjectional and meaningless will do—"Cuck-oo!" "Pip-pip!" "So long!" These goad her to fury; and if she is sure of herself, and of him, she flies at his throat with one hand, and with the other "hammers" him till his subsiding groans betoken insensibility or worse, and bring the inexperienced listener with his eye to the keyhole or his shoulder to the door.

The "ri-tiddly!" that betokens better fortune at the play-table brings her quickly out of bed, and there is a smart interchange of pleasantries as she goes through his clothing with the skill of an experienced searcher and counts the spoil. It is safety for a day, perhaps for a week more. Then soon the wood crackles to make a fire; the fat of beefsteak in the frying-pan takes up the same raucous note; and a smell of onion, not altogether ungrateful in the circumstances, pervades the whole house until this is left once more to darkness and to assorted snores.

His slumbers are prolonged till the following afternoon. Then he stretches himself with a yawn—humorously vocalised to make it shake the building—dresses, gormandises again in due course, and sets forth for his opening day.

She has her life as he has his. A thing of shreds and patches, as we have seen, in her private hour, she plumes herself as for conquest when she stirs abroad. She borrows or lends finery on these occasions, according to the luck of the moment and its needs. In one of its uses, our community is a little mutual aid society for the ostrich feather

at a pinch. She is fairly punctual on her return, with her reasonable latitude of the smaller of the small hours. Her mate does not like to come back to an empty room, especially as he seems to think that it calls for explanation, for he is of a jealous cast.

I have worked the pair out but slowly, because I have to get them mainly by raps, as we get some ghosts. They thunder over me at times in their quarrels like *polter* spirits on the spree. But for the fact that my room is directly below theirs, I might never get them at all, though I have always another resource in my aged neighbour in the back room, who is historiographer for the whole community. In the middle watches of the afternoon, when all is still, we gossip through her door ajar; and with skinny finger laid on skinny lips, she gives me the secret history of the House of the Seven Deadly Sins. Her door is rarely closed day or night; and behind it are the eyes and the ears that miss no footfall and hardly a whisper. Her endowment for this office is an old-age pension, supplemented by a few shillings earned by needlework. She has been drawn to me by the consideration that, "bar the front garret," we two are about the only respectable people in the place. For all that, clearly, she clings to our House of the Seven Sins as to something that gives her the pulse of life. Her principles deny her the luxury of other stimulants; she is a strict teetotaller. Without her help in nods and becks, I might never have been able to locate Lecherye, as well as Wrathe and Glotonye, in the first-floor front—the lady doubling the first two of the parts.

From the same source I learn that Pryde and Envye are not far off. They have their quarters in the first-floor back with a solicitor of sorts and his wife. I can describe him in no other way. He is as slovenly as a poet in the crisis of an ode. He often goes out in slippers, he wears a frock-coat so persistently that we may suspect him of using it in bed, and a bowler hat. With all this he has the aloofness of one who can afford to despise appearances from the height of his pride of place. He has been struck off the rolls—it is his secret and that of my neighbour in the back room. He does law business for us, informally, for stray half-crowns, but he can be as harsh with us in personal contact as if we were clients at the Sessions,

even when he drinks at our expense. He represents Pryde in our mystery, while his wife, in her rankling memories of better days and hatred of all who are still in their good time, is Envye to the life. Nothing can exceed her ill-nature at the expense of the gambler's mate. That "creature's" free coming, free going, and occasional displays of a ready command of cash seem to goad her to fury; and myself and my aged confidante, as being aware of it, live under the sense of impending storm.

The whole of the second floor, front and back, is the abode of Slowthe. The family under his benignant sway includes a full-blooded man of colour, with ample shirt-front; his wife, tarred with the same brush; and an old negress, who acts as the servant, and is suspected of being also the mother-in-law. The head of the family is chucker-out for a fat lady at a show. His business is to see that patrons do not abuse the invitation to test the sincerity of her folds. He also supplies the patter. This, I am told, includes a pathetic passage to the effect that, thanks to the liberal diet supplied by the management, the lady can no longer squeeze through the door of her van, and is therefore a prisoner for life. The show having only an evening trade, our lodger has nothing to do at other times; and, in defiance of the Scriptural warning, he both idles and eats all day long. In these hours of leisure he is clothed like the savage that he is—that is to say, hardly at all. But at night he wears a very smart uniform, though for our latitudes perhaps his shirt-pin is too much like an assegai.

The note of well-nigh every floor is make-believe and false pretence. Whatever else they are not, most of the lodgers are snobs, each lying to outdo the other in brag about social position. Each knows this of his fellows, while still hoping that they are fools enough to take him at face value. Where they suspect the contrary, they go on lying still for the sake of the return of the compliment. So, whatever their peculiar vices, they are well-nigh all in the co-partnership of Pryde in its basest form of social make-believe.

The chief exception is in the third-floor front, where Covetyse holds the fort. The grey-headed tenant who harbours there is a bit of a wonder in contradictions. He

is a journeyman cabinet-maker and a good one, and for over thirty years together has never missed his day at the factory nor his week-end booze. His nose may have betrayed him to the employers for whom he has worked all the time, but its signal lights are no concern of theirs, since they know that he has come to terms with his vice. Sunday is for a long fuddle, the rest of the week for steady industry at the workshop, and savage isolation in his garret home. On working days he cuts the whole household of the Seven Sins under its own roof. His Sabbath tipple follows the order of the old dispensation. It begins on Saturday evening; it never goes beyond sundown of the following day; and, whatever happens, it always allows him to grope his way into bed without candle-light, with the perfect assurance of rising fresh as paint by daybreak on the Monday morning.

With all this he is a miser, and is suspected of having heaps of money at the bank. His steadiness of work gives him a great reputation with the landlady, because he is "regular pay" and you can depend on him—with the lodgers, because of his possible uses in emergencies as a reference. And over and above this he counts by their invincible respect for respectability. The last is his most precious asset as a miser for his hours of ease, as it provides him with drinks which are mostly thank-offerings for the honour of his acquaintance. He lives on roots and cereals, bought, cooked, and served by himself; and he goes to bed early to save candle-light. As a boon companion he is a model of all the rollicking virtues of the "booze," and particularly of sentiment. At other times his sole communications are with the landlady; and these, like all he does, are timed by the clock, and chiefly by its minute hand.

The landlady is an exception, but only in a perfunctory way. She professes decorum by virtue of her office, but she has the same tolerance for its opposites as the late Mrs. Quickly. Her governing principle is the consideration that she has to live, and that those who help her to do so are entitled to the relief of no questions asked. In this way her business, like charity, gives the gambler's helpmeet the benefit of the doubt in regard even to the deadliest of her two sins. For the rest, she is fat and fifty, and

rarely leaves the basement from which she rules the house on her precept of go-as-you-please.

* * * * * *

Like most of her lodgers, she seems to use whiskey as a perfume. From top to bottom the place is steeped in drink; it hits you as you enter the door. It thus marks our modest dwelling as an integral part of an England of to-day that surely if slowly finds its euthanasia in a sea of strong waters as Clarence found his in the butt. We bring the "stuff" in at night after the closing of the houses, and where we run out of stock before bedtime we still carry enough inside to keep us mellow in our dreams. On Sunday, while awaiting the reopening of "the 'ouses," we steal out by the garden wall to get it surreptitiously by a back way. Our destination is a rising gin-shop in a cross street; and thither we sneak in, first one, then another (rarely more at a time), in frowsy undress and grimy faces, as we rise from grimy beds. Strangers who are of this, or of some kindred fellowship of tipple, join the pilgrimage from the outside—acrobats, strong men, bill-toppers generally of the music-halls, with betting men, budding pugilists, and others who are "in the know." The race is open to all comers who can be trusted, with no distinction of sex. Frowsy skirt and bedgown scale the wall as nimbly as frowsy shirt and "bags"—the sense of "a head on me" from last night's debauch, and the craving for "a hair of the dog that bit me" levelling all distinctions of coquetry and parade.

England has swilled in this way, openly or secretly, since the days of Master Skelton, to go no farther back. It is Mistress Elynor Rummynge's cellar all over again. The light, filtering through half-closed shutters, shows up the faces doubly foul with their markings of dirt and deadly sins. Wrathe swears vengeance against last night's "slop" or last night's chucker-out, in rash confidences to Envye, who has grudges in every quarter. Covetyse gets a drink for nothing by lending an attentive ear to the brag of Pryde. Lecherye cocks a furtive eye at large. The police are often of our party, in mufti, to give zest to the sport of breaking the law. One of them, a genial, kindly-looking man, manifestly enjoying his glass at a friend's

expense, is hobnobbing with the ex-solicitor now. We are fatuous enough to think that we have them in our power if anything goes wrong. As a matter of fact, it is their way of uniting business with pleasure. We are precious to them in many ways, as information received through the jealousies of the women, the treacheries of the men. It is the Sabbath of our rites as of another—hark, the bell! And it imports a longer office, for, with due provision, it is easy to keep it up all day. Slowthe never leaves his bed for our services, but owes his continuous supply to the kindness of Glotonye, who forages for the pair.

Monday is apt to be a bad day, because it brings with it the hateful suggestion of the struggle for existence. We are especially of those who are supposed to long for an eternity of Sundays, and we wake with the bad temper of our misgiving that it may never come. It is a bad day now, as it is ushered in by the return of the gambler at 2 a.m. I am aware of him because I, too, happen to be putting off the hour of bedtime while lingering over a book. He gives notice of his coming by falling heavily at my door, with stertorous breathing as he picks himself up, and, as I should judge, he mounts the stair on all-fours. Farther notice of his condition reaches me presently from his own room, in the shape of an angry yell of his partner as she visits his pockets and finds them cleared out. His reply is inaudible to me, but the nature of it may be judged by the mocking laughter that usually serves as the punctuation of his gibes. This policy of defiance may now be supposed to change to one of persuasion that carries with it the offer of a swinish caress. At any rate, I hear a piercing "Touch me if you dare, you beast!" and a thud as of one alighting from a leap out of bed. His rejoinder now sinks to a grunt that perhaps marks a more dangerous because a more sullen frame of mind. Her rage seems to blind her to its danger, for now her blows, and nothing else, shake the floor as he no doubt lies helpless under her hand. Thud! thud! thud! thud!—it is even and rhythmic as the strokes of a flail, but the absence of all sign of the power of resistance or reprisal is perhaps more sickening than the evidence of the blows. And then, when this has become quite intolerable, a loud shriek brings me to my door just in time to hear the sudden opening and closing

of the one overhead, and to see her taking the stairs by bounds towards me in a flight for life.

"Help me, for Gawd sake! He's after me with a knife! Hark!"

It is the door above, opening again as violently as it closed.

I draw her swiftly but silently inside and gently turn the key in the lock. Then throw an overcoat over her almost nakedness, and wait.

Sheer terror makes her quite insensible to that part of the situation. Her eyes are but specks of fire on a background of white with its top-dressing of last night's paint.

No other word is spoken yet. We hear him feeling his way about in the darkness of his landing, as if he doesn't know which way to turn in search of her, up or down. Then, perhaps by force of habit, he makes for the hall, and with a steadier step than before, as though sobering in his rage.

There is no sound now, but we are both perfectly certain that he is just outside my door.

It is a pause of sickening terror for her, I can see that. She may faint—or worse, utter a tell-tale scream. I have to steady her with my arm.

There may be a streak of light under the door; at any rate, he tries the handle with a curse: "Hi, you, sir!"

"Don't open for the love o' Gawd!" she whispers; "he's got his bleeder. I see it just now in his 'and."

"Who's there?" I ask.

"'Blige me with a light, guv'nor?"

"Get one for yourself! What do you mean! . . . this hour of the night!"

"You didn't hear anybody passing?"

"Go to the devil!"

"All ri', cocky; keep your wool on!"

More steps on the stairs.

"He's gone back for a light. Keep him out. Oh!"

Another pause.

"Christ! he's comin' down again. Don't give me away. I'll make it up to yer, I swear I will!"

"Hold your row!"

The brutality of it is just what she wants to steady her: she gives a sickly smile.

The door is tried a second time: "Hi, cocky, I've found a drop. Have a toothful? You didn't happen to hear anyone goin' down?"

"Stop it, or I'll——"

More curses, and he shuffles off—this time, as I guess, to complete his search of the premises.

I open the door slightly, keeping a sure foot against it on my side.

"Oh, you fool! what's the good o' that?" And she darts to the window—luckily without throwing up the sash.

"Keep still, I tell you."

There he is, sure enough, creeping down the kitchen stairs, knife and bottle in one hand, light in the other, and on the face a look that means murder or nothing—the more surely for its grin of hate.

Soon I hear him in talk with the landlady, soothing on her part; on his, maudlin, as if to show that he is well-nigh drunk as ever, now that his grip slackens on the sense of purpose.

Then I close the door and lock it, and I hear him working his way up with mutterings: "Cow!"

With that we two are left alone, free to talk now.

She swathes herself round in her queer dressing-gown and sinks into a chair. "You might hammer the life out of 'im when 'e's full. I thought he was further gone like. Else!"

"Else you'd have kept your hands off, eh?"

She sobs: "You doan' know what I've to put up with."

"What's the good of maddening him twice over?"

"Oh, what'll I do?—what'll I do? I can't keep the 'ouse upon nothin', and that brute wantin' a bellyful o' victuals whenever he comes in. I could earn for myself; but that won't do—the jealous beast! And quite the gentleman, though you mightn't believe it: family keepin' their carriage, and none of 'em wouldn't speak to me. Four pound a week certain; and cleared out a'most every time he touches a card. Call him a sharper: he's a mug! I thought I'd got hold of a man that know'd how to treat a woman. Oh, what'll I do? He'll murder the life out of me if I go upstairs."

It is not exactly beauty in distress, but it is something near akin to it in the mass of black hair, all dishevelled now,

in the eyes with added lustre from the tears, the cheeks furrowed through their paint. And withal it is certainly strength of a kind, and spirit, in temporary defeat. It is a trying position even for the onlooker, and that's a fact.

"I'm afraid you mustn't stay here."

"I know. Oh, I'll chance it. You have been good to me. You shall have your coat to-morrer. Good-bye."

"You can't do that, either."

"Can't! can't!—but what am I to do?"

A happy thought at last. "Why not stay with the old lady till morning?"

"Which one, first floor back? Hates me like poison, and no love lost, though we speak. Always on the watch."

"No, my neighbour here in the parlour."

"Oh, her."

"I wonder it didn't rouse the house."

"Bless you, they'd never interfere, whatever happened. Dessay half of 'em know it already. That other old cat does, for one; lay your life," and she jerked a disdainful thumb towards the floor above. "Jealous: can't get the men to look at her. Even the old 'un may give me away."

"All the more likely, if you stay here. Wait a minute and I'll see what I can do."

"Oh, you are good! Anything you tell me. All the pluck's gone out of me. Got such a thing as a drink?"

I give her my small flask, and point to the water bottle. She kisses my hand.

My neighbour makes instant response to my rap, and I find her, if not in full dress, at least shawled, skirted, slippered, and ready to see company. With a little persuasion, and in further consideration of a sum of half-a-crown, I am soon able to negotiate a settlement with her; and all that remains is to bring the fugitive to her door.

The morrow, to my intense surprise, was just like any other day. If any had heard, none took notice; and when I asked the old lady for news of her guest, I learned that she had stolen back to her room at dawn on the guarantee of his snores.

Some explanation seemed due to the landlady as a matter of prudence, but none was needed.

"He's like that when he gets a drop—quiet enough at other times. He'll be all right now. You see, sir, there's

all sorts in lodgin's. He's a night trade—that's all. Him and you and the black gentleman is about the only ones that don't seem to have to furrage about in the daytime. Independent means I daresay?", and she leered inquiry at me.

I coughed.

"A lady I knew had a lodger never stirred out all day. Well, at last she sees his portrait in the paper. Wanted for a murder; just think o' that! And she got the reward. This one's people's very well-to-do, so I've heard. Lodgers ain't all so respectable as you and him."

"That rather lessens the compliment, I'm afraid, so far as one of us is concerned."

"Yes, sir," with a genial smile to cover her absolute want of comprehension.

I had to give it up.

There was a temporary lull after this scene. The gates of our Temple of Janus were closed, though only, as it were, for repairs. The gambler and his mate seemed to patch up a sullen reconciliation; and the smell of burnt sacrifice in steak and onions went up as before, in honour of the peace.

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As part of the celebration, I fancy, we took a Saturday trip to the races—a meeting but a few miles from town. It was organised by our comrade the publican. You paid so much down for the round trip—out and home in wagonettes, lunch on the course, and supper to follow at the pub. There seemed no difficulty in finding the means for all who cared to go. It is a note of The Seven Sins. They sometimes want money for food; they never lack it for a spree: a hungry belly gnaws them far less than a revel missed. In such supreme need the "thickun," in the shape of the pound sterling, can always be found; it would be ill-bred to ask how.

There was still, however, a break in our party. The solicitor and his wife were to have been with us, but on the very morning of the event he was suddenly arrested, and by the genial "'tec" in mufti, whom I had last seen in his company at the Sunday morning carouse. His captor called in the kindliest way to break the news to the wife, and to offer to take her over to the station-house to console

him. He gave us all to understand that he had bagged his bird quite in the ordinary course of business, and knew no more of the cause of it than that it was for blackmail. His coming was still ill-timed, for she was just setting forth in her finery to join her spouse at the tavern for the start. The latter had been taken on his doorstep, as he preceded her by a few minutes to the rendezvous—almost by the mischance of an accidental meeting, so the officer was good enough to say.

Her shrieks filled the house, but friends were helpful. One accompanied her to the station, and put her to bed on her return. Another took the finery as it left her back, and carried it to the pawnshop to provide little comforts for her lord's immediate use in gaol, and the nucleus of a fund for his defence, to which we all subscribed.

Our departure for the races was an event. The street, in so far as it was given to honest toil, gathered at its windows to snigger, to envy, and to admire. Slowthe and his dark-skinned lady came out in great force dressed as for a cake-walk, in hats and boots that shone like their own skins, and in really well-cut clothes. A friend of the publican who had joined the party condoled with Wrathe and Lecherye on the ups and downs of life, and pledged her in public-house port. Mrs. Quickly appeared above stairs, for this occasion only, to wave adieu from the door-step. The other aged derelict, my private inquirer of the parlour back, was by her side, and seemed as excited as the rest. Myself and the landlord made two more for the wagonette. An indeterminate sort of fellow, of the type classed as labourers in police charge sheets, shared the driver's seat. Another of the same sort stood on the step behind; and, as he was more in evidence, the negro obligingly supplied him with a tarnished uniform cap, calling him "honey" and cocking it smartly over his ear.

It was a pagan festival of a high order from that time forth. We had more nips on the road, a luncheon to send a rhinoceros to sleep, and "pop" in a magnum—at first in cup, then unalloyed. Our manners were superfine up to this point, and literally matched our dress, as though the fine feathers necessarily made the fine birds. We were living up to our hats and coats; and Time seemed to have run back to fetch the age of gold of old Versailles. Every

woman was the "lady," every man the "gent." The men showed fashionable familiarity with the sites of noblemen's seats on the sky line; the ladies swapped boasts of superior acquaintance, and sweetmeats from their bags. I say it without boasting, but on the outward journey we were, in intent at least, as high-toned a party as ever took the road.

It was not quite the same thing on the home stretch. Some of us had lost money, and our tempers with it; all felt the fret of the dust, the heat, the fatigue and the sense of personal adornment that had lost its first bloom. We were living down to our wilted finery now, and seemed to revert to bad manners with a run. It was impossible to remain long in comfort on these heights of make-believe. We grew stale with over-training for a part; and at last Glotonye expressed dissent from some mild remark of another member of the party by calling him a liar.

Luckily the victim was only the negro, and he was able to say that, while he would match himself in that line, in business, with anyone, he was the soul of honour in his social hour. We were all glad when we got back again, and the wagonette set us down for supper at the public that was our second home.

It was now a most formidable revel in its riot of food and strong waters—the latter, by the terms of the contract being at our separate charges as soon as the cloth was drawn. All restraint was gone. We turned ourselves by acclamation into a cock and hen club—a sort of committee of the whole house of the two sexes for smutty toast and sentiment, anecdote and song, all generically classed in the proposal as "bits of blue." The publican's friend proved an easy first at this game. The women played their part to perfection by looking shocked yet tolerant; and this heightened its effect for the men, in its suggestion of a modesty still susceptible of outrage. The point of honour was still not to take real offence; you had to keep your face whatever came of it, and a roar of laughter was the best cover for a blush. The demonstrations soon matched the vocal effects: we ogled above the table and kicked feet below, sometimes the wrong ones.

We kept it up till the closing hour to its last tick, nodding in a friendly way to the policeman outside, and offering him, with what result I did not see, refreshment from the

well-filled flasks we were taking home. Nothing remained to crown a well-spent day but "good-nights" before pairing off to our rooms.

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And then a shock! Envye, in the person of the solicitor's wife, was sitting up for us after her misadventure of the morning, apparently for the melancholy pleasure of casting a glance of derision at the gambler's dame as the latter swept by in velvet to her room. The insulted party was able to return scorn for scorn with a toss of her feathery head, and apparently in too full measure, for our ears were now greeted by a scream of hate and all uncharitableness as Envye suddenly rushed at her rival and tore the hat from her brow. "Beast!" "cat!" "trollop!" "trash!" now came as insult and rejoinder, while some of us made a futile attempt to master the assailant and get her into her room. The gambler was about to settle his share of the difficulty in the same way, but in a twinkling his irate hussy slipped from his grasp and closed in battle royal with her enemy. The bystanders were now numerous enough to form a sort of ring on the landing; and the fight went on to the shrieks of the women and the uproarious joy of the men as palms or fists reached their mark on the soft flesh. What might have happened I hardly know, had not one of us rushed in to parry a deadly thrust of the hat-pin at a breast already bared in the scuffle. The pair were then torn apart and almost hurled into their dens.

But it was hardly over yet, for while the hussy collapsed into hysterics on her side of the partition of folding doors, the other was out again in a moment and yelling insults at her that must have reached all but the topmost floor.

"Out every day as soon's your chap's back's turned!"

Sobs.

"If he wasn't quite such a fool, he'd soon see what time you got 'ome."

No answer.

"Spoonin' with the feller in the front parlour, the other night. And the door locked! Oh my!"

The sobs cease, and there is broken or muttered talk, as of question and answer, between the woman and her man.

Then again the betrayer. "Go on; tell him all the lies you can think of; he'll swallow 'em fast enough."

More talk within: "Holy Virgin, Bill, there!"

"Git out, yer blasted Papist! I'm a Protestant!"

"Front parlour, dear! an' locked in—don't forget to tell him that. Wasn't it all night long? No fear; he won't take no notice, he's a mug."

Dead silence on both sides now, perhaps harder to bear than the other.

"Well, I must be gettin' to bed. Tell you some more to-morrow. Good-night, Mr. Juggins—pleasant dreams."

And then, after a moment's pause, the door reopening, and this, in dulcet tones, but with clarion clearness, for all to hear:

"Good-night, strumpet!"

With that the house seemed to sink to rest at last, though I could hear the rumbling thunder of the man's voice above me, and the shriller note of the woman's, as they talked out their deadlier quarrel of jealousy to the appointed end. Quarrelling they were, and seriously, that seemed certain by the absence of all the usual concomitants of their daily row. The voices rose and fell in even beat, each in its pitch, though all that reached me from time to time was her piteous "Holy Virgin, Bill!"

I slept, too, at last, and soundly, I suppose, for there was a faint streak of light in the sky when I awoke to a perfect banshee shriek of horror ringing in my ears, a shriek that carried with it such deep and dire significance that it seemed to bring the whole house to its feet. It was wholly different from any alarum of their common war. There was no give and take in it, as of a thing indicating the energy of reprisal. It was a dead giving up the ghost of all the energies, a something that marked sheer acceptance of a stroke of fate, a decree of doom.

Even Covetyse had heard it in his topmost garret, for it brought him down in shirt and trousers and naked feet, and in other ways in piteous guise. His chin had given way, always the most decisive sign with those who are denied the relief of tears. The flesh was corrugated in vertical lines all shivering one another out of shape and consistency, as though withering away.

"I ain't a-goin' in," he murmured, "not me. I ain't drunk enough to face it—there!"

And then another voice:

"See that stuff tricklin' under the door!"

We were spared farther trouble, for the door opened gently, and the murderer stood before us in a pool of blood, his sleeping suit dripping with the dye, a knife in his hand, and the almost headless trunk of the woman on the floor at his feet.

"I done it, mates."

The silence seemed to upset him.

"I bin waitin' to give it her a long time; she wanted it bad," he ventured, still as though to draw a word from our ashen lips, if only a curse.

"There's one more I should ha' liked to give a taste of it—if I could stand up to him. But I'm done."

The point seemed to be lost on most of us, and he had to go on in his helpless quest.

"If there's drinks goin' I could do with a drain."

One was offered—from a teacup.

"Anybody see me to the station? I want to give myself up. Oh, Gawd A'mighty! I'm done! I'm done!" and he seemed to melt out of all consistency of manhood in a hopeless slobber of tears.

The officer that took the charge was "a pal," and showed friendly concern: "Good Lord, Bill! What yer bin up to now? 'Ere, come into the yard and sloose your 'ands." And as he led him out he offered him a nip from a private store.

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They did not want me at the inquest, though I offered to tell them the little that I knew. The case was a clear one, and it had its appropriate end, in due course, on the drop at Brixton gaol.

Synge

By Lady Gregory

I FIRST saw J. M. Synge in the North Island of Aran. I was staying there gathering folk-lore, talking to the people, and felt quite angry when I passed another outsider walking here and there, talking also to the people. I was jealous of not being alone on the island among the fishers and seaweed gatherers. I did not speak to the stranger, nor was he inclined to speak to me; he also looked on me as an intruder, I only heard his name. But a little later in the summer Mr. Yeats, who was staying with me at Coole, had a note from Synge saying he was in Aran. They had met in Paris, Yeats had written of him from there: "He is really a most excellent man. He lives in a little room which he has furnished himself; he is his own servant. He works very hard and is learning Breton; he will be a very useful scholar."

I asked him here and we became friends at once. I said of him in a letter: "One never has to rearrange one's mind to talk to him." He was quite direct, sincere and simple, not only a good listener, but too good a one, not speaking much in general society. His fellow guests at Coole always liked him, and he was pleasant and genial with them, though once, when he had come straight from life on a wild coast, he confessed that a somewhat warlike English lady in the house was "Civilisation in its most violent form." For there could be a sharp edge to his wit, as when he said of a certain actress (not Mrs. Campbell) whose modern methods he disliked, she had turned Yeats' *Deirdre* into "the Second Mrs. Conchubar," and once, when awaking from the anæsthetic after one of those hopeless operations, the first words that could be understood were, "Those damned English can't even swear without vulgarity." He sent me later, when we had been long working

at the theatre, some review of his work from a German newspaper: "What gives me a sympathy with this new man is that he does not go off into sentimentality. Behind this legend I see a laughing face, then he raises his eyebrows in irony and laughs again. Herr Synge may not be a dramatist, he may not be a great poet, but he has something that I like in him, a thing that for many good Germans is a book with seven seals, that is, Humour."

He writes a note with this: "I'd like to quote about 'Humour,' but I don't want to tell Dublin I'm maybe no dramatist, that wouldn't do." Of his other side, Mr. J. B. Yeats wrote to me: "Coleridge said that all Shakespeare's characters, from Macbeth to Dogberry, were 'ideal realities.' His comedies 'poetry as an unlimited jest,' and his tragedies 'poetry in deepest earnest.' Had he seen Synge's plays he would have called them 'poetry in unlimited sadness.'"

While staying with us he hardly looked at a newspaper. He seemed to look on politics and reforms with a sort of tolerant indifference, though he spoke once of something that has happened as "the greatest tragedy since Parnell's death." He told me that the people of the play he was writing often seemed the real people among whom he was living, and I think his dreamy look came from this. When here he spent a good deal of time wandering in our woods, where many shy creatures still find their home, marten cats and squirrels and otters and badgers, and by the lake where wild swans come and go. He said he had given up wearing the black clothes he had worn for a while, when they were a fashion with writers, thinking they were not in harmony with Nature, which is so sparing in the use of the harsh colour of the raven. Simple things always pleased him. In his long illness, at a Dublin Hospital where I went to see him every day, he would ask for every detail of a search I was making for a couple of Irish terrier puppies to bring home, and laugh at my adventures again and again. And when I described to him the place where I had found the puppies at last, a little house in a suburb, with a long garden stretching into wild fields with a view of the hills beyond, he was excited, and said that it was just such a Dublin home as he had wanted, and had been sure was somewhere to be found. He asked me

at this time about a village on the Atlantic coast where I had stayed for a while in rooms over a post office, and where he had hoped he might go for his convalescence instead of to Germany, which had been arranged for him. I said in talking of it that I felt more and more the time wasted that was not spent in Ireland, and he said: "That is just my feeling."

When my *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* came out he said to Mr. Yeats he had been amazed to find in it the dialect he had been trying to master. He wrote to me: "Your Cuchulain is a part of my daily bread"; I say this with a little pride, for I was the first to use the Irish idiom as it is spoken, with intention and with belief in it. Dr. Hyde has used it with fine effect in his "Love Songs of Connacht," but alas! gave it up afterwards in deference to some Dublin editor.

Also I must be proud of any word of praise from Synge, for he did not use many. Mr. Yeats writes, and expects me to feel personally flattered: "By the way, Synge is becoming quite complimentary. He says your Mancini portrait is the greatest since Rembrandt." And he writes in his diary a few days after Synge's death: "He had that egotism of the man of genius which Nietzsche compares to the egotism of a woman with child. I never knew what he thought of my work. . . . After the first performance of *Hyacinth Halvey*, Lady Gregory went the very moment the play was over to get supper for him, for he was ailing at the time, not waiting for the congratulation of friends. All he said of the triumphant *Hyacinth* was: 'I expected to like it better.' He had under charming and modest manners in almost all things of life complete absorption in his own dream. I have never heard him praise any writer, living or dead, but some old French farce writers, for here nothing existed but his thought. He claimed nothing for it aloud, he never said any of those confident things I say too often when angry, but one knew that he valued nothing else. He was too confident for self-assertion. I once said to George Moore: 'Synge has always the better of you, for you have brief but ghastly moments in which you admit the existence of other writers, Synge never has.' I do not think he disliked other writers, they did not exist. One did not think him an egotist, he was too sympathetic in the

ordinary affairs of life and too simple. In the arts he knew no language but his own.

The rich, abundant speech of the people was a delight to him. He wrote to me after his first visit: I had a very prosperous journey up from Gort. At Athenry an old Irish-speaking wanderer made my acquaintance. He claims to be the best singer in England, Ireland and America. One night he says he sang a song at Moate, and a friend of his heard the words in Athenry. He was so much struck by the event that he had himself examined by one who knew, and found that his singing did not come out of his lungs, but out of his heart, which is a 'winged heart!'"

At the time of his first visit to Coole he had written some poems, not very good for the most part, and a play which was not good at all. I read it again after his death when, according to his written wish, helping Mr. Yeats and sorting out the work to be published or set aside, and again it seemed but of slight merit. But a year later he brought us his two plays, *The Shadow of the Glen* and the *Riders to the Sea*, both masterpieces, both perfect in their way. He had gathered emotion, the driving force he needed from his life among the people, and it was the working in dialect that had set free his style.

He was anxious to publish his book on Aran and these two plays, and so having something to add to that "Forty pounds a year and a new suit when I am too shabby," he used with a laugh to put down as his income. He wrote to me from Paris in February, 1902: "I don't know what part of Europe you may be in now, but I suppose this will reach you if I send it to Coole. I want to tell you the evil fate of my Aran book and ask your advice. It has been to two publishers, to Grant Richards, who was sympathetic, though he refused it as he said it could not be a commercial success, and to Fisher Unwin, who was inclined to be scornful.

"Now that you have seen the book, do you think there would be any chance of Alfred Nutt taking it up? I am afraid he is my only chance, but I don't know whether there is any possibility of getting him to bring out a book of the kind at his own expense, as, after all, there is very little folk-lore in it."

I took the book to London and had it re-typed, for

he, like myself, typed his own manuscript, and this was very faint and rubbed, and both Mr. Yeats and I took it to publishers, but they would not take it. Writing in March, '03, he says: "My play came back from the *Fortnightly* as not suitable for their purposes. And I don't think that Brinsley Johnson intends to bring out the Aran book. I saw him on my way home, but he seemed hopelessly undecided, saying one minute he liked it very much, and that it might be a great success, and that he wanted to be in touch with the Irish movement, and then going off in the other direction and fearing that it might fall perfectly flat! Finally he asked me to let him consider it a little longer."

I was no more successful. I wrote to Mr. Yeats, who was in America: "I went to Bullen about the music for your book. . . . I think I told you he had never opened the Synge MS. and said he would rather have nothing to do with it. Masefield has it now." Then I had a note: "Dear Lady Gregory, I saw Newbolt yesterday and spoke to him about Synge's new play (*Riders to the Sea*), which struck me as being in some ways even better than the other. He has promised to read it if it is sent to him, though he does not much care for plays. Will you post it to the Editor, *Monthly Review*. . . . Yours very truly, Arthur Symons." Nothing came of that, and in December Synge writes: "I am delighted to find that there is a prospect of getting the book out at last, and equally grateful for the trouble you have taken with it. I am writing to Masefield to-day to thank him, and ask him by all means to get Mathews to do as he proposes. Do you think if he brings out the plays in the Spring I should add *The Tinker?* I was getting on well with the blind people (in *Well of the Saints*) till about a month ago, when I suddenly got ill with influenza and a nasty attack on my lung. I am getting better now, but I cannot work yet satisfactorily, so I hardly know when the play is likely to be finished. There is no use trying to hurry on with a thing of that sort when one is not in the mood."

Yet the Aran book was not published, after all, till 1907, when his name had already gone up. *The Shadow of the Glen* and the *Riders to the Sea* were published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1905. *Riders to the Sea* had already

been published in *Samhain*, the little annual of our theatre, edited by Mr. Yeats. And in America a friend of ours and of the Theatre had printed some of the plays in a little edition of fifty copies, thus saving the copyright. It was of Synge and of others as well as myself I thought when, in dedicating a book to John Quinn when I was in America last winter, I wrote: "Best friend, best helper these half score years on this side of the sea."

When Synge had joined us in the management of the Theatre he took his share of the work, and though we were all amateurs then, we got on somehow or other. He writes about a secretary we had sent for him to report on: "He seems very willing, and I think may do very well if he does not take fright at us. He still thinks it was a terrible thing for Yeats to suggest that Irish people should sell their souls and for you to put His Sacred Majesty James II. into the barrel. He should be very useful in working up an audience; an important part of our work that we have rather neglected. By the way, the annual meeting of our company must be held, I suppose, before the year is up. It would be well to have it before we pay off Ryan, as otherwise we shall all be sitting about looking with curiosity and awe at the balance sheet."

He went on bravely with his work, always fighting against ill-health.

"Feb. 15, '06. Many thanks for the MS. of *Le Medicin*. I think he is entirely admirable and is certain to go well. This is just a line to acknowledge the MS. as I suppose I shall see you in a day or two.

"My play has made practically no way since, as I have been down for ten days with bronchitis. My lung is not touched, however, and I have got off well considering. I hope I shall be all right by next week."

(About same date): "I am pleased with the way my play is going, but I find it quite impossible to rush through with it now, so I rather think I shall take it and the typewriter to some place in Kerry where I could work. By doing so I would get some sort of holiday and still avoid dropping the play again—which is a rather dangerous process. If I do this I will be beyond posts. . . . If I do not get a good summer I generally pay for it in the winter in extra bouts of influenza and all its miseries."

"August 12, '06. I shall be very glad, thanks, to go down and read you my play (*The Playboy*) if it is finished in time, but there is still a great deal to do. I have had a very steady week's work since last Sunday and have made good way, but my head is getting very tired, working in hot weather takes a lot out of me."

"November 25, '06. I have had rather a worse attack than I expected when I wrote my last note, but I am much better now, and out as usual. One of my lungs, however, has been a little touched, so I shall have to be careful for a while. Would it be possible to put off *The Playboy* for a couple of weeks? I am afraid if I went to work at him again now, and then rehearsed all December, I would be very likely to knock up badly before I was done with him. My doctor says I may do so if it is *necessary*, but he advises me to take a couple of weeks' rest if it can be managed. That cousin of mine who etches is over here now and he wants me to stay with him for a fortnight in a sort of country house he has in Surrey, so if you think the *Playboy* can be put off, I will go across on Thursday or Friday and get back in time to see the *Shadowy Waters* and get the *Playboy* under way for January. What do you think? If so, I would like to read the third act of *Playboy* to you before I go, and then make final changes, while I am away, as I shall have a quiet time."

He worked very hard at the *Playboy*, altering it a good deal as he went on. He had first planned the opening act in the ploughed field, where the quarrel between Christy and his father took place. But when he thought of the actual stage he could not see any possible side wings for that "wide, windy corner of high, distant hills." He had also talked of the return of the father being at the very door of the chapel where Christy was to wed Pegeen; but in the end all took place within the one cottage room. We all tried at that time to write for as little scene-shifting as might be, for economy of scenery and of stage-hands.

In October, 1906, he writes to Mr. Yeats: "My play, though in its last agony, is not finished, and I cannot promise it for any definite day. It is more than likely that when I read it to you and Fay there will be little things to alter that have escaped me, and with my stuff it takes time to get even half a page of new dialogue fully into key with

what goes before it. The play, I think, will be one of the longest we have done, and in places extremely difficult. If we said the 19th, I could only have six or seven full rehearsals, which would not, I am quite sure, be enough. . . . I am very sorry, but what is to be done?" Then to me in November: "May I read the *Playboy* to you and Yeats and Fay some time to-morrow, Saturday or Monday according as it suits you all? A little verbal correction is still necessary, and one or two structural points may need—I fancy do need revision, but I would like to have your opinions on it before I go on further."

I remember his bringing the play to us in Dublin, but he was too hoarse to read it, and it was read by Mr. Fay. We were almost bewildered by its abundance and fantasy, but we felt—and Mr. Yeats said very plainly—that there was far too much "bad language," there were too many violent oaths, and that the play itself was marred by this. I did not think it was fit to be put on the stage without cutting. It was agreed that it should be cut in rehearsal. A fortnight before its production Mr. Yeats, thinking I had seen a rehearsal, writes: "I would like to know how you thought *The Playboy* acted. . . . Have they cleared many of the objectional sentences out of it?"

I did not, however, see a rehearsal and did not hear the play again until the night of its production, and then I told Synge that the cuts were not enough, that many more should be made. He gave me leave to do this, and in consultation with the players I took out many phrases which, though in the printed book, have never since that first production been spoken on our stage. I am sorry that they were not taken out before it had been played at all, but that is just what happened.

On Saturday, January 26th, 1907, I found a note from Synge on my arrival in Dublin: "I do not know how things will go to-night. The day company are all very steady, but some of the outsiders in a most deplorable state of uncertainty. . . . I have a sort of second edition of the influenza and I am looking gloomily at everything. Fay has worked very hard all through, and everything has gone smoothly."

I think the week's rioting helped to break down his health. He was always nervous at a first production, and the unusual excitement of this one upset him and he took

a chill and was kept to his bed for a while. Yet he got away to wild places while he could. He wrote to me from the Kerry coast:

"My journey went off all right, and though I had a terrible wet night in Tralee I was able to ride on here next day. When I came up to the house I found, to my horror, a large green tent pitched in the haggard and thought I had run my head into a Gaelic League settlement at last. However, it turned out to be a band of sappers only, who have since moved on." And again: "The day after to-morrow I move on, bag and baggage, to the Great Blasket Island. It is probably even more primitive than Aran, and I am wild with joy at the prospect. I will tell you of my new abode. I am to go out in a curragh on Sunday, when the people are going back from Mass on the mainland, and I am to lodge with the King!"

It was only in the country places he was shy of the Gaelic League. In August, '06, he says: "I went to the Oireactas on Thursday to see their plays. The propagandist play done by the Ballaghadereen Company was clever with some excellent dialogue, and the peasants who acted it were quite admirable. I felt really enthusiastic about the whole show, although the definitely propagandist fragments were, of course, very crude. The play was called, I think, *an T-Atruighe mor* (the big change). I think I have spelled it wrong. It would probably read badly."

The last year was still a struggle against failing strength:—

"April, '08.—I have been waiting from day to day to write, so that I might say something definite about my 'tin-tacks' (an allusion to the old man in *Workhouse Ward* who has pains like tin-tacks in his inside) and possible plans. I was with the doctor again to-day, and he thinks I may have to go into hospital again, and perhaps have an operation, but things are uncertain for a day or two. . . . I fear there is little possibility of my being able to go to the shows this week, so I do not know if you ought to come up if you can without inconvenience. I am rather afraid of slovenly shows if there are poor houses and no one there to supervise. It is very trying having to drop my rehearsals of *Well of the Saints*—in fact, this unlooked-for complica-

tion is a terrible upset every way—I have so much to do."

"August 28th, '08.—I have just been with Sir E. Ball. He seems to think I am going on very well, and says I may ride and bicycle and do what I like! All the same, I am not good for much yet. I get tired out very easily. I am half inclined to go to the British Association *matinée* on Friday. I would like to hear Yeats' speech, and I don't think it could do me any harm. In any case, I will go in and see you when you are up. I think of going away to Germany or somewhere before very long. I am not quite well enough for the West of Ireland in this broken weather, and I think the complete change would do me most good. I have old friends on the Rhine I could stay with if I decide to go there. I hear great accounts of the Abbey this week, it almost looks as if Dublin was beginning to know we are there. I have been fiddling with my *Deirdre* a little. I think I'll have to cut it down to two longish acts. The middle act in Scotland is impossible. . . . They have been playing *The Well of the Saints* in Munich; I have just got £3 10*s*. royalties. It was a one-act version I have just heard this minute compressed from my text!"

"Jan. 3rd, '09.—I have done a great deal to *Deirdre* since I saw you, chiefly in the way of strengthening motives and re-casting the general scenario, but there is still a good deal to be done with the dialogue, and some scenes in the first act must be re-written to make them fit in with the new parts I have added. I only work a little every day, and I suffer more than I like with indigestion and general uneasiness inside. . . . The doctors are vague and don't say much that is definite. . . .

"They are working at *The Miser* now, and are all very pleased with it and themselves. I have not been in to see a rehearsal yet, as I keep out in the country as much as I can."

But his strength did not last long enough to enable him to finish *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, his last play. After he had gone, we took infinite trouble to bring the versions together, and we produced it early in the next year, but it needed the writer's hand. I did my best for it, working at its production through snowy days and into winter nights, until rheumatism seized me with a grip I have never shaken

off. I wrote to Mr. Yeats: "I still hope we can start with *Deirdre*. . . . I will be in Dublin for rehearsals in Christmas week, though I still hope to get to Paris for Christmas with Robert, but it may not be worth while. I will spend all January at the Theatre, but I must be back on the first of February to do some planting; that cannot be put off." And again, "I am more hopeful of *Deirdre* now. I have got Conchubar and Fergus off at the last in Deirdre's long speech, and that makes an immense improvement; she looks lonely and pathetic with the other two women crouching and rocking themselves on the floor."

For we have done our utmost for his work since we lost him, as we did while he was with us here. He had written a poem, it was in the Scon-Eper Press at the time of his death:—

> "With Fifteen-ninety or Sixteen-sixteen
> We end Cervantes, Marot, Nashe, or Green;
> Then Sixteen-thirteen till two score and nine
> Is Crashaw's niche, that honey-lipped divine.
> And so when all my little work is done,
> They'll say I came in Eighteen seventy-one,
> And died in Dublin—What year will they write
> For my poor passage to the stall of Night?"

Early in 1909 he was sent again into a private hospital in Dublin. A letter came to me from Mr. Yeats dated March 24th: "In the early morning Synge said to the nurse, 'It is no use fighting death any longer,' and turned over and died."

Arson

By Gilbert Cannan

He was like nothing so much as a wet hedgehog. His hair was white, and the six days' beard that shone silvery against the brick-red of his face was snow-white. His eyes were red and small, and looked like little red painted holes in his face. He was shaggy and his hair grew almost down to his eyebrows. He had no back to his head, and large transparent ears, white like paper, stuck out low down on his skull. Round his neck was a pretty tartan scarf, and a blue union shirt, which it had been his habit to wash once a fortnight in a ditch under a hedge, showed through the opening in his waistcoat. For the rest, he was clad, so far as one could see over the dock, in a large old velveteen gamekeeper's coat. The red eyes, in which there was no light, blinked and peered at the Court and the crowd of curious people who liked the sport of prosecution, or the ritual of the law. He laid claim to nothing, not even a name, and for want of a better they had called him in the gaol behind the Court, John Smith, but when they used it in addressing him, he did not seem to realise that anything so distinctive could belong to him.

A haystack of the value of sixty-two pounds had been burned up on Boar's Hill. The Associate rose and in a bleating little voice charged John Smith with his offence, and asked him to declare if he were guilty or not guilty. The creature grinned, to show a mouthful of strong, white teeth set in his jaw like an animal's, and said, "Oi be guldy, zur." In his voice there was neither sex nor humanity. In such a voice might a hedgehog on whom the gift of tongues had descended give utterance.

There had been a month of foul weather, during which he had tramped from Bath to Reading and from Reading to Prince's Risborough and the Vale of White Horse, and from thence through Wantage to Pusey and Kingston

Bagpuze. On the road between Tubney and Abingdon he had fallen in with two roystering navvies tramping from one railway work to another in a more or less serious quest of work, and, delighted with the rarity of the antic creature, they had taken him with them to provide sport. By Tubney Common, where they slept on the spongy turf under the gorse, they found a grove of spruce and pine carpeted with dead needles, dead bracken and rotting pine-cones, with which they pelted him so that he squeaked delightfully. They shared with him the food they begged or stole, though they disliked his preference for eating it uncooked. Eggs he sucked like a rat, and rabbits, which he could catch as easily as another man plucks a peach from a wall, he liked raw. Of fire he seemed to be in terror, perhaps as a thing too fiercely living, and, of an evening, when they had perforce to sleep in the open, and the navvies piled gorse and wood to burn, he would run away and hide in a ditch or burrow where he could not see the flame. His companions would come hallooing after him in the dim light and most often find him playing with some beast, a hedgehog or a snake that only wakes at dusk, while tiny creatures crawled about him. In his pockets he always had creeping things, and once a squirrel. Near Abingdon he caught a hedgehog, or it might be more accurate to say that a hedgehog adopted him, and from that moment lived in the vast pocket of his gamekeeper's coat, which he lined with moss and grass and built out into a nest with twigs and reeds. Twice a day he would go and hunt for beetles for its food, and every night would lie with it in some stagnant ditch croaking and gloating over it, startling the frogs, talking to it in its own language and crawling after it in clumsy emulation of its gambols.

One night they three slept under a haystack by the road on the brow of the hill looking down into the Thames valley, where a silver mist rose from the flood lands and obscured the lights of Oxford, but the moon touched with glamour the spires and domes and the snake-windings of the river. The navvies were filled with a nostalgia and longing for a roof and comforts of domestic life, food, drink, and women, and they went to sleep mouthing fantastic oaths and cursing the power behind the star-hung night. They were roused by a yelping and fierce gabbling

of shrill inhuman sounds. The hedgehog had escaped from its nest and fallen a victim to the predatory instincts of a Welsh terrier accompanying a farmer walking across the field in the night to operate on a blown cow. The half-wit had awakened from a sense of danger to the beloved creature and, finding it dead, had hurled himself upon the destroyer to throttle it. He had it down and choked the life out of it, shrieking and jibbering and, swiftly bending down, bit its throat. The farmer came up, belaboured him with a heavy black-thorn stick and dragged him to his feet. But the dog lay dead by the hedgehog. The three were driven off on to the road again, and the navvies stood shivering in the biting wind in angry palaver. The farmer hurried off to his byre, choking down the grief and nausea roused in him by the death of his comrade. The navvies thrust a box of matches into the half-wit's hands, told him to set fire to the bloody stack, and slunk off into the night.

Schooled to obedience, he crept back into the field, gathered the dear corpse of the hedgehog to his bosom, kissed its verminous nose and laid it tenderly in its nest. Then he stood by the rick and struck a match. The light of it dazzled his eyes and filled him with terror, while it fascinated him. He struck another and another. At last, in striking, he set the whole box afire and dropped it by the stack. The wind blew the little flame towards the hay. The tongue of it flickered and darted and in the end touched a straw, and the flame ran up into the stack, which presently belched forth smoke and burst into a blaze. The half-wit was appalled and cried in terror. Terror gave way to stony awe, reverence, and, in the end, an intoxication almost religious. He danced and screamed at the blaze, driven further and further away from it by the heat.

The farmer left his operation on the blown cow and found the antic figure dancing in the wide circle of fierce light. They took and cast him into gaol. They threw away the corpse of the hedgehog and cut out the pocket of his coat in which he had built its nest, and they washed him. At first he refused to eat, but they forced food down his throat. He tried to kill himself with a piece of string, and they set a warder to watch over him, and discussed whether they ought not also to put him on his trial for attempted suicide.

He was five weeks in gaol before the Judge came on Assize, and he throve on prison fare. The Chaplain wasted much time and ingenuity in trying to create in his mind a picture of a Deity with a particular dislike for the burning of haystacks. The Chaplain further explained the method of his trial, and that they would ask him if he were guilty or not guilty, and interpreted the formula. Thus it was that John Smith admitted his guilt.

They called the farmer to give evidence of the burning of the stack and its value, the finding of the prisoner and his behaviour. Incidentally, he dilated upon the prisoner's murderous assault upon his dog, and aired divers grievances against the world in general and the weather in particular. The police gave evidence of previous convictions, arising from confusion with another and more notorious malefactor. They asked him if he had anything to say. He muttered with a whimper, "It killed my 'edge'og"; and the Judge prepared himself to harangue the prisoner:

"John Smith, you have confessed yourself guilty of one of the most dastardly crimes known to the law, and you have shown yourself to be an abandoned creature, a pest to society and a public danger. You are one of those men who, revolting against the social order, refuse to support themselves by honest labour, sink to a level very little above that of the beasts, and are continually seeking opportunity to vent a mean spite and petty spirit of revenge by destroying property. You have wantonly, without provocation, and in a pure spirit of mischief, and —and—in the full knowledge of the serious nature of your act, destroyed property to the value of sixty-two pounds, and you must face the consequences. It has become the policy, and I think rightly so, to encourage morality by dealing with offenders with all possible leniency. But in this case I can find no room for leniency. I and my brothers are determined to put a stop to this dastardly practice, and when such men as you are brought before us, to visit upon them such a punishment as shall be a warning and an example. I am sorry for you, but I should be doing something less than my duty if I did not punish you severely. I therefore sentence you to four years' penal servitude."

At the back of the Court someone said "Good God!" The policeman standing with the white wands called for

silence. The Judge turned over a leaf in his note-book and took up his pen to prepare for the next case. A barrister rose to his feet. One of the warders sitting in the dock with the prisoner touched him on the shoulder and motioned to him to go. John Smith turned and disappeared down the steps leading to the cells.

The Brain-Thief

By Haldane Macfall

ALL the arts arise, flourish, burst into full song, and die. They are part of the eternal mystery of life and death. They have, by consequence, all the attributes of life and death. Born in life, rooted in life, their whole significance being in that *they are the communion, through the senses, to our fellow-men of the impressions aroused in the artist by life*, they die as vitality passes. Their slayer is academism—always.

Since art dies, it is become a fashion of the professorial and of the critical to put forth a system or science of Decadence, whereby is meant that the arts become immoral, or are stricken with some vague disease of a rather naughty old age, or the like inevitable plague. And the fact that great artistic utterance is of short duration, and passes rapidly away, lends some colour to any theory. All great achievement in the arts does pass away; but the cause of death of great art in a people has ever been one malady—academism.

The artist—whether painter, poet so-called, sculptor, musician, or what not—creates by instinct: because he must. He may arise in the palace or the hovel; but he is an artist in one sole achievement—a vast achievement—in that he is impelled to communicate to his fellow-men the impressions aroused in his senses by life. But the critic—he who would codify in a system of laws the means whereby the artist utters himself—proceeds to judge all art by the measure of the achievement of the great dead masters; it is inevitable that he should so blunder; he has no other means of setting up his "science" and of drawing up his laws, but by the standards of the achieved thing. He is, by consequence, out of date before he is born. Life has passed on. But his theories catch the professors; seem plausible to the man in the street; and thereby his infertile

endeavour becomes a tyranny. The artist, inarticulate to describe or to account for what he does, or why he does it, falls back under servitude to the tyranny of the critical Reason, which does not in fact guide him one tittle in his own acts of creation, but which is a tyranny that he either half-convinces himself he ought to accept, or that he accepts in order to distort it to excuse his own practice. This is the artist's first surrender. Tyranny ever advances on a surrender. The next surrender of the artist is the step towards the gates of death—he proceeds to create an art like someone else, by preference an established dead master; thereafter he is not interpreting Life as its impressions are felt through his own personality, but imitates instead the utterance of others, says what he thinks other people would have said. Decay has fallen upon his art. He is become an academic. Thereafter Art gathers her cloak about her and sadly departs from him.

Now, do not let us for a moment shrug our shoulders at this departure of art from a people as being but some superficial loss that does not much matter—it means that vitality is departing from the race, that its mastery in the world is gone. Of this another time.

Let any man survey the history of the very tangible art of Painting; thereby the history of all art becomes his possession. What does the history of painting tell him? Time and time again history reveals, leads, and warns; yet your solemn professor is deaf to it all! Like a deep-voiced Litany the tragedy of the death of art is sung to him out of the ages, but he cannot hear; for his brain is bemuddled with a fantastic jumble of theories about Beauty or what not; and the simplicity of the truth is hidden from him even whilst he trips over it, his eyes bent instead upon a vast dunghill of rotting theories—the mess of futile things.

Nay; as though he shouted wisdom, he turns and denies that Art can be defined at all, even whilst he keeps defining it falsely; proving false, he shrinks at last from his own definitions, since he comes upon masterpieces that tear his definitions to shreds. Therefore, since *his* definition is false, all concept of art must be impossible! As a simple fact, Art can be defined as far as Life can be defined; we can place its activity within the field of its signi-

ficance, which is all the definition we need—but we do need to realise what is the true realm of art. Definition is only a logical attempt to settle the significance of a thing, and has no other value, but it has that value. It is futile, however, to lay down a definition that does not contain Art; and then, because masterpieces burst through that definition, or do not even come within it, to squeal shrilly that it is indefinable. Before we can survey Art as an activity, the first need is to understand its basic significance, its achievement, and its consequence. We must understand what exactly is art—and what is not.

The realm of art is prodigious; next to Life itself the vastest realm of man's experience. It is universal, immeasurable, limitless—as life is universal, immeasurable, limitless. Its sole limitations are the limitations of life—and life is limitless. Individuals die, and individual art dies; but life goes on and art goes on. As long as there is conscious life, so long will there be, and must be, art—for conscious life cannot be without art, or would go mad. There is nought into which Life ranges that Art does not range, and has not the right to range—therefore, like Life, it is beyond the laws of criticism or criterion, cannot be created by Law, and is above Law. Its range is the whole wide flight of the Imagination; and it has the right, indeed it is its whole basic function, to utter the sensations of all life, from the loftiest heights of the passions to the lowest impulses in a dunghill. But—and here is the whole simplicity and awful truth overlooked by bookish men—one right it has not: it may not lie and live. One thing is denied to Art—it has no power not to be Art. *The moment that he who would essay to utter art attempts to show the ugly as beautiful, or the beautiful as ugly, vital art in him is dead*, art ceases to be. The moment that art attempts to lie, it is hideously or prettily a dead thing. Great art can show the hideous to be hideous, the beautiful to be beautiful, the pleasant to be pleasant, the sorrowful to be sorrowful; but the moment it attempts to make an ugly thing appear to be beautiful it is a sorry lie, a sham, and an abomination. It dies, and it deserves to die. One of the most frequent fallacies about art is that which accounts the painting of a nude woman as bad art because it arouses the desire of man; but such being an innate and vital quality of man to-

wards woman—its interpretation may be a stupendous, a great work of art—it may not be a wise work of art, but it is not of necessity a bad work of art.

One of the most deadly forms of lie in art is the thieving of another man's utterance and the parading it as one's own. The moment that a man essays to utter other men's senses, he is a convicted liar in art; and vital art is not in him. He has become an academic. The whole realm of art is gone from him, for it is the basic essential of art that a man shall utter the sensed impressions of life as *he* has *felt* them.

Yet it is this very academism that is mistaken for art by prigs and pedants; this very academism that is rewarded officially and by coteries; this very abomination that is by the very fact of its existence the standard and measure, the realm, and the pursuit of most Criticism. For there is no limit nor law in art, there is only vital instinct to create it; whereas Criticism almost inevitably founds on law; and the law of dead art almost of necessity becomes its standard and its plummet. The artist cannot create art until he has mastered the craftsmanship to utter it; yet even craftsmanship, which has certain limitations, is misunderstood by Criticism; and we get critics speaking of Style, meaning thereby the manner of someone else, a manner hallowed by tradition; whereas vital Style is the creation by the artist of a craftsmanship fitted to utter the desired impression most perfectly, and must be recreated for every work of art if it be a consummate masterpiece—the which is almost exactly the reverse of what Criticism means by Style.

It is a right instinct that makes the artist despise criticism. The sterile may not create. And the so-called critic so rarely attempts to utter in words what the artist has poured into his senses, or to approach a work of art without reference to the achievement of other works of art, that his rare efforts in vital appreciation may almost be passed by—indeed, he who would become partaker in a work of art must pass out of the realm of what is called criticism into a realm of appreciation or condemnation in which he judges simply *of the power or lack of power of the artist to realise the impression that he desired to arouse.*

Let us make no mistake. *Art is our communion with our fellows through the senses*; but the flame must have a lamp wherein to burn—just as our life can only become conscious through our bodies. Craftsmanship is the lamp whereby the artist burns into flame. The artist has the right to use the tools of any man's craftsmanship, for the tools of craftsmanship are not art. But no artist, whether poet or painter, may use the tools of craftsmanship to utter the filched vision of another man; first, because he is not uttering himself, which is the essential of art, and secondly, because he has no right to thieve what is not, and never can be, his.

The history of the art of man proves it. Let us to the lesson of history, then, for him who has eyes to read it.

Let us set aside the survey of the art of literature—a more vast and subtle realm than painting or music, but all the arts are one, and what is true of the one is true of the other—and let us take the simpler and more tangible art of painting, the art of vision, the realm of which is the utterance of all sensation felt through the sight, but the sight alone. All the arts are one in their intention; different only in the realm of impression in which they are born—painting has for its realm the impressions received through the sight—music through the hearing—and so with all; the limitation of the realm is solely the limitation of the particular sense through which it is perceived. Music, for instance, cannot create the impressions of the eye, nor painting the impressions of the hearing. It follows that the arts of the vision can only be art so long as they create that which is within the sensing of the eyes; and that the moment that painting attempts to utter impressions outside the reach of the vision, its intention is a bastard intention. So with the art of each of the senses. Literature, therefore, having the most prodigious range of all the arts, let us survey for simplicity's sake the far narrower realm of painting—the more so as we can come within easier reach of its greatest masterpieces, and at a glance.

Glance at the achievement of painting in Europe. What do we find? Remember that step by step, literature and the drama and sculpture have known the like onward impetus, the like onward sweeps of fulfilment, or intention

of fulfilment—the like disasters—the like diseases—the like decay—and the like deaths. What do we find, written clear and precise in the book of the past?

Art develops. Living art is always development. The moment it ceases to develop it sickens and withers and dies.

Stepping out of the mediæval years, the Italian painters essayed to find a new utterance—new in that it should express themselves and their age. They drew objects upon the wall. They then took to filling in their outlines with colours to give the general impression. Thereafter they sought to shade the objects like low-reliefs in sculpture. It took generations of genius to thrust forward the utterance of painting even so far. Then the Florentine genius pushed on, essaying to draw in perspective—as through Uccello. Then came Leonardo da Vinci and his fellows, who essayed to give *depth* by shading in some dark colour, and then colouring in with low general tones, to suggest the colours of nature, but without capacity to come closer to colour than that. The Florentines, reaching their supreme genius in Michelangelo, got little further than this; but, mastering this instrument, they compelled it to utter its fullest song. Thereafter the Florentines were content to mimic Michelangelo and Leonardo and Raphael—in a generation Florentine art was dead, its craftsmanship alone remained. Academism—the mimicry of other men—had slain the Florentine genius.

In Venice, to the north, rising like a dream amidst romance and splendour, painting from the first essayed a far deeper and fuller utterance; it sought to interpret the genius of the people in colour. It early thrust itself far beyond the faculty of all Florence. Step by step, but far more rapidly, the Venetian genius found its way to song in colour-orchestration, appealed in colour lyrically to the sense of vision as music is employed to the sense of hearing. A powerful chiaroscuro was granted to Venice—the mysteries of dark and light, from deep bass to high treble; she gave forth revelation of herself in a wide gamut of colour. From the years of Giorgione, to the end, she moved towards impressionism. But the giant genius in Titian and of Tintoretto slew her—the painters thereafter forgot to utter themselves, save one here and there,

and were content, nay strove, to imitate Titian. Academism killed the art of Venice—as always it slays.

Then arose a rude fellow in Italy who flung all the mimicries to the gutter, and went back to life and the moods and impressions aroused in him by the tragic intensity of things—his name Caravaggio, and founded the school of Naples, called the Tenebrosi in that they enlarged the instrument of painting so that the mighty shadows increased the wonder of things and by their deep bass forced the intensity of light. Out of these Tenebrosi —whom the critics call Decadent, bless them!—came the next prodigious conquest of art through Spain and Holland.

The Spanish genius arose in a vigorous realism—a frank and personal interpretation of the life of the age—enormously increased the gamut of utterance in painting through the deep orchestration of the Tenebrosi; advanced rapidly to the mass-impressionism of the subtle Velazquez; and he was scarce in his grave when the Spanish genius died, blotted out in mimicry of the dead Italian masters, died of academism.

The Dutch genius—taking a longer time to mature, from the first intensely close in vision to the life of the people, unshackled by make-believes or the classic tradition—compelled colour to its service, took up the revelation of the mysteries of light and shade discovered by the Tenebrosi, and went straight for mass-impressionism, bringing forth a galaxy of genius in Frans Hals, Vermeer, Rembrandt, and the rest. Yet, even as Frans Hals and Vermeer and Rembrandt wrought their wondrous art, the eyes of the mediocre craftsmen and of fashion were turned by the writers to the Italian art; fashion flew to the Italianisers, and Hals and Rembrandt and most of the great Dutch genius died in beggary, to be buried in paupers' graves, whilst men of high promise, dreading the academic wrath, debauched their great gifts and fell to mimicry of Italy, which was not fit to untie the latchet of Holland's shoe. The mimicry of the art of others triumphed—academism slew Dutch art as it has slain all art.

What further need to follow the rise and fall of art? The slayer is always academism. Decadence is always mimicry—insincerity—the art of the Brain-Thief. The

Brain-Thief is the filcher of the genius of another; had he the gift to create he would not need to thieve. The Brain-Thief is the assassin of art.

In what immortal fashion Ibsen has drawn the Brain-Thief as filcher of kingship in *The Pretenders*! the tragedy of the man who steals the thought of another. With what skill he shows the born king of men in him who understands his age as against the hesitant bewilderment of him who gropes in tradition!

So the academic steep themselves in tradition. The new thought is ever the wrong thought to them—they are suspicious of life, resentful of vitality. For them, therefore, a code of laws built upon dead achievement. They, it is, who are ever for stoning the prophets. The bookish critic inevitably reads the laws, not the living art—condemns or approves in the measure of the mimicry of past achievement, confident in wrongness, not realising that he is essaying to judge art by what is the negation of art. Inevitably he approves the Brain-Thief—for the Brain-Thief is lord of his realm. Inevitably he flings the jibe of Decadence at Vitality, and approves as Vitality exactly what is Decadence. Inevitably he is raised to high office and power over the arts; and the world blinks and wonders wherefore art withers under his rule and administration. He fills the public galleries with dead things; and all that is living and of significance he lets go by. He has always bowed down and worshipped the Brain-Thief.

The Brain-Thief is honoured by the State. He is knighted and belauded and banqueted, and pours forth his unwisdom. So Art gathers up her skirts, buries her face in her mantle, and departs. She dare scarcely speak —for the Censor; she is shouted down when she speaks—by the censorious. The Brain-Thief ever filches all the virtues.

What an appalling state of affairs!

Yet Art is the most vital function to a people—more vital than parliaments or princes or bishops or editors. It is the voice of Art that impels the people to their highest destiny and to their fullest fulfilment. Without the arts of oratory, of literature, of the communion of the aspirations and feelings of our fellow-men, we were little above the beasts.

When the people put Art from them and give heed to the academic, the Brain-Thief is lord over all, and the splendour of their race departs from them and goes to more virile breeds. So it behoves us to look well to it that we do not stone the seers.

For, mark it well, Art is no flippant jade that grins to please. Her weapon is Truth—not vulgar, blatant truth, but spiritual truth. She shrinks no more from showing hideous things to be hideous than from showing beautiful things to be beautiful. Art is without fear; and woe be to such as will not give ear to her! The croon of the Brain-Thief is as the song of harlots; and the love of men is a fickle thing enough, and most easily snared. The voice of the mimic is a familiar sound; but the voice of Art may mean the strong discipline and rough wayfaring in desert places—and the Brain-Thief loves an easy bed. To follow is easier than to initiate; and the follower glows with pride if he be mistaken for the initiator.

Now there is not the slightest reason why Critics should be the abettors of the Brain-Thief—it is simply an ugly habit due to the natural tendency of a bookish man to judge the arts, say literature or music or painting, by bookish theories founded on past achievement. Most critics are absolutely sincere men—it is true that sincerity in a Brain-Thief does not mitigate the theft, but it at least signifies that if the Critic will only discard bad habits he may acquire good ones. The power and influence of criticism to-day is enormous—far out of all proportion to its right—but that is all the more reason that Criticism should be sane. And Criticism can be sane—*if it will but discover the basic significance of art*, and judge each work of art by the power or lack of power in the achievement of the artist in creating his intention. We are all critics more or less. But the critic who would judge a work of art must first discover the basic significance of art, and reject from his judgment all relation to any other work of art. No vital work of art has any concern with any other work of art; far less has it any *value* by having any relation to any other work of art. Criticism has been shaken to its foundations of late; God is good—but Criticism is not going to become sane by rushing to embrace every form of trash simply because it does not understand it.

There is a widespread verdict: "I do not *like* this or that"—as if art were concerned with what we like or dislike! The verdict that justifies a work of art is: "Am I moved by this thing? Has it increased my feelings and added to my experience? Has it stirred me to conviction in its truth, whether I like it or not, that the man who wrought this thing has uttered his impression into my understanding? Has he done it with consummate skill or blundering? Has he done it at all? Above all—has he done it?" By the answer, and by it alone, does it become for us a work of art. If it shall not reach our understanding then *for us* it is not a work of art. How he does it, or fails to do it, is another affair that has nothing to do with art, but is an affair of craftsmanship. And the sole standard for craftsmanship is whether it achieve art or fail to achieve. There is no copyright in craftsmanship; but there is this vital limitation, that the craftsmanship for every work of art must fit the utterance of that impression, and not be, what the bookish critics mistake it to be, a trick of thumb of the artist. Where the artist has delved to discover the materials that shall make the lamp wherein shall burn the flame of the impression that he desires to communicate, is his sole affair, that has nothing to do with art, but with craftsmanship. But it is an oft-proven fact that if a man shall borrow too much of the craftsmanship of another man, say of a Velazquez, he will also come to mimic the *art* of Velazquez instead of uttering his own soul. Wheresoever, then, the artist shall have delved for the tools of his craftsmanship, he must make his craft anew every time he creates a work of art, for every impression must have a craftsmanship fitted to utter that impression, and that impression alone. It is clear that if one would utter a solemn and tragic impression, one's craft must take on a solemn cadence and march with tragic bearing; if one would utter blithe comedy, one's craft must jig to a merry lilt; so shall each impression know only an utterance fitted to communicate it into our senses and thereby to conquer the imagination.

Now Art, I have said, is that human faculty whereby a man is enabled to communicate the impressions aroused in his senses to his fellow-man, whereby his fellows can become partakers of his impression and thereby add to

their experience. It follows that the artist must utter his own personality. The artist utters himself. The Brain-Thief filches the senses of another, or what he takes to be their senses, but can only filch the husk of such things; and filching another's vision he endeavours to utter base coin—he is without personality.

Pedants and professors have raised up a system of laws that they call Æsthetics. There are no such laws in Art—they are the cult of the Brain-Thief—they are the thieves' laws founded on the practice of dead artists, which is precisely death to art. They established that Art was Beauty—when great masters came and gave them the lie they ignored them. They had narrowed, indeed still narrow, the vast and mighty realm of man's sensing to the parish of the pretty and made it the toy of a cult of prigs. They played with dead things; and swore that all other things were dead except their particular dead. The professor became a god of art. Even so fine an artist of words as Ruskin steeped himself to the skull in these falsities; "read up" art in books; travelled and "got up" the old masters; and returned to lord it as tyrant over the creators of art. Then came a vital artist called Whistler and painted masterpieces that broke every "law" of Ruskin, who was being mouthed with solemn quotation as though he were author of the sacred books—Whistler made masterpieces about which was no authority in books. When Ruskin stood before this vital art he blinked bewildered—could not make it fit his fatuous tomfoolery of Æsthetics—could not recast his verdicts—so proceeded to abuse it! Whistler, with great beauty of literary expression, equal to that of Ruskin's exquisite prose, proceeded to write about as false witness on Art as any man born of woman; the critics did not, could not, weigh it—for they were all steeped in the false vision of the Brain-Thief—and a school arose that swallowed Whistler's false witness and made it the false measure for judging further masterpieces! This lack of the understanding of the basic significance of art is the constant blight of criticism.

Æsthetics, as a code of laws on Art, are a fantastic farce—they do not even cover past achievement, and are still more incompetent to cover vital art as it arises. They are the gospel of the Brain-Thief. Every generation sees

them altered and mutilated to fit, in as distorted closeness as they can with sophistry be made to fit, the revolutions which have proved their utter shabbiness. No man can grasp the significance of Art until he has flung the fantastic laws of Æsthetics, as created by the schoolmasters, on to the dust-heap. And it is well so. These Æsthetics have whittled down and dwindled the vast realm of Art not only to a small field, but have bemuddled it in a quagmire of all that is not art. Æsthetics are the litany of the Brain-Thief.

The healthiest sign in the new movements is the instinctive desire of the artists to be rid of all academisms whatsoever—to toss the Brain-Thief off the back. The cry is "Back to Life—back to the Spirit!"

The cry: "Back to Nature!" has too often meant the photography of nature in colours or sounds. This was a complete misunderstanding of Art, which is not the scientific photographing of nature, but the interpretation to our fellows of the sensations and impressions aroused in the senses of the artist by Nature and Life. Nature is not the aim of art. Art employs the objects of Nature as Life employs the Body, in order to realise itself, to express itself—to Be. The Flame cannot burn except in a vessel. The objects in Nature play the part of the Lamp to the Flame, as the Body is the lamp to Life. Without the Body cannot be Life; without the objects of Nature can be no Art. That is All—but a mighty All. Simply to reproduce Nature accurately in detail is not Art, any more than to paint on a canvas is art. That is why the walls of the Royal Academy contain thousands of pictures, but few works of art. A painting becomes a work of art solely when the painter communicates to our imagination what his eyes have felt in the presence of Nature. This masterpiece cannot be produced by laws or rules of thumb or "science of picture-making" or act of reason—it is far higher than that; it is an act of instinct. Nor is Art either Nature or Life, but the impressions created by these on the senses. To mistake a work of art to be the map of a fact is to miss its whole intention. It will thus be seen that the realm of art is prodigious, without limits, without laws—that it is, in fact, the communication to our fellows of the whole wide gamut of sensation, the sublime range of the imagination;

next to experiencing the complete personal adventure in all the sensations of life, in other words, of living the whole of life, that man knows the largest and fullest adventure who is enabled by the utterance of artists to realise the noblest and the widest-ranging of the emotions. Without the art of literature, the splendour of such as the Christ had been hidden from us. But whilst Art is without limit and without law, anything that a man likes to do is not therefore Art because it is lawless and limitless.

Thus, when we see Criticism, shaking off its years of teaching, furtively putting away its old coat and suddenly jumping into the light with hot enthusiasm for everything that is new—good, bad, and indifferent—we do well to watch the Reformed Brain-Thief trying to say a new set of prayers in a new religion. He is the Brain-Thief still—and will always be the Brain-Thief. He has stolen the new religion instead of the old—that is all. There is no maddest prophet but will find disciples just as sincere as the disciples of great and true genius; so it were well never to accept a school simply because it has disciples, until the school creates great art; nor condemn a school merely because our ears are deaf to its artistry. But to leap to homage of any fool because great prophets have been aforetime stoned is to be drunk with the milk of asses.

* * * * * * *

Now taking painting again as the most tangible of the arts, the modern achievement has been most remarkable for two main streams of intention. The great revelation of the colour-orchestration of Turner, with the mass-impressionism of Velazquez and Hals and Rembrandt, brought forth the development of mass-impressionism under Manet; led to Broken-colour Impressionism under Monet; and so to the Colour-Orchestration of our own day. Alongside of which movement grew up the reaction of Primitive academism out of the Æsthetic mediæval-academism of the 'sixties. To-day the Primitive-academism has gone further back to Primal-academism, led thereto by Gauguin's return to the life of savage man; and painters seek out early Egyptian, Cambodian, and even Savage art, and mimic these ancient arts, with some vain idea that they are "original," forgetful that the art of these peoples and ages is not only dead and gone, but

that it was expressed in consummate fashion by the departed genius, and in such sincerity as can never be achieved by such as imitate them. This new form of Brain-Thief is just as much an academic as if he tried to thieve the vision of Michelangelo or Giotto. The critics—of course—wholly unable to grasp impressionism, have labelled this academism as "*Post*-impressionsm"! A part of this academism, and linked with it—owing to the inability of the artists (who practise it) to grasp the basic intention of art—is the dragging into art various acts of the reason such as geometry and mathematics and suchlike, in the form of literature, called Cubism and Triangulation and the like.

Now, once we grasp the basic essence of the Arts, it is abundantly clear that Science and Art have no relation whatsoever. Science is a logical process of the Reason; it is outside the route of the senses to the Intelligence. Art is an emotional process of the Intelligence founded on, and solely created by, the revelation of the senses; the artist is not concerned with the why and the wherefore of an apple being round—he is concerned simply with the fact that an apple looks round, tastes like an apple, smells like an apple, and feels like an apple. Art cannot be produced by Science. We have seen that the Art that is uttered through the vision, such as painting, has the whole realm of the impressions created in the vision for its activity, but it has no power whatsoever to work in the realm of the hearing. A picture, to be art, must utter itself within the frame; it is but bastard art the moment it requires to be explained. All vital art reveals its own meaning. It is not the province of Art to mystify or conceal, but to reveal—to increase the concept of life.

In reactionary art, then, we are to-day afflicted with two forms of false intention—Primal-academism and the straining to tear an art out of the function of the senses that alone produces it. If there were any relation between Art and the Reason, the Reason could convey far more quickly to the Intelligence what Art has to convey to the Intelligence; but it cannot be done. The Reason leaves the intelligence cold. An idea does not become a part of our experience until it is translated into terms of the senses, when it becomes Art.

It is the stupendous function of art to reveal its age

to the soul of man through the senses—a prodigious and eagle flight next to the adventure of life itself. What methods we employ matter nothing, so that the artist convey the compelling impression. But to go back to the vision of infants or of the infancy of the world is but the dribbling of an idiot. He who would utter the vast and complex life of our age cannot do so on outworn instruments or by affecting the chatter of childhood. Equally certainly he will not do so by straining the function of one sense to utter the functions of another. To give to art the intention of science, and to essay adventures in geometry, cubes, pyramids, and the like, is to bemuddle art with science; and however much science may gain, art will not be created—the senses will know no communion of the impressions aroused by life. But the falsity goes still further, and the vision is asked to grasp what lies outside its sensing—pictures are attempted in which sensations outside vision, such as take up impressions through the hearing or taste or touch or smell, are asked to join their alliance—which they cannot do. The makers of this reaction are so barren in sense of vision that they seek any conquest but the realm of the vision. This is as bastard art as the painting which slops over into literature; or as though a painting could not be understood without a barrel-organ being let into the back, or the smell of a string of onions being hidden behind it. The employment of a function outside painting, such as geometry, is just as alien to painting as these things. A sure sign of bastardy in painting is the need for a written description to assist its intention or to complete its impression. The range of impression through the vision is colossal; and to ask the sight to do the work of the other senses is to accuse it of an insignificance and pettiness which reside solely in the narrow brains of the accuser. To ask the art of vision—painting—to convey the impression of walking up and down a hill and smelling a fried-fish shop is as though one blamed a man for not preening his feathers. But, on the other hand, *whatsoever impression can be aroused through the faculty of vision is wholly and rightly justified in the artistic utterance of painting.*

There is much cackle abroad to-day of Rhythm, as if Art were Rhythm. This is a shifting of the ground of the

Brain-Thief from his old Beauty fallacy. All the greatest masters have employed Rhythm, ever since Art was. The Rhythm of the Bible, as of Shakespeare, is astounding. It is no new thing. It is as much a part of the battery of a painter as his paints. But an artist, if he desire to utter Lack of Rhythm—as he must if he desire to utter Violence—is just as justified as if he desire to utter Rhythmic things; and his utterance of Lack of Rhythm may be as profound a masterpiece as the other. Such recent masters as Brangwyn, as did most of the old masters, employ rhythm as they breathe; but the greatest art conceals craftsmanship, hides the machinery that creates it—and it is interesting to note that the artists who are straining all their resources to pronounce rhythm do not achieve as much rhythm as those who only make it a part of their larger craftsmanship.

All that is most vital in the arts to-day is concerned with Orchestral-impressionism as its instrument of utterance. It takes Rhythm in its stride as it takes every quality that aids it to utter the impression desired with the most consummate subtlety and compelling power. It never mistakes Art for Rhythm, never plays with alien things. All Art is the creation of the Imagination by and through personal vision—and personal vision alone. In its creation and utterance the Brain-Thief cannot exist, any more than a jackass in the ocean. It will come at last into its own. If many of those of us who have practised it have had to live in the desert—and the desert scars deep—the purifying winds of the desert at least are about us, a purification that is as the coming of the sword to the academic, his withering, and his humiliation. He has filled your public galleries with small things that have lost all meaning, and by God's good grace has loaded the millionaires with the drift and waste of infertile preciosities; by the accumulation amongst the few he has near rid our age of the dead, and thereby all unintentionally will rid the people of false gods. His very thefts have been the stealing of brass for gold, and have cleaned the house of the people—and art abides with the people and is their most precious heritage.

The Edge of the World

By Ethel Rolt-Wheeler

THE edge of the world! Mary whispered the words softly to herself. Below the sheer cliff the sea stretched away sunless into the unknown.

"Grim place this," said her husband. He was tall and strongly built, his somewhat square face fined down by strenuous work. He had thick, fair hair and eyes of a hard blue.

Norman Stacpoole and his wife had been spending their honeymoon in Europe and were making a tour through Ireland before the return voyage to America. They had crossed over the day before from Galway to the island of Aran-môr in the very primitive steamer that in good weather sails three times a week, and they were now within the walls of Dun Angus, the great prehistoric fort that since the time of Troy siege has stood unshaken fronting the Atlantic.

Its walls of stone, uncemented and piled with marvellous smoothness, were built in a vast semi-circle on the border of the cliff, the side towards the ocean alone being open. The day had clouded, and the fort had assumed an aspect black and sinister. The sea too was black, boiling here and there into sudden white access of rage: only at the base of the cliff it showed streaked jade of a marvellous purity. Wreaths of seagulls whirled and screamed.

Mary sat down on a rock, abandoning herself with delight to the wildness of the scene. She had a very still face, with broad white brows, black hair, black eyebrows and grey-blue eyes: the oval of her face tapered suddenly to the chin. She wore a walking-skirt of white frieze, a long cloak of the same, and a white motor-hood, as the wind was high. Stacpoole noted with some surprise the vividness of her expression, the brightness of her face

in the keen air; up to now her personality had shown to him rather blurred and colourless.

Since she had come to Ireland, however, there had been a marked change in her. She was of Irish ancestry, although until now she had never set foot on the island. But the country had claimed her, instantly, intimately. The sea, the sky, the mountains were her kin; they spoke to her, and she understood them. The silver atmosphere held some strange quality in its core that was at once stimulus and healing; that satisfied and thrilled her aspirations groping so long in the dark; that answered her every need.

Stacpoole, sheltering from the wind in an ingle of the stones, succeeded in lighting a cigarette. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "those must have been good times to live in."

He thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his great-coat. Though summer, it was cold. His blue eyes glittered under the cap drawn low over his forehead. "Can't you see it all, Mary? The launch of the black ships on that crawling hell of a sea, the faces of the men, grim, alert, sailing out into the threatening darkness, magnificently confident in themselves and in their stars; and then, after the harsh and bitter toil, the leaping gold of flame and knife, the sparkle of heaped jewels and shine of women's hair; the voyage back made a fierce joy by the lingering tingle and glory of fight, the ships groaning under the weight of booty; and then the massed splendours poured out on the beach and the pale slaves filling great horns of mead for the kings of men, the masters of the sea, the lords of Dun Angus!"

Mary looked at him thoughtfully. "I think," she said, "you are something like the pirates who used to live here of old. After all, modern commerce is rather like a raiding expedition. The aim of both is precisely the same—to get gold, and all it buys. You captains of industry are fully as indifferent as the vikings were to everybody and everything that stands between you and your goal. You don't knock your enemy down, but he disappears quite as effectually. Haven't I made out something of a case?"

He made one or two paces up and down. "I believe you're not far out. I suppose I'm one of those brutal sort

of chaps. I want power and mastery and I don't care much how I get it. In America we're all in the same boat." He stopped abruptly in front of her. "Why did you take me, Mary?"

"I suppose the strong man has been rather attractive in all the centuries," she said with a slow smile.

He put his hands on her shoulders. "I haven't tyrannised over you too much without meaning it, have I?" he said gently.

"No," she answered, "and you mustn't try to do so here; for this island contains the supreme antidote against tyranny, the one sure specific against autocratic power."

"And that is . . . ?"

"Spiritual force," she replied in a low voice, "the great world has always been ruled by sheer brute strength, but here—except in this one pirate-haunted spot—for a few brief centuries another influence held absolute sway."

Stacpoole looked at her with interest. "So that's the side you have been sucking in," he said.

"It is as if we were standing on the edge of the world," she exclaimed. "Out there"—she swept her arms seawards—"the Vague, the Undiscovered, the All-Possible—the Great Unknown, the Land of Youth, of Dream, the Islands of the Blessed. St. Brendan somewhere from these cliffs saw the vision of Hy Brasil shaped before his burning eyes. I think all the dreams that have ever been dreamed here still persist."

"It's the loneliness that's suggestive," said Stacpoole.

She rose, and they stood for a while in silence looking out to sea. Both were subtly aware that a change had come over their relations, a change induced by the fact that they saw each other more clearly. Their personalities had defined themselves, and both realised that attraction and antagonism were involved in the definition.

They left the fort, and picked their way through the great *chevaux de frise* which still stood almost intact, protecting the dun on the eastward side. It was getting towards twilight, but the way was easy enough to find.

The "Hotel" had only recently been put up; it was a square structure built in primitive style with a passage in the middle and two large rooms opening on either side from it. It was set all by itself, apparently just anywhere;

the rocks sloped down from it to the waters of the strait, across which the mainland was visible.

Before the evening meal Mary slipped out by herself on to the rocks at the back of the hotel. The wind had fallen, it was yet light, and a bloom lay over the land and over the water. In the hushed stillness there was a sense of such peace as she had never known. It was as if this far island were in actuality removed from the world of ordinary experience.

She walked a short space by the sea along the rock till it broke away suddenly. She gave a little gasp. Immediately below her was a tiny cluster of ruins.

She slipped down from the rock into the long tangles of grass and nettle that grew all about the mouldering stones. Rapidly, with a strange exhilaration, she began exploring the crowded place. Everywhere the plan of the buildings was clearly indicated by stone walls, some only four or five feet high, some higher, and one small primitive chapel stood complete but for its roof.

The Seven Temples! She had read about them, and knew they were somewhere close at hand; but discovered thus unexpectedly, they came upon her with the light of a revelation. She traced without difficulty the sites of the seven tiny buildings that had formed the monastery of St. Brecan in the fifth century. She leaned against a fragment of stone wall, her whole soul responding to the appeal of the place. It was alive here still, that dim past—alive in spite of the dank growth of weeds and the black mouldering stones. Though the chapels had fallen into decay there had been no desecration: the sanctity of the place still clung about its ruins and the spirit that had abided here abode here still, undisturbed by the crumbling of material things.

It was now nearly dark, and after a while the normal world of every day insisted on reasserting itself. Norman would be waiting, the evening meal would be ready. She must go.

As she made her way from the ruins she came upon a strip of grass with low stones round it and with an ancient pillar of stone, recently broken, at the head. It was like a large grave. She stood awhile, pondering what this might be; then, urged on by the lateness of the hour, she found

a lane which led into the main road and brought her quickly to the front of the hotel.

Stacpoole had had a fire lighted in the sitting-room, for the night was cold. A paraffin lamp burned on a table in the centre of the room. Then he proclaimed suddenly, "I'm going to buy this island."

"To buy Aran-môr . . ." Mary put down her book, amazement and a kind of fear in her eyes.

"Yes; and perhaps the other two islands as well. It depends." He folded up his paper. "I got it out of a man at Galway that they are on the market."

"But why . . . why . . . ?" she asked, bewildered.

"I told you I was looking for some quiet place to carry out those experiments in the manufacture of our stuff? It must be somewhere over this side, and the more out of the way the better. This old rock is extremely handy for America, and it's to be had for practically nothing. It wouldn't cost much to knock up a factory or two, and there ought to be no difficulty about labour, seeing that the whole population of Killronan, both men and women, seem to spend their time sitting on walls. . . ." Killronan was the village at the jetty where they had landed, some five miles off.

"So that was why you were so eager to come here," she murmured, "you want to organise a raid after all?"

"A raid? Certainly not," said Stacpoole, somewhat annoyed. "I want to organise a condition of affairs that will help these islanders out of their wretched poverty and ignorance."

"In a word, you want to ask the islanders to exchange their freedom and their dreams for the inestimable advantages of our American civilisation."

"Their freedom is simply the freedom to laze and to starve, and their dreams are the rankest superstition. Conroy was telling me that in the ruins of the Seven Temples, close here—we must visit them to-morrow—is a great, big sort of grave, that had an Irish Cross at the head, only the pillar has broken in two. It is called the Bed of the Holy Ghost, and peasants come here from all parts to sleep on certain nights, the first Saturday in June, in July, in August, to be cured of their ills."

"Are they cured?"

"Conroy is a bit of a philosopher. He says some are, some aren't."

"Faith, of course, is to go overboard with the rest of the rubble of the past?" said Mary.

Stacpoole put his hand over hers soothingly. "I don't want to do the spirit of the place violence, Mary. But don't you think this excessive worship of the past is rather foolish? If I don't modernise this island, someone else will. As it stands, the place is a farcical anomaly."

"So, like Broadbent, you would build a great modern caravanserai here, with chefs and electric bells. You would put up a turnstile on the main road with a notice board, 'This way to the Anchorite's cell. Entrance 2d.' You would advertise whiskeys on the walls of Dun Angus——"

"I wouldn't allow advertisement—not on the ruins, at any rate; as to a small charge, that might be necessary in time, if my excursion steamers brought over a very mixed lot, to keep out the riff-raff and provide a fund for restoration——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Mary, springing from her chair. "Norman, I've never yet asked you anything for myself—but I do now. Give up this plan, find some other place."

"See here, Mary," said Stacpoole, "this is our first big difference, isn't it? Don't let us get in the way of jars and jangles. Of course—quite rightly—poetry, romance, all that, appeals to you——"

"But, nevertheless, all important decisions are to rest with you?"

"Yes," said Stacpoole.

"No," said Mary.

He gave a short laugh. "It's rather an unequal fight, don't you think?" he said. "I've got all the resources on my side—money, strength, power; isn't it simply waste of time to set yourself against them?"

He had no sooner spoken than he felt he had said the one word too much that should never be uttered. It was true, of course, undeniably true; but to make mention of his dominion in this brutal way was a thing he should never have done.

She grew very pale. "I've got resources on my side, too," she murmured, "but I don't know if they can work with any effect in the present time."

"Good Lord, Mary, you needn't look so tragic," exclaimed Stacpoole, "we've had a long day of it—you're tired. You'll feel quite different after a night's rest."

Stacpoole slept rather uneasily, a sleep disturbed by flying and incoherent dreams. Then he woke suddenly with a sense of the door shutting softly. He struck a match—Mary was no longer in the room. Her clothes were gone, even her hood and cloak off the peg. He drew aside the blind; the moon was thickly veiled and the ground dim with mist, but he thought he saw a white figure flitting along the garden walk. Rapidly he slipped on some things, glancing meanwhile at his watch. What madness possessed her to go out at such an hour? Perhaps she wished to see the ruins by moonlight. Stacpoole felt his temper rising. This kind of thing he would not stand.

He found the door of the hotel open and was soon in the main road. By luck he turned to the right, and stumbled upon the entrance of the little lane that Mary had come up the evening before. Far along it he thought he discerned the fluttering of something white and he turned down to follow.

The light was very faint and deceptive. In spite of the stillness the mist was full of movement. The brook tinkled through the air almost like a bell, but more distinct came, borne on a wave of atmosphere, a low sound of chanting—the chanting of many voices.

How could there be chanting on Aran-môr—and at that hour! There was only one priest for the three islands, and he had set off that afternoon to visit a dying man on Inishmaan. The whole stretch of rock was empty, save of peasants sleeping in their cabins. Another man would have supposed the sound created by his imagination, but Stacpoole knew his imagination too well under control—it had never been allowed to play him tricks. Still, it was very odd. . . .

He stumbled on by the brook in the direction from which the chanting came. A faint silver began to outline itself on the air. He could hardly tell if it were wall or mist. Again he seemed to catch the flitting of a white cloak. . . .

Yes, here were stone walls—the ruins perhaps—walls not more than five or six feet high. Stacpoole felt along them seeking an opening. The chanting had ceased.

He soon found a breach and climbed down into a tiny enclosure.

There was no mist here, but it was very dark. Vaguely he distinguished the low walls surrounding him with breaks in them, showing other enclosures, and vaguely discerned the walls of a higher building, standing almost intact. All about the place there was an incredible sense of movement —rustling and swishing in the grass—a brushing against the walls.

Stacpoole had plenty of courage, but he felt this sense of invisible presences almost unbearable. He experienced an overwhelming temptation to scramble out of the place as best he could and take to flight. But if Mary were here. . . .

There—that white flitting across a break in the stones. But before he reached the spot, another white something had passed—and then another—shapes wearing long white robes with cowls over their heads, not to be distinguished in the dim light from Mary's cloak and hood.

Stacpoole recoiled with a sense of physical nausea. Ghosts—ghosts of the old monks—the place was full of them—Stacpoole could hear the sounds of innumerable footsteps on the other side of the walls. And somewhere among this crowd of the dead, indistinguishable from them, was his living wife, dumb with fear, calling to him in her soul to come to her, to rescue her.

And now a white figure flitted across this breach and now across that one. Here and there lights seemed to twinkle. Beyond any doubt there was incense wafted through the air.

So far the little enclosure where he stood had not been invaded. The Things had passed him behind the walls some way off. But if he was to find Mary he would have to accost them, and his flesh shrank from the ordeal. What manner of faces would they have under their overshadowing hoods?

And now across a breach in the walls one came towards him and passed to the door of the larger building. Stacpoole shrank into the shadow, trembling with a fear he could not control. Another came and then another; and then, after a long pause, one slighter in build, the hood a little different, he fancied, the robe longer. If it were

Mary. . . . The tension was past endurance. When the figure had passed, he sprang from his place and, coming up behind, touched it on the shoulder. "Mary," he said in a stifled voice, "Mary!"

A face was raised to his, vivid in a sudden flash of moonlight—a long, white face with glittering eyes. The light in them was not of earth, and they pierced like a knife. They held at one and the same time an expression of inexorable command and of infinite pity. Stacpoole found himself in the grip of a power more absolute, more irresistible, more all-embracing than any he had ever known. He felt as if he were shrivelling before the fire of those eyes, and staggered back. Catching his foot in some undergrowth, he fell heavily, striking his head against a broken pillar of stone.

And so it came about that Stacpoole lay that night in the Bed of the Holy Ghost.

It was daylight when he recovered consciousness. The sea on the rocks made a drowsy murmuring. The dew-laden grasses waved above him with a rainbow shimmer. He remembered nothing at first. Plainly, he was lying in a grave, and waking up after being dead. The sensation was very delightful. There was a clear, warm light everywhere. Fragments of memory, hardly to be grasped by the finite mind, drifted vaguely through consciousness, the pale wreckage of ineffable visions. The sea murmured on drowsily and a bird rose singing. A white face under a white hood came and looked at him above the wall. . . . But Stacpoole was still in the dream-stage when speculation is inactive and when a passive interest waits for any events that will to unfold.

The white-robed figure crossed quickly to him over the grass of the enclosure. Certainly, there was some very pure quality in the light, for her face was delicate and clear as a shell, and the folds of her cloak had the translucence of marble and the shadows of her face hardly touched it, so tender were they. He realised vaguely that something once familiar was approaching him out of a far away past.

There was terror in her expression, and the voice that uttered his name came strangled, "Norman!"

For he was hatless and only half-dressed. His face, of a ghastly whiteness and sharp-drawn, peered out at

her from a tangle of long grasses and nettles. His hair was all tumbled and wet with dew, and over his eyebrows there was a great bruise. But what frightened her most was the strange light in his eyes and the quiet smile about his mouth.

"Norman—what has happened?" she whispered, a dreadful fear clutching at her heart.

"It is Mary," he said dreamily. "So you have come back to me at the last. I have been looking for you—oh, for untold æons, Mary, in the depths of hell and in the heights of heaven—and in the end—after all the struggle and anguish—you just climb over a stone wall. Surely the real things happen with wonderful ease. . . ."

This was not Norman—the man she knew—the man she had married. Stories were hurrying through her mind of those who had slept out on the high hills and in the sacred places of Ireland, and who had lost their wits, blinded by some surpassing vision, or paralysed by some unutterable terror.

"Come, Norman," she said gently, holding out her hand, "let us go in. We can talk things over later on."

He stood up, trembling a little, haggard and gaunt in the clear light. "Where is this?" he asked.

"The Seven Temples," she answered, with a catch in her voice, "and here, where you've been sleeping—surely this must be the Bed of the Holy Ghost."

He stumbled a step or two forward. It was plain that he was very weak. She took his arm, but he shook her off. "Let me be," he said, "let me be."

"Lean on me," she pleaded. But he looked at her strangely, harshly, as if he had forgotten her again. Supporting himself by the wall, he made his way along the enclosure and dragged himself through two of the tiny courts. The low sun threw his swaying figure in long shadows over the grass and walls. She followed helpless, with aching heart, expecting every moment to see him fall.

Presently he came to a pause, and sat down on a low wall, covering his face with his hands. She stood for a while watching the dishevelled figure in silent anguish. Presently she took off her cloak and wrapped it round him. He made no movement.

It seemed as if she waited an eternity. Her whole

soul went out in one wild cry of prayer. Here in this sacred spot, in this Isle of Saints, on this morning of fiery radiance, such a horrible tragedy as the wrecking of a human mind could not be. Yet she waited in almost unbearable suspense for the moment when he should uncover his eyes, when his gaze would perhaps pass by her, vacant, unseeing, or be filled with a maniac light.

Then a shudder went through him and his hands dropped. "I remember now," he said.

She caught his hands and searched his face with a fierce inquiry. The eyes were calm and steady, the nerves were well under control. The unnatural sweetness had faded out of the expression. It was the Norman of yesterday, battered and worn, changed in some subtle way, but still familiar—the same in spite of differences that even in that moment of crisis made themselves felt.

He met quietly her gaze of passionate scrutiny. "I am not mad, most noble Festus," he said.

With a sob of relief she sank on the wall beside him and buried her face in the cloak. The tension was over, and she sobbed for a while in utter self-abandonment. Softly he put his arm about her till the paroxysm of weeping had passed.

"Was it I who frightened you?" he whispered.

"If I could be sure that you've taken no hurt—your hands are very cold——"

"I slept in the Bed of the Holy Ghost last night. Isn't that sufficient guarantee against harm?"

Was he sarcastic? Was he serious? How could she define the change that had come over him? There was a greater fierceness as well as a greater tenderness in his face, and it had grown suddenly older. What altered him most, however, was the mark of extreme suffering his face now bore, and a curious calm security that dominated his whole being. The difference in him was vital, going to the very roots of personality, to be accounted for only by the action of some transcendent experience, and it was with a shiver of fear that she realised vaguely the magnitude of the ordeal to which he must have been subjected.

"How normal everything is this morning," said Stacpoole, "yet this is the very spot. . . . Mary, you were down in the ruins last night?"

"Yes," she answered. "I couldn't sleep, I was restless, a little unhappy. I thought I might find courage here, inspiration perhaps. . . . I ought not to have left you——"

"Tell me—what did you see?"

"I saw nothing. I only felt the sense of a great companionship and a wonderful happiness."

His glance pierced through her. It was more penetrating even than before. "You saw nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Answer me truly—no procession of monks passed you—you heard no chanting—you smelt no incense?"

"No," she replied wonderingly.

"That's strange. Perhaps I had to be subdued through the senses. Influences may reach you in a different way——"

"But, Norman—did you . . . ?"

"Yes," he answered, "I faced the unspeakable horror of those flitting unknown Things out of a world I had denied. I faced it badly too, with a ghastly quaking of the flesh and in a very hell of terror. So much for all one's boasting! But for you I should have turned tail like a beaten hound——"

"But for me . . . ?"

"I thought you were among those Things. I had to find out; I followed one—touched it——" He shuddered.

"Well . . . ?"

"The Thing, the Monk, turned his face full on me. Then I knew they were not ghosts, not shells, not phantoms. I was in contact with a life more vital, more intense, more burning than any that we know. His was a face to animate the dead, to restore the most distracted reason; the memory of it alone was enough to shoot fire through my will and to give me back my self-control. God! what passion! what splendour! Power there, if you like; mastery there, if you like!"

"You to feel this . . ." she murmured.

"I used to be great on material forces, usen't I? Well, my belief in them went down like a ninepin before that man's eyes. And I . . . I went down too, literally struck to the dust by his lightning."

"And that was all until I came to you?"

"That was the beginning. After that—I don't know

how—in dream—in trance—in vision—what do I care about terminologies? I got the Keys. The Keys of life and death, of Heaven and Hell—of both, mind you, Mary—of tortures unspeakable as well as of bliss unimaginable."

"Norman—how wonderful, how beautiful."

"And how appalling!" he added. "Ineffable beauty, anguish past belief, suddenly ripped open before one. And then to come back to this world pledged to trample on every desire and instinct that nature holds dear. . . ."

She crept a little closer to him, and he drew her within the fold of the cloak.

"This morning, in this little place, with you lying in my arms," Stacpoole went on, "the glory of the vision is uppermost, and all life linked in one huge sympathy. I ask for no more, I want no more. But in the nature of things this can't last. We're human, we're in this world. . . ."

"Let's forget everything but that we're one," she whispered, "let's drink in this happiness without thought for the future."

He shook his head. "I'm a born fighter, Mary; it's not in me to stay passive for long. I've got to destroy and I've got to build; and there's no convenient monastery open to me as there was to those rascals of pirates when their whole conception of life was suddenly turned upside-down. I have to step back into modern American civilisation with this mediæval cloak you've thrown round me for my only garment. It's not so easy a matter to readjust the whole life-process."

"But does it need so much readjusting? Aren't you exaggerating the difficulties? In my own case . . ."

"It's different with you. Consciously or unconsciously, this light, or whatever it is, has been working in you all along, shaping your life. It's new to me, and fiercely inimical to my old self. And my old self's not dead, Mary. It's got to be strangled slowly, killed out bit by bit. It's not a pleasant process. Oh, I'll pay willingly, exultingly, for the thing I've seen, the root-knowledge I've got. But there's a price for everything, even the most sublime purchase, and one counts the cost."

"Not here," she pleaded, "not to-day."

"Poetical justice, isn't it? I was going to call the place mine by right of a few dirty dollars. Well, the Seven

Temples knew how to protect themselves—they've got me safe under their dominion, bound me hand and foot—most effectively drawn my teeth and claws. I shall feel impotent and savage, Mary, until I grow a new set to use in their service."

"Norman—Norman—you don't want teeth and claws. . . ."

"Very metaphorical ones," he replied; "but I'm a primitive type, I suppose, and that's the way I still see the world."

They sat for a while in silence in the growing morning. Time enough later on, she felt, for question, for analysis; here utter receptivity was best, with the great mysteries still pulsing about and through them. But his energetic brain was already taking survey of a shattered world. It was a ruined place that he found in his mind, ruined like the Seven Temples, but, like them, charged with some subtle immortal force.

At last, both wrapped in the one cloak, they went up the little lane to the hotel.

George Meredith: Freethinker

By G. W. Foote

EMERSON said that Shakespeare was the only biographer of Shakespeare. With that wise epigram he scattered the cloud of dryasdust foolery about the "problem" of the authorship of the plays and the "biographical" value of the sonnets. Shakespeare reveals himself to the Shakespeare (such as it is) within us. It is his mind, his genius, with which we come into contact. All else is commonplace fact that fits millions more as well as himself. There was nothing in the way in which he put on his boots, or took off his hat, or ate his food, or drank his wine, or bowed to a lady, or shook hands with a friend, to indicate that he had written *Hamlet*. If he summoned a defaulting debtor it does not follow that he was avaricious. We do not know all the circumstances of the case as he did. But we do know that avarice could never have been the vice of the author of *Timon of Athens*. The life of a man of action must be told to posterity. The life of a poet is only to be told by himself. His real life—his character and his intellect, which are both included in his genius—is to be found in his writings. It is there that we find Shakespeare, and by the same law it is in his writings that we must find George Meredith. "Our books contain the best of us," was his own reply to a would-be interviewer. That was all he held that the public had a right to know—that and the fact "that the writer is reputably a good citizen." Thus there is no official biography of Meredith to be published, an announcement which some have hailed with considerable pleasure. A collection of his letters, filling more than six hundred pages, has been thought by the family sufficient in the biographical direction. But it will be a great disappointment to readers in expectation of intimate disclosures. There may, of course, be letters that would please them more which are not included in this collection. But also

there may *not* be such letters. Meredith did not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and, after all, it is doubtful whether his letters would ever be really more revelatory than his writings. An author, pen in hand, is strictly alone with each of his unknown readers, whose personalities, so to speak, all melt into one impersonal personality; but a letter writer has particular relationships with every one of his correspondents, and adapts himself to these, often quite unconsciously, saying perhaps more than he essentially means in one case, and perhaps less in another; and there is always the ghost of the third person standing behind his chair.

One thing, however, is established by Meredith's letters: his style was not artificial, but the material expression of his individuality.

Competent readers of Meredith did not need any assurance as to his style. Neither did they need any assurance as to some other things. Meredith's views on most matters, from supernaturalism and immortality to Home Rule and Woman Suffrage, were all stated, or suggested, or hinted, in his novels, and still more so in his poems. The latter contain—and, indeed, are—his deliberate message to the world. He cared far more for his poetry than for his prose. He published volume after volume of verse at his own expense. The British public never accepted him as a poet to the very last, though they had accepted him (after some fifty years!) as a novelist. They drank too much of what he called "Tennyson's green tea" for the good of their stomachs and palates. Meredith gave his opinion of this matter very racily in his first letter to me as far back as 1878:—

> "As to my poems, I have lost the ardour for publishing them; perhaps in a year or two they may appear; I am well content to remain unpublished while the poems of 'B. V.' [James Thomson] are withheld. To him, as to me, the conditions of sale, which frown on collections of verse not offering themselves as appropriate gift-books for the innumerable nuptial curate and his bride, are, I fear, adverse. Poetry in England is required to have a function of a practical kind, and to exercise it."

With regard to his poetry Meredith had given the matter up. He did not even ask, with Thackeray, "When shall we get hold of the long ear of this dear public?" Not until the end of his life did his volumes of verse begin to pay their way. He ceased sending copies to the reviewers. This is referred to again and again in the Letters. Swin-

burne's magnificent praise of *Modern Love* in 1862 does not appear to have appreciably quickened the slow current of Meredith's popularity. Twenty-one years elapsed before his next volume of verse appeared. No doubt that was his great productive period as a novelist, but that the author of such a splendid and original poem as *Modern Love* should wait so many years for his next bow to the public seems to demand a more special explanation. It was partly due to Meredith's originality. He was a new poet, with new matter, and a new style. The professional critics did not know what to make of the phenomenon. Moreover, it was obvious even to them, for they could read, that certain collocations of words which were intelligible in the midst of unintelligibility showed that this puzzling poet was plainly unorthodox. Clearly it was a case for silence, if not for abuse; though abuse was not easy when it was not certain that the poet was understood. Meredith himself said, in a letter to Mr. Gosse, in 1889, that *Richard Feverel* was "denounced over the country by clergymen, at book-clubs, and it fell dead." *Martin's Puzzle*, a poem of 1864, included in the 1883 volume, frightened Smith of the *Cornhill*, who, while personally admiring it, was "compelled to say he thinks it would offend many of his readers, and must therefore beg to, etc." Meredith paid the price of being in advance of his time, with all that it implies of seriousness, strenuousness, and sincerity. He paid the price most of all in regard to his scepticism. He affronted the fashionable faith, and the fashionable faith never forgives. It took him a long time to learn this, but he did learn it at last, and his progress towards its recognition is singularly interesting.

Strange as it may appear, Meredith is still of some use to the champions of orthodoxy. They have already begun to quote passages from his earlier letters in tribute to Christianity. The dishonesty of the thing is appalling, but they are never disturbed by that consideration. The truth is that Meredith may be quoted for everything he left behind him in the course of his mental development. He passed through all the stages of emancipation, from evangelical Christianity to pure Humanism—where he remained; and his letters, like his writings, take a tone from each halting-place. The very first letter in this collection is full

of a snuffling piety which he contracted at a Moravian school in Germany. There is not a trace of Meredith in it—but he was only sixteen. What a change five years later! He was then engaged on *Richard Feverel*—after an unhappy marriage. Presently he is checking the Christian zeal of Captain Maxse, of all men, in this fashion:—

"What you say about Christianity arresting sensualism is very well; but the Essenian parentage of Christianity was simply asceticism. Hitherto human nature has marched through the conflict of extremes. With the general growth of reason it will be possible to choose a path midway. Paganism no doubt deserved the ascetic reproof; but Christianity failed to supply much that it destroyed."

Afterwards he finds that Maxse goes too fast for him. He reminds the Radical captain—his lifelong personal friend and the hero of *Beauchamp's Career*—that "Christianity will always be one of the great chapters in the History of Humanity," and ought not to be exploded in shreds to the wind. Besides, it was doubtful, or rather *not* doubtful, if "men's minds are strong enough, or their sense of virtue secure, to escape from the tutelage of superstition in one form or another, just yet." Christianity was an advance on Paganism as monotheistic. "And the nearer," he says, "we get to a general belief in the abstract Deity—*i.e.*, the more and more abstract—the nearer are men to a comprehension of the principles (morality, virtue, etc.), than which we require nothing further to govern us."

That is how superior persons talk. Meredith had to pass through even that stage. He knew next to nothing of the people then. But he presently goes to hear Bradlaugh. Towards the end of 1869 he paid a visit to "Iconoclast's" blasphemy shop. Writing to John Morley, he said:—

"Did I tell you that Fred and I went to sit under Bradlaugh one evening. The man is neither to be laughed nor sneered down, nor trampled. He will be a powerful speaker. I did my best to make Greenwood understand that. It was really pleasant to hear those things spoken which the parsonry provoke."

There is another reference to Bradlaugh a few pages further on:—

"You see how they have dealt with Bradlaugh. I spoke to Greenwood about him, insisting that he was a man of power, and was not to be sneered down; and that on the whole he said certain things comforting to hear by one suffering from Simon Peter."

When the real "Bradlaugh Question" came before Parliament and the country, after 1880, Meredith was naturally much interested, and he carefully noted the tactics of the most eager opponents of the right of an Atheist to take the seat to which he had been elected in the House of Commons. Bradlaugh is not mentioned in the following extract, but the reference can only be to the really great speech in which Gladstone supported the Affirmation Bill :—

"There was real spiritual grandeur in Gladstone's speech. But it will not move the English, who will bawl of it exultingly after his death, when they fancy it casts a beam of splendour upon them. Decade doses of the same are required for such blocks to be worn by it. The Government will be defeated. No one gets up in the House to say that the majority of petitions against comes of the active shepherding of an organised clergy, ever sworn to support impediments."

It will be observed that, as the years rolled by, Meredith grew more tired and sick of the clergy; and I must be allowed to say that this is a most important point. It shows that his feelings, as well as his intellect, were becoming enlisted in the cause of Freethought.

Meredith's chiding of Maxse has already been noticed. He was not hostile to his friend's views, but only to his method of making them prevail. Premature fighting was more than likely to injure the attacking side. The Christian religion, at least in England, rather averted intolerance than invoked it. "What I venture to say," Meredith continued, "is: Live on and be placable under some trifling irritation, till men are near a majority (or nearer to one), in contempt of imposture; or till the apprehension of priests prompt them to commence their old game. At that hour is time enough for us to think of action." He was sagacious enough in his prophecy. "In about twenty years' time," he wrote in 1865, "we may expect a conflict to come." And there was a great deal of actuality in the way he expected it to arrive. "The Church," he wrote, "will have to be recruited from a lower, a more illiterate, necessarily a more intolerant class. These will find themselves at variance with their intellectual superiors, and in self-defence will attempt to wield the Dogma and knock us down with a club." All this was sane enough. But it must have been a want of experience that made Meredith hope this would be the whole of the process. He deprecated "bawlings in the

street." He apparently supposed that advanced ideas could be confined to persons of "culture." He did not understand the function of the "mob" in these matters. What the Church did in the Dark and Middle Ages was extremely simple. It could not kill the heretics itself. Even then they were too numerous to be disposed of in that way. The Church really let the mob loose upon them. If the secular ruler happened to raise objections they hurled the mob at him. It was not until the Protestant mob stood up against the Catholic mob that a change occurred. It was not until a more Freethinking mob stood up against both the Catholic and Protestant mobs that the area of toleration widened. Ingersoll's epigram, that the Church never left off burning people alive because she was ashamed of it, but only because there were too many people at last who objected to being burnt alive, is profoundly true. Leslie Stephen, John Morley and the rest of them would have laboured in vain, if it had not been for the more popular propagandists like Holyoake and Bradlaugh. Great ideas do not win through academics. They are fruitless until they operate through the great living world of men and women. It is curious that Meredith did not recollect that all the chief religions of the world were founded by open-air preachers. When the tocsin of persecution was sounded, as Meredith believed it would within the twenty years, it was not the Stephens and the Morleys who were struck at by the priests. They struck at Bradlaugh—the man of the people.

Meredith took the practical view of the matter after 1880. In the meanwhile his hatred of the priests deepened, and his sarcasms—even in these printed Letters—became more mordant. Bradlaugh's attacks on Christianity, we have already seen, gave him a personal pleasure in view of his experience of the clergy. Writing to Maxse in January, 1870, he said:—

> "The Parsonry are irritating me fearfully, but a non-celibate clergy are a terrific power. They are interwound with the whole of the Middle Class like the poisonous ivy. Oh! for independence, that I might write my mind of these sappers of our strength."

In another letter to Maxse he warns his old friend against improper names for his children. He is specially severe on Millicent. "Millicent avaunt!" he cries. "It's

a proper parson's wife's name. It overflows with female priggery. You have to lift the nose to enounce it." The reference to the famous Beecher-Tilton case is quite savage :—

"You have seen the papers and meditated upon the Beecher-Tilton scandal. Guilty or not, there is a sickly snuffiness about the religious fry that makes the tale of their fornications and adulteries absolutely repulsive to read of, and but for the feeding of the reptile sarcasm in our bosoms, it would disgust one more than a chronicle of the amours of costermongers."

Four years later the popular Freethought was stimulated by Tyndall's great "Belfast Address," which was in a sense an epoch-marking challenge to obscurantism, as well as a splendid statement and defence of evolution. Meredith did not let it escape him :—

"Tyndall's Belfast address you have seen, no doubt. It has roused the clergy, Fred. *They* warned away from science! *They* excluded from the chief works of God, and told to confine themselves to the field of the emotions! They affirm that Tyndall is an atheist, and would dare to say he is already damned if the age were in a mood to hear that language. The man or the country that fights priestcraft and priests is, to my mind, striking deeper for freedom than can be struck anywhere at present. I foresee a perilous struggle with them."

The great war, then, was against priests and priestcraft. In that view Meredith never afterwards wavered, as we shall see presently in his later letters to me.

But let us turn for a moment to the question of Meredith's attitude towards religion in his writings, and more particularly in his poems. He never sent me his novels; they were for all the world. He generally sent me his volumes of verse, of which there were few recipients. His poetry was for those who cared and understood.

During the great period of his productiveness as a novelist Meredith wrote very little verse. That was natural. It was also natural that when he took to writing verse freely again he should be less expert than he would have been without the long interregnum. James Thomson once remarked to me that, while Meredith's prose was magnificent, and often of absolute perfection, he seemed not to have mastered the technique of poetry. That he could have done so is sufficiently obvious to competent readers of his happiest efforts after the opening of the 'eighties, and still more so in view of such superb earlier work as *Modern Love*

and the most beautiful and melodious pieces in the earliest *Poems* of 1851, which contained the first draft of the triumphant "Love in the Valley." But the fact remains that he did not; and as want of technique often results in want of lucidity—for technique, after all, is the method of the writer's approach to the reader—a good many people have found his poems difficult and even obscure; although, for my part, I do not recognise any real obscurity in Meredith except that which is but another name for the reader's sleepy-headedness. His meaning is clear enough if you take the trouble to master it; but, of course, it is of no use to try to read such a poet—with a mind at once so full-packed and so rapid—as you would read a common sixpenny novel, or as you would play a domestic game of cards after a heavy supper.

I take first of all the volume of 1862. It contained *Modern Love*, and if that be not a great poem no great poem was written during the second half of the nineteenth century. The fifty stanzas—sonnets they are not—deal with a most subtle love tragedy. The poet starts the fiftieth with a final flash of his genius upon the characters and their situation; then he suddenly turns to a reflection which is probably of greater significance than he contemplated:—

> "Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!—
> In tragic hints here see what evermore
> Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
> Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
> To throw that faint thin line upon the shore."

That wonderful image is almost too great for the perplexed couple of tragic figures even in that wonderful poem. It fitly applies to the whole range of man's finite life in the midst of the infinite universe. Huxley and Spencer devoted whole pages, whole chapters, to Agnosticism and the unknowable. Meredith, before them, put the entire substantial truth into four of the greatest lines in the poetry of the world.

Let us turn next to the fine ode, entitled "France: December, 1870." Meredith loved France and French literature. When she lay prone at the feet of Germany, at the end of that terrible year, he contributed this ode to the *Fortnightly Review*. It could have been written by

no other man in England. From the first line to the last it was a glorious achievement; full of insight, and thought, and grand imagery, and strong passion, and noble music. Meredith smiled pathetically at the Catholics in France talking of intercession with Heaven and direct aid from that quarter:—

> "When the whole tragic tale hangs on a broken blade!"

No good could come in that way to the nation that had so stood for Reason:—

> "Could France accept the fables of her priests,
> Who blessed her banners in the game of beasts,
> And now bid hope that heaven will intercede
> To violate its laws in her sore need,
> She would find comfort in their opiates."

France could *not* accept the fables of her priests. She had advanced too far for that. Her need was strength; and strength was not obtainable by frantic yearning:—

> "Lo, strength is of the plain root-virtues born:
> Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in scorn,
> Train by endurance, by devotion shape.
> Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
> It is the offspring of the modest years,
> The gift of sire to son, thro' *those firm laws*
> *Which we name Gods;* which are the righteous cause,
> The cause of man, and manhood's ministers."

Nothing saner was ever uttered. And the words I have italicised show how the poet stood towards Theism. What men called Gods were but the firm laws of Nature—Nature who never accommodates herself to man, but leaves man to accommodate himself to her. His doing so is wisdom and health; his not doing so is folly and death.

I should need more space than I have at command to deal with Meredith's final position with regard to Theism. Everything turns eventually on the doctrine of a future life. That is the real parting of the ways between Theology and Humanism. Supernatural religion began in animism and ends with it. When a man gives up belief in his own "ghost" he is at the beginning of the end. His abandonment of belief in all other "ghosts" is only a matter of time. Now it is clear, even without the Letters, that Meredith had rejected the idea of personal immortality. Such poems as *The Question Whither*, *The Thrush in February*,

and, above all, *A Faith on Trial*, may be indicated in proof. The last poem was called forth by the poet's loss of his wife. Love is face to face with the Destroyer. We are in the holy of holies. The sincerity and beauty of it are wonderful. The voice of grief is not only the voice of a suffering man, but also the voice of a great poet. Every plea for personal reunion after death is criticised and dismissed. The penetrating intellect refuses assent to the cries of the bleeding heart. It is perceived that love of the dead only expresses itself worthily in service to the living. The dancing children round their maypole bring the poet back at last to "the hungers of his kind." He has come through his ordeal with the firmer conviction that immortality is of the race and not of the individual. His philosophy had stood the test. Heated in the fires of grief, it had been cooled again in the fountain of wisdom, and was henceforth as strong as steel.

Meredith's death brought one striking testimony to this aspect of his philosophy. It was from the pen of Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the *British Weekly*. In one of his interviews with Meredith the poet read aloud a strong passage from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. What followed should be told in Dr. Nicoll's own words:—

> "The last quotation led him to talk about personal immortality. 'You believe in it?' he said. 'But, for my part, I cannot conceive it. Which personality is it which endures? I was one man in youth, and another man in middle age.' He then moved his stick in the ground, and said, 'I have been this, and this, and this. Which is it that is immortal?' I ventured to remind him of what John Stuart Mill said about the persistence of the ego. He said, with some vehemence, 'I do not feel it. I have never felt the unity of personality running through my life. I have been'—this with a smile—'I have been six different men: six at least. No,' he said, 'I cannot conceive personal immortality.' This is the teaching of his writings."

Meredith grew sterner in his later years with regard to the "consolations" of religion. It is ourselves we are thinking of, not the dead, when we look for these supports. They are rather opiates than tonics. Meredith remorselessly noted in *A Faith on Trial* that:—

> "If we strain to the farther shore,
> We are catching at comfort near."

Writing to Leslie Stephen in 1902, in view of an approaching operation, Meredith opened his mind freely on this point:—

"We two have looked at the world and through men, and to use the word consolation is but a common scribble, for there is none under a deep affliction that can come from without, not from the dearest of friends. What I most wish for you I know you to have, fortitude to meet a crisis, and its greater task, to endure."

"There is no consolation for a weeping heart," he writes to the Countess of Lytton in 1905. "Only the mind can help it, when the showers have passed." Writing soon afterwards to his brother-in-law, Edward Vulliamy, who had lost his wife, Meredith said: "There is no consolation to be offered. It has to be endured." Death is death. "Smoking priests' opium," to use an expression of Meredith's in one of his letters to me, will not alter the fact—but it will weaken and debase us. We should not seek a drugged acquiescence in Nature's decrees, but "accept Reality in all its forms; for so we come to benevolence and to a cheerful resignation; there is no other road to wisdom." Meredith dissented from Hardy's "twilight view of life." Resignation to reality should be cheerful. "My religion of life," he wrote to Wilfrid Meynell only a few months before his death, "is always to be cheerful." "For I think," he had written to an American correspondent twenty years earlier, "that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us."

My own correspondence with Meredith—I should rather say his correspondence with me—did not run to many letters, but they cover some thirty years of time. I was far from forcing myself upon his attention. Words of encouragement that he sent me from time to time were never solicited, but always spontaneous. Only once did I write to him first; on all subsequent occasions he reopened the correspondence; and this, I conceive, is a fact of great importance. It shows that there was a special deliberateness in his letters to me, and in consequence a peculiar value. Nor do they seem to me—though in this I may be mistaken—to read like any other letters in the collection.

I wrote to Meredith first in the middle 'seventies. The letter contained nothing about myself. I wrote as one of his readers remonstrating with him for what I thought gratuitous difficulties in the way of people finding him out. His reply staggered me. He had watched me fighting for Freethought, and I never knew it. I was proud of his

recognition, but I did not blazon it to the world, I kept it in my heart. When I started the *Liberal*, a few years later, Meredith wrote congratulating me on the prospectus, and stating that he would write for the magazine if anything occurred to him. I begged him to keep to his own work and leave me and my colleagues to fight our own battle as we could. In 1883 I was prosecuted under the Blasphemy Laws on account of the *Freethinker*, and a Roman Catholic judge sentenced me to twelve months' imprisonment. A protest was signed by a long list of leading men in science, literature, and art, but it was treated contemptuously. I see a mention of my imprisonment in one of Meredith's letters to Maxse: "Nothing done yet for poor Foote. I wish to send him my last volume of verse, but fancy it would not be handed." Presumably, he wrote "handed *in*"—but that might have told the reader of the Letters too much. I got the volume, however, by the kindness of the Governor, who is now beyond the reach of injury. But I did not print Meredith's name in the story of my imprisonment. Several years afterwards he sent a cheque towards a testimonial that friends were raising to enable me to continue my work. He was asked by the treasurer if his subscription should be publicly acknowledged. He replied that the name should go with the subscription when it was "in recognition of high and constant courage." Why did Meredith go out of his way to say that of me? I do not like this personal part of my task, but I cannot avoid it. Surely there were many brave men known to Meredith besides my poor self. Why did he single me out? It was because of the object for which I was fighting. His heart was in that batfle too. And he was not frightened from intercourse with me because of the evil reputation fixed upon me by orthodoxy; on the contrary, it was honourably confessed by Mr. Edward Clodd, after Meredith's death, that he had more sympathy with my methods of attack on Christianity than with the slower methods of the Rationalists, of whose Association, by the way, Mr. Clodd is himself Chairman.

"I admire the fight you are making," Meredith wrote in his first letter to me. "You carry on a brave battle for the best of causes, personally profitless as you must know it to be, and my good wishes are with you," he wrote many

years later. Here are two extracts from a letter dated February 25th, 1889:—

"When I hear that my little book of verse has given a touch of strength to a man like you, I feel that it has done its right work. . . .

"If I speak of a life that is a lasting life, it is not meant to be the life of the senses—which is a sensual dream of the Creeds—whereon our good Mother looks her blackest. She has more forgiveness for libidinousness than for the smoking of such priest's opium. Those who do it stop their growth."

That was the last letter from Meredith to me printed in the official collection. But it was not the last letter he wrote to me, and I have wondered why the editor stopped at that particular point. At any rate, it does me, and I think Meredith too, an injustice. It almost suggests that he had dropped me—for I am known to be still living, and in dropping me had also dropped the "best of causes" for which he had said I was fighting. But this was not the fact, nor anything like the fact, and it seems to me a point of honour that this should be made clear.

After a long silence, which did not disquiet me, as I felt certain that Meredith still kept me in remembrance, he wrote me another letter, and a very striking one, which the editor of the Letters could have printed if he had chosen. The battle over the "Boulter blasphemy" case was finished, and I had settled down to routine work again, when I received a welcome epistle from the Master at Dorking. He had joined the General Council of the Secular Education League, and he made me (a member of the Executive Committee) the medium of conveying his subscription to the Secretary. "The enclosed" was a cheque for the amount. Sending it through me enabled him to start less abruptly in what he really wanted to say.

On February 24th, 1908, Meredith wrote to me referring to a subscription to the Secular Education movement, saying that it was one of the "certainties of the proximate future," and referred to my "valiant fight that is destined for victory"; he went on to say it demanded a combination of ardour and patience rarely to be found, and he ends up: "You will have the credit of it when the day ripens for biography."

That letter is explicit enough. Meredith still stood where he had stood of old. The compliment to me was extremely handsome, but that was a small matter in com-

parison with what it implied on Meredith's part. I kept his letter private, as usual, but it gave me the means of contradicting any false statements that might arise after his death in relation to his views on religion.

Meredith did another significant thing before he died. He sent a cheque "as a contribution to the *Freethinker*" in April, 1909. The cheque was indubitably in his handwriting, but the letter itself was written by a female hand—"for Mr. G. Meredith," but without a signature. Meredith was asked, as on a former occasion, whether he wished his name to accompany his subscription in a public acknowledgment.

Meredith replied to me on April 23rd, 1909 (Box Hill, Dorking):—

> "As a question of supporting your paper, my name is at your disposal."

Inside the sheet of notepaper there was a postscript which I nearly overlooked. What it was we shall see presently.

Now that postscript was in Meredith's own handwriting. So was the address on the envelope. I fancy he posted it himself. I believe he saw personally to the whole thing. I also think he had an object in doing so. I feel confident that he determined to place his undiminished interest in my "fight for the best of causes" beyond all cavil. I am further of opinion that this was the very last letter he wrote. And what that means is explained by the postscript. "Watts-Dunton, as I have to suppose," Meredith wrote, "was ill and feeble at the time of the funeral." The funeral was Swinburne's. Watts-Dunton had allowed Swinburne's burial at Bonchurch to take place with Christian rites. It was scandalous; I had strongly denounced it in my paper, and Meredith's postscript was in allusion to the incident. Unfortunately, the illness and feebleness of Watts-Dunton allowed him to thank the vicar of Bonchurch for the "magnificent" way in which he had obtruded his Christian shibboleths at the burial of an Anti-Theist.

Unfortunately, the betrayal of Swinburne was followed by the betrayal of Meredith—whose death occurred on May 16th, 1909. Those who stood round his dead body ignored his ideas and convictions. They had the law on

their side, for the disposition of a dead body belongs to the living, except in the case of bequeathal to a public institution for scientific purposes. Meredith's body was cremated, and the ashes, in a sarcophagus adorned with "weeping angels," were laid in the grave bought by the poet when he buried his wife. Two clergymen officiated—one being deemed unequal to the occasion. Meredith himself had not been to church for any number of years. He told the public, through Mr. Nevinson, only two or three years before, that he left off going to church because he was ashamed of what he heard there. Yet a brace of the black birds, that he would not listen to when he was living, were brought to whistle their nonsense over his ashes. Simultaneously with the burial at Dorking a memorial service was performed at Westminster Abbey. Dean Robinson refused to let Meredith's ashes be laid there, but he agreed to the ceremonial part of such a burial, and officiated himself as the principal showman. It only required Meredith's comment—if it could have been obtained—to make the farce complete.

Meredith's last letter—who has it? The editor of the official collection, after the fine letter of condolence with Watts-Dunton on the death of Swinburne, adds: "This was George Meredith's last letter." But that letter is dated April 13th, 1909, and mine is dated April 23rd. I gave the editor a copy, but he appears to have overlooked it. Certainly if Watts-Dunton's letter is the last that Meredith wrote, leaving mine out of the question, mine must actually be the last letter. It follows, therefore, that the last document from George Meredith's pen was a letter of encouragement to the editor of the *Freethinker*. And that fact tells its own tale. There is really no more to be said.

Paris Notes

By Gabriel Mourey

I FANCY it will not be amiss if I begin these Notes from Paris by reference to an enterprise naturally interesting to Englishmen—and to us too—namely, the French Company of the new Shakespeare Theatre, Paris. An astonishing thing, no doubt, to many people, this French Shakespearian Company, but perhaps more astonishing still is the fact that these representations given in the last four years at various times by the Shakespeare Company have been able to achieve a real success.

Up to quite recently the theatrical world and the public have held the opinion that the plays of the great Will appeal to nobody and interest nobody. Indeed, all previous attempts to impose the genius of Shakespeare upon Paris have only realised a half success, and for the most part, it must be admitted, have failed. How, then, has it happened that when M. Camille de Saint-Croix, poet, author, playwright, himself a critic of real merit, started out to found a Shakespearian company to be composed entirely of a troupe of young actors, aided only by a scenery of extreme simplicity, and all stage embellishments reduced to a minimum, he has been able to produce *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Tempest*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, etc., and so triumphantly refute the opinion generally held about Shakespearian production?

This is due, firstly, to the reverence with which M. de Saint-Croix has followed the text; secondly, to the intelligence he has brought to bear with his perception, knowledge and labour upon the production of the plays; and then again, to the great skill with which he has taught the young actors to interpret their parts; and finally, to this very simplicity of the scenery, costumes and the *mise-en-scène*, which have been the directing principles of these

productions. I have often seen in England, in Germany and in France, Shakespearian productions, but I have never felt—and I am not the only one—so closely in communion with the genius of England's great poet as at these performances organised by M. de Saint-Croix.

Unfortunately, the Director of the French Shakespearian Company has not been able to realise completely his dream, which was to found and possess in Paris, and in the very centre of Paris, a permanent theatre with the name written in gold on the portal: "Théatre Shakespeare," where he would be able to give representations of Shakespeare and of the works of the great classical dramatists, French and foreign, including the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Greek, Roman, Spanish, Italian, Russian, English, German, Scandinavian theatre—that theatre, in fine, which is still lacking in Paris. Nonetheless, there is some hope that M. de Saint-Croix will yet realise his dream.

In the literary field we have witnessed two contests: the competition for the Goncourt prize, and that for the prize offered by the *Vie Heureuse*. These took place in December at two days' distance one from the other, and, as usual, there was great excitement in the little world of young authors who, in ever-increasing numbers, work on solely in the hope of winning.

It is curious to note what poor results these competitions generally produce. The state of feeling prevailing among both jurors and competitors appears equally curious: the former have taken to awarding prizes exclusively to a particular order of writing; the latter write books only in accordance with the formulæ which they know or suppose to be likely to find favour.

And yet the Goncourt Academy is composed of men of indisputable talent: Messrs. Gustave Geffroy, Léon Hennique, Elémir Bourges, Léon Daudet, Lucien Descaves, Octave Mirbeau, Paul Margueritte, the brothers Rosny, and Madame Judith Gautier. But politics have got mixed up in the matter, and the Counsel of Ten has been, ever since the date of its constitution, divided into two camps. M. Octave Mirbeau is the declared adversary of M. Léon Daudet, and round these two their *confrères* are grouped on opposite sides.

Much the same state of things prevails among the ladies of the *Vie Heureuse*, for it is a known fact that the jury of this other academy is composed entirely of women. They are not ten, but twenty in number, and the understanding between them is of a distinctly relative kind. Indeed, it is matter for little wonder that Madame Marcel Tinayre, whose decidedly . . . liberal notions are well-known, should rarely be of one mind with Madame Lucie Félix-Faure-Joyau, the wife of the noted catholic author; or that Mme. Catulle Mendès should not share all the views of Mme. Dieulafoy.

So it happens, year by year, that the Ten and the Twenty find it more and more difficult to come to any agreement on the awarding of prizes.

The impartial observer might find all this sufficiently amusing if the consequences of such a state of feeling were less grave than they appear to be on closer observation. Incontestible moral prestige—apart from that which is conferred in the public eye by the award of 5,000 francs which in both cases goes to the successful competitor—accompanies these prizes; and these would, therefore, carry real weight only if they expressed the unanimous opinion of the bodies which distribute them. Is there not, moreover, something ridiculous in men of letters, in our enlightened times, assuming collectively the part of judges, the *rôle* of creators of privileges, of arbitrators of talent? Yet these customs are gaining ground apace. Every year, without mentioning the hundreds of awards which the French Academy distributes among writers, fresh prizes are created. Besides those with which I have been dealing, I may mention the *Bourse Nationale de Voyage*, the *Prix de la Critique*, the *Prix des Quarante-cinq*, and others, and yet others, the allurements of which create in the young literary world an atmosphere of intrigue, compromise, and envy, singularly unpropitious to the production of sincere and independent work, or to the development of real talent.

In writing these lines I cannot help recalling the mental tone of the literary generation to which I am proud of belonging, the generation which recognised as masters such men as Villiere de Lisle-Adam, Mallarmé, and Verlaine; the generation which produced writers of the calibre of Henri de Regnier and Paul Adam, Jean Moréas and Remy

de Gourmont, Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin, Jules Laforgue and Emile Verhaeren, André Gide and Pierre Guillard, to mention only a few names. In those days we worked without giving a thought to immediate success, merely endeavouring to express as sincerely as possible, and to the best of our ability, the ideas to which we felt impelled to give utterance. The field of literature had not yet been invaded by amateurs, and that execrable product of our times, the man bent on "getting there" (the *arriviste*) was not yet born. It was the period when naturalism was just entering its death-throes, and symbolism was in its infancy.

I can see us once again assembled on Tuesday evening in the little dining-room of the apartment in the Rue de Rome, where Mallarmé passed the last twenty years of his life. Little, indeed, did the "literary prizes" form the subject of our discourse, and how promptly we should have cried out on anyone who had dared to lead the conversation to such contemptible topics as money or material success, worldly well-being, etc., etc.! And yet the young men who ranged themselves round the great poet of the *Après-Midi d'un Faune* were not saints, and there was not one among them who did not possess the love of fame; but their conception of fame was quite other than that of the young men of to-day. There lies the difference. And then they had before their eyes such excellent, such pure examples of artistic probity and uprightness, of serene dignity, of faith in the ideal.

Dear, great, delightful Stephane Mallarmé! I never think of him without emotion when I stir up the memories of a now distant past. I conjure up his welcoming silhouette as he himself opened the door of his lodgings to us, the slightly veiled and caressing tones of his voice, his exquisite urbanity, the infinite *nuances* of manner with which he knew so well how to vary his courtesy, the value which he imparted to his hand-shake according to persons and circumstances. I next conjure him up in the familiar room where he was wont to receive us, standing up against the porcelain stove which filled one corner of it, his eternal cigarette in his hand, held between two fingers as one holds a flower, with the familiar gesture of which Whistler has so precisely and ideally rendered the charm in the lithograph which

forms the frontispiece of the volume of Verse and Prose.

Is it because the young men of to-day have no masters of this charm and greatness, or will accept none, that they are, or appear to us to be, so changed from what we were? I do not know; I will not venture to express an opinion. All has changed and is changed in literary ethics since thirty years ago. Everyone aims at rapid success, and shrinks from no means of getting himself into the limelight. One must shout in order to make oneself heard, and he with the loudest voice gets most attention; it is a veritable public fair (*la Foire sur la Place*), to quote M. Romain Rolland, of which the clamour so scared and distressed poor Jean Christophe.

In applying the term "poor" to M. Romain Rolland's hero, I use it in the sense given the word by the people, so prettily too, when speaking of the dead. For you know that Jean Christophe is dead, that is to say that the tenth and last volume consecrated to him by his biographer has just seen the light.

I know some people who are disconsolate over this and others who rejoice thereat. While the former regret that M. Romain Rolland will not continue through some further volumes to recount to them the history—which, indeed, need never have come to an end—of his hero, the latter are happy to be rid once for all of a person who, despite all the talent of the author, had ceased during several volumes to interest them. I share the feelings of both parties; a state of feeling not easy to explain. Do not fear; I will not go into all my reasons . . . moreover, there are some things which cannot be reasonably explained at all, and as I do not here ply the trade of critic, I must be pardoned for not attempting to justify myself further in regard to my feelings for the large, rather than great, work of M. Romain Rolland. I fancy there are many persons not only among professional writers, but among the cultured public generally, who think as I do. I can guess the reasons for this. The essential, fundamental reproach which they make M. Romain Rolland, for whose personality not less than for his heroic labour they still have the greatest sympathy, is that he has affected throughout this enormous work a somewhat too ostentatious

contempt for all that which they, rightly or wrongly, still regard as indispensable qualities of a literary work worthy of being ranked as such, whatever its importance, volume, or dimensions may be. He has neglected the love of form, the care of composition and arrangement, the sense of proportion, the taste for measure, without which we are more and more firmly convinced literary art cannot exist. Who can fail to perceive that if Mr. Romain Rolland had paid greater attention to the rules of which I have spoken, if he had kept himself better in hand, had disciplined himself more severely, his work might very well have been condensed into five volumes instead of filling ten? This would have been quite long enough, and I believe that we should have known just as much that was worth knowing about his hero, the persons who surrounded him, the *milieux* in which he found himself, and the circumstances he experienced.

This is a matter which lies entirely with M. Romain Rolland, some will object to me; it concerns himself alone, and if he thought good to take the course he took no doubt he had excellent reasons for not acting differently. . . . Not so at all; and the best proof of the contrary is that we could easily, if space allowed, show that when he limits himself, M. Romain Rolland attains a height and a beauty which he is far from attaining when he lets himself go. It may be that rhetoric once constituted an art; it apparently does so no longer. It would appear that facility, redundance, carelessness, the excessive use of commonplaces, are no longer qualities, but defects, which we must not confuse with the abundance and the minutiæ, the wealth of expressive detail, which a Balzac, a Dickens, and a Tolstoi have used so powerfully and turned to such excellent effect in the course of their masterpieces.

But all this—and herein lies the proof of the great talent and rare gifts belonging to M. Romain Rolland—does not prevent *Jean Cristophe* from being one of the most remarkable works which French literature has produced since the beginning of the century, and one of those which does it greatest honour.

Contempt of Form! Is not this one of the essential dogmas of all contemporary art, the dogma before which

the artists of to-day most readily bow down, painters, sculptors, musicians, writers? "Form," they declare in self-justification, "is an obstacle to life, the barrier which art puts in the way of the manifestations and energies of life. Now one thing alone is of importance in art, and art consists in this alone: Life. Tighten the bonds of form, the life which you would hold eludes your grasp, and nought but emptiness remains in your arms." Such is the fashionable doctrine. One can easily understand the many converts it has made in an epoch such as ours, when all are eager to produce rapidly, and rapidly to gather the fruits of their labours. "*Vita brevis, ars longa*" was said once upon a time . . . the contrary has now become the motto of artists, and instinct alone triumphs; intellect plays a secondary part, replaced by the love, the passion, the fever, the delirium of Life.

It is Life, say the futurists, the cubists, the *rondistes*, which they express in their incoherent, formless, monstrous productions. What then, I would ask, did Phidias and Michelangelo, Rubens and Velasquez, express? Does Death dwell in the marbles they modelled and the canvases they painted, or life radiant and triumphant? Yet they respected form, and loved and cultivated it. And what of the other arts, what of the great Greek tragedians, of Dante, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Bach, Beethoven and Wagner? The essential error of the beginning of this century is the attempt to confound together life and art. What is true of nature and life is not true of art; far from it; and the sublime verse of Ronsard, so profound in its significance when applied, as he applied it, to the domain of Nature:

La matière demeure et la forme se perd,

becomes absolutely false when applied to the domain of Art. Nature can exist in Art only so long as she is upheld, vivified, and animated by form.

The Pilgrimage of Mr. Bonar Law

By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

STARTING on his pilgrimage at the Albert Hall on the 14th of November last, Mr. Bonar Law confirmed Lord Lansdowne's repudiation of the Balfour Referendum pledge of two years before and the substitution for it of his own famous "two-fold undertaking." The plea for the abandonment of the Referendum was that it was "not a business proposition" and that the Tories must come into office free to raise taxation, to defend our own markets and to meet the great Dominions in their demand for reciprocal trade. "If the Dominions," said Lord Lansdowne, "ask us to give them a moderate duty upon foreign wheat, sufficient to bring into our markets the great unlimited granaries of all Canada and Australia, we shall not be deterred from examining their proposal by the mere statement that it will involve the taxation of food, and that all food taxes are unholy things." Lord Lansdowne's two-fold pledge ran thus:—(1) That the Tory Party would not introduce a Tariff Reform Budget before they had submitted to the electors "precisely and exactly the amount—the limits within which we propose to resort to taxation of this kind, and will undertake that we will not exceed these limits without further authorisation from the people of this country." (2) That any revenue raised from these duties would be "used for the purpose of alleviating other burdens falling on the shoulders of the working-classes." It was confirmed as follows, with still greater vagueness, by Mr. Bonar Law:—

"We shall not treat any revenue derived from so-called food taxes, whatever they are, which may be imposed for preference, as ordinary revenue. We shall use it to diminish the burdens which in other ways are falling upon the poorer classes of this country. It will not be an addition to taxation, it will be a readjustment of taxation. And owing

to this revenue, and owing to the expansion which I am certain will come with this change of system, I say that, instead of adding to the cost of living, the adjustment which we shall make will make the burden smaller and not larger that falls upon the working classes."

At the second stage of his journey, at Ashton-under-Lyne on December 16th, Mr. Bonar Law still maintains the whole programme, but interposes a colonial conference (which is to decide for the British people whether their food is to be taxed or not) and a second election.

His words are :—

"If our countrymen entrust us with power, we do not intend to impose food duties. . . . They are not proposed by us for the sake of Protection, and there is not Protection in them. They are proposed solely for the sake of Preference, and if when the Conference takes place the Colonies do not want them—I will put it stronger than that: unless the Colonies regard them as essential for Preference—then also the food duties will not be imposed. All that we ask is that our countrymen should give us authority to enter into that negotiation with power to impose certain low duties on food-stuffs, and within strict limits which will never be increased."

Turning to the vital point of the Referendum pledge, he adds :—

"I will tell you the reason—it seems to me a valid reason—why it would not do to submit these proposals to a Referendum after the completion of the negotiations. Would it be fair to the Colonies to do that? Remember . . . if they agreed to an arrangement, they would carry it out with the assent of their Parliaments, while we could not carry it out in that way. In other words, they would come bound, and we would come free. That is not a reasonable way to carry on negotiations. I do not think it would be fair to them, and that is the reason, and the sole reason, why we object to submit these proposals to a Referendum."

This remarkable pronouncement was received with a chorus of repudiation by leading newspapers of the Dominions, who by no means relished the idea of having thrust upon them the burden created by the dissensions in the Tory Party. In fact, Mr. Bonar Law and his friends were informed in blunt and unmistakable language that their policy of Protection was a matter to be settled between them and the British people, and that in no circumstances were the free and independent Dominions, whose devotion to their own autonomy is savage in its intensity, going to be used to drag the Protectionist cart out of the mire. Mr. W. S. Fielding, one of the most prominent members of

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's last Cabinet, has expressed in letters to *The Times* and *Morning Post*, in language which will find an echo in the hearts of all Canadians, Australasians, and South Africans, the determination not to enter into any arrangements which would limit the fiscal independence and freedom of bargaining of the Dominions. There is probably little doubt that Mr. Borden, whose accession to office was so largely due to the high-Protectionist "Manufacturers' Association" of Canada—to whom lower tariffs and increased Preference are equally anathema—is anything but grateful to Mr. Bonar Law for the new *rôle* which he endeavoured to assign to the Canadian Government. It will be remembered, as Mr. Fielding has recently recalled, that what Mr. Borden and his party advocated was a "mutual preference," which meant that Canada should give no preference to the United Kingdom until this country was ready to reciprocate. As a matter of fact, the Canadian manufacturers have no desire to see their share of the plunder of the Canadian people, given to them by their high tariff, diminished to suit the British Protectionists.

One aspect of Mr. Bonar Law's proposal to ask the Colonies to take a part in deciding British domestic problems has attracted considerable attention in the Dominions, namely, the disruptive influence it would exert upon the Empire.

The *Melbourne Argus* characterised that proposal as "most dangerous," while the *Dominion* of Wellington, New Zealand, said nothing could be more calculated to dissolve the cement of Empire. Its contemporary, *The Post*, concurred in this view, describing the suggestion as invidious, dangerous and unstatesmanlike. South Africa was equally hostile, the *Durban Messenger*, for instance, qualifying the proposals of Mr. Bonar Law as "revolutionary and absolutely impossible."

An effective exposure of the disruptive tendencies of the whole scheme (first edition) is contained in a striking article by that distinguished Australian veteran, ex-Senator Pulsford, published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Sydney, New South Wales, on the 25th of December, 1912. In the course of this article he shows the practical difficulties in the way of an all-round Preference scheme, and the

pernicious influence it would exercise on the relations of the different Dominions, adding: "Verily the Empire is too big and too complex for the pranks of the Preferentialist."

"In the old days of Preference," he says, "now long gone by, there was no commerce worthy of the name. Such was mainly confined to articles that the wealthy alone could afford. To-day the world's waters are covered with shipping bearing the necessaries of the masses. There is a gravity and folly in interference with necessaries that did not exist in interference with the specialities of wealth. . . . Our Empire cannot live to itself; there is death in the very thought. Millions of square miles of land, fertile but unworked, are under our flag. Their produce is awaited by an eager world. We shall be wise if we increase production as rapidly as we can, and distribute it as widely as possible. The centralising preferential policy, never any good, is now utterly bad."

Nor, apparently, was the reception of the new scheme more cordial in the ranks of the Conservative Party here. The proposal was too absurd, the attempted disguise of the food taxes too thin! Indeed, the confusion was so great that the party was obliged to search for a policy for its leaders. After much cogitation and angry debate a memorial was drawn up and presented. The text of this document has been carefully withheld from the public gaze, but, to judge from the comments of those privileged to read it, it was a kind of ultimatum expressing devotion to, and confidence in, their leaders on condition that they would cease to lead.

The acceptance of that memorial by the leaders was grudging and chilly. Its full exposition was the next stage in the doleful pilgrimage of the great apostle of Protection, whose appointment to the leadership of the party had been hailed with such joy by the confederates, and whose strong arms were to carry the Protectionist banner unfalteringly to victory. From south to north, from the Albert Hall to Edinburgh, the waning fire of Tariff Reform enthusiasm burns dimmer and dimmer. In the Attic City recantation reaches its furthest limit—for the present. The disciples abandon the apostle, and the food taxes which are essential for Imperial Preference, as preached by Birmingham, become the laughing-stock of the Scottish capital.

At Edinburgh, on the 24th of January (some five weeks after his speech at Ashton), Mr. Bonar Law finds himself forced to declare that food taxes are not necessary for

Imperial Preference, although he has been advocating those duties for that sole purpose for ten years past. He further discovers that he can only work his great imperial scheme by methods which Tariff Reformers have always declared to be impossible—methods in which, by the way, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Chaplin, and a large number of Tariff Reform stalwarts have still a complete lack of confidence, thus proposing to do precisely what he had declared at Ashton to be unreasonable and unfair to the Colonies, namely, to submit any arrangement come to with them to the British electorate before carrying it into effect.

Mr. Bonar Law began his speech at Edinburgh by saying that he was accused of having sacrificed his convictions for the sake either of personal advantage or for the partisan interest of the party, and that after declaring at Ashton that he would not haul down the flag, he had come to Edinburgh to haul it down.

"That charge," he said, "is not true. The flag which I said I would not haul down was the flag of Imperial Preference. It is not hauled down. It is still flying in the van of the Unionist army. I want to tell you the whole story. **Since I spoke at Ashton I have done something which at that time I did not intend to do, which I thought it was not possible that I should do.**"

Turning to matters of policy, he said:—

"If we are returned to power we intend to do three things. We shall impose a tariff, a moderate tariff, lower than exists now in any industrial country in the world, on foreign manufactured goods. We shall also give to the Dominions of the Crown in our markets a preference, and the largest preference which is possible without the imposition of new duties upon food."

After having thus delivered himself of one more contradictory statement of his party programme, Mr. Bonar Law endeavoured to console the farmers and the farmers' friends, including Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Jesse Collings.

"I am told that to impose an industrial tariff would be unfair to agriculture. . . . We are told that if that arrangement is made everything that a farmer buys will cost him more, and in what he sells he will get no benefit. . . . But suppose there is a slight increase, does he get

nothing to compensate him? I have always advocated that the chief advantage to agriculture of a tariff would be the improvement of the one market which is open to them, the home market. The man who produces agricultural produce, unlike all producers of other kinds, has only one market. It cannot be sent abroad. He must sell it only at home. If the result of a tariff is, as we believe it will be—and if we did not believe it we should not advocate it—if it is to improve employment, to tend to raise the level of wages, then that increases the buying power of the people, and by increasing the buying power the one market open to the farmer will be increased and made infinitely more valuable than it is at present."

How absurd is this argument that with greater prosperity in industry, the English farmer will find a larger home market for his produce! In the first place it is difficult to anticipate in the immediate future industrial prosperity greater than that which we now enjoy, so that the most favourable conditions for the advantage of the farmers already exist. Secondly, neither Mr. Bonar Law nor any other Tariff Reformer has ever been able to prove how a tariff which would hamper British trade is going to increase the prosperity of the farmer. Thirdly, in view of the fact that the British market for agricultural produce absorbs to-day about twice as much food-stuffs as the British farmer can produce, and that a very large part of British farm produce is either, like milk, in no competition at all with foreign produce, or else, like meat, does not enter on the same competitive plane as the imported article, a mere increase of the demand could only lead to a larger importation of food from abroad, and could not of itself be of any advantage to the British farmer. It is not a lack of the power of consumption that in any way checks either the production or the remuneration of English agriculture. It is not as if the English working population, like the populations of protected foreign countries, were incapable of consuming, for want of purchasing power, all the farm produce of this country. It is a mere mockery, therefore, to pretend that the effect of a tariff on manufactured goods, borne as it must be to a very great extent by agriculture, would have any compensating advantage in the direction indicated. The only other remedy of the Tory-Tariff-Reform Party for agricultural grievances is relief of rates and a policy of doles. But the fact that a reduction of the rates inevitably tends to an increase of rent, and in itself does not benefit the farmer at all, is

always kept carefully out of sight. What is wanted is a new system of rating, and that the Liberal Party may be trusted to carry through at an early date.

The farmer has already become uneasy and suspicious, and there is little likelihood of his doubts being dispelled by the weak arguments and nebulous promises of Mr. Bonar Law. Never very vocal in the utterances of their views, it is a noteworthy circumstance that some of the most powerful agricultural organisations have already given unhesitating expression to their disapproval of the Edinburgh programme. Resolutions similar to that of the Lincolnshire Farmers' Union read by Mr. Bonar Law were passed by the Worcestershire and Sussex farmers.

In a very outspoken letter published on the 10th of February, Mr. Chaplin develops this theme and sets forth the views of the agricultural classes in unmistakable terms. He declares:—

"I cannot remain silent any longer . . . and allow it to be thought that I acquiesce in proposals which, so far as I understand them, must greatly jeopardise the settlement of any effective system of Preference, with Canada in particular, even if they do not make it, which is much more probable, in my opinion, impossible altogether."

After recalling that the memorialists propose to postpone effective Preference to the third Parliament from now, Mr. Chaplin says:—

"(1) Assuming that we win the next election and that Canada is content to wait, two considerable assumptions, can we count on being still in power after a second General Election? And unless we can, when are we to deal with effective Preference?

"(2) We are going in addition to impose duties on imported manufactures the moment we get in, while those on food are to be postponed to another Parliament. If we are in earnest about effective Preference, surely that is rather a dangerous proposal. Once the industrial workers have secured the duties they desire, can we reasonably expect them to let us have the others afterwards, and should they not be imposed at one and the same time?"

In referring to the sudden change in the attitude of a section of the Tory Press, followed by Mr. Bonar Law's reply to the memorialists, Mr. Chaplin plainly betrays his fear that the Tory leaders have dished the Tariff Reform policy:—

"I cannot believe that this sudden, wholesale abandonment, not on any question of principle, but to all appearance in a panic, of what we have all been preaching for so long, about our first constructive policy, is calculated to appeal to the electors; or that it can be otherwise than most injurious in the long run to the credit and position of the Unionist party in the country."

After all the vicissitudes of Mr. Bonar Law's pilgrimage, what, then, is left of the flag that was waved so defiantly but a tattered rag, a miserable shred, the derision of all sincere men at home and in the Dominions beyond the seas? One could respect, even if it were impossible to agree with the ideal advocated with such lucidity and frankness by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. There, at any rate, one was in presence of a man who was not afraid to tell the truth about the means necessary to achieve his ideal. But what is to be said in defence of a leader who refuses to lead, of a general who hands over the keys of the fortress in a time of profound peace, and who, having surrendered to the enemy the citadel, the army and the army's ammunition, proudly boasts that his flag is still flying? One wonders what it is flying for. Such tactics are dishonest to the people of this country, as well as to the inhabitants of the Dominions and of the whole Empire.

When once the food taxes are abandoned, the pitiable efforts of Mr. Bonar Law and the Unionist Press to find a substitute for their "Empire-cementing" force show clearly that the bottom has been knocked out of the whole Tariff movement. Nothing could well be more obvious than the futility of the proposals for giving the Colonies a preference apart from the food-stuffs and raw materials which form the bulk of their exports to this country. Indeed, Mr. Fielding, the Canadian ex-Minister, recently declared: "So far as Canada is concerned, there can be no tariff preference without such duties, because food and raw materials are practically the only things that Canada can expect to sell to the Mother Country."

What are these colonial manufactures that are to receive the advantage of a preferential duty? The following table giving the latest statistics available for the Dominions of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa throws an instructive light upon this subject:—

Year.	Total Value of Imports retained in the United Kingdom, including Miscellaneous. Amount. £	Of which— Food, Drink, and Tobacco. Amount. £	Food, Drink, and Tobacco. Proportion of Total. Per cent.	Raw Materials and Articles mainly Unmanufactured. Amount. £	Raw Materials and Articles mainly Unmanufactured. Proportion of Total. Per cent.	Articles wholly or mainly Manufactured. Amount. £	Articles wholly or mainly Manufactured. Proportion of Total. Per cent.
1. From the Dominion of Canada.							
1911	23,596,000	18,264,000	77·4	4,076,000	17·3	1,144,000	4·8
2. From the Commonwealth of Australia.							
1911	26,470,000	15,492,000	58·5	9,101,000	34·4	1,833,000	6·9
3. From the Dominion of New Zealand.							
1911	14,548,000	7,455,000	51·2	7,043,000	48·4	38,000	0·3
4. From the Union of South Africa.							
1911	4,884,000	444,000	9·9	3,921,000	80·3	472,000	9·7

It will be seen that in 1911 the proportion of articles wholly or mainly manufactured amounted, in the case of Canada, to 4·8 per cent. of her exports to the United Kingdom; in that of the Australian Commonwealth to 6·9 per cent.; in that of South Africa to 9·7 per cent.; and in that of New Zealand to no more than 0·3 per cent.!

An examination of the character of these manufactures is equally instructive. The only Canadian imports of any moment for home consumption in this country are leather, the principal item, £324,000; paper, £141,000—for which the Tariff Reformers, like the rest of us, would have to pay a higher price—machinery, chiefly agricultural, £74,000, and furniture, joinery, etc., £68,000, together with a few insignificant items, such as musical instruments, £22,000; cotton goods £2,144, and drugs £2,292. The greater part of the foregoing is the raw material of other industries, just as much as the chemicals, copper, iron and steel, zinc, oil-seed-cake, methylic alcohol and dyes, which make up the remainder of the wholly or mainly manufactured imports from Canada, amounting in all to £1,144,000.

Of the total "wholly or mainly manufactured" imports

from Australia, amounting to £1,833,094, no less than £1,801,000 is made up of the following articles, which are also, of course, raw materials of British industry:—Pig and sheet lead, £595,288; tin (blocks, etc.), £383,419; copper (unwrought), £453,004; copper (regulus and precipitate), £100,542; leather, £227,855; chemicals, £19,772; drugs, £11,290; crude zinc, £3,608; old iron, £2,144; and unwrought metals (unenumerated), £3,713.

Of the trifling New Zealand total of £37,960, leather alone makes £22,510.

In the case of the South African Union the Orange Free State contributes nothing and the Transvaal only £150 to the grand total of £471,826. The contribution of £399,362 under the heading from the Cape contains such "manufactures" as the following, amounting in all to £385,869:—Copper (regulus, precipitate, and old metal), £377,307; old metals (unenumerated), £8,324, and dyes, £238. Out of the Natal total of £72,314, £62,043 is made up of the following items:—Dyes, £39,339; old metal (unenumerated), £14,116; old copper, £8,432, and old iron, £156.

What would the Africander, British and Boer, say to the magnificent gift of an Imperial Preference on this handful of miscellaneous articles, if British manufacturers could be imagined to consent to duties upon them? And what would Transvaal and Orange Free State say to being left empty-handed in this great scheme for cementing the Empire by purchasing the affections of the Colonies?

It is essential to have an answer to the question whether items such as those just mentioned, as, for instance, leather, are regarded as raw materials or as manufactured articles? Does Mr. Bonar Law propose to place a finely graduated "scientific" duty upon scrap metal and old iron? Not until this question is answered can an estimate be made of the burden to be imposed upon British manufacturers and the British consumer. Thus far the indications given by Mr. Bonar Law of the articles to be included in his revised tariff are as vague as the proposals of the Tariff Reform League, and as incomplete as the model tariff which the Tariff Reform Commission started to prepare, but soon abandoned, terrified, like a new Frankenstein, at the demon of discord which it had called into existence.

It will be observed that on the way from Ashton to Edinburgh Mr. Bonar Law discovered Belgium, a country which certainly approximates more nearly to Free Trade conditions than any other Continental state, and which has consequently enjoyed a large industrial development, and secured a great share of the world's trade. Instead of drawing from that fact the logical conclusion that Belgium would do well to cast off the remnants of a Protectionist system, Mr. Bonar Law now appears anxious that we should emulate not the scientific tariff of Germany, nor the high Protectionist tariff of the United States, the two countries which Tariff Reformers have held up as examples for us during the past ten years, but a little country like Belgium, with a population but a fraction larger than that of London, and Denmark, an almost exclusively agricultural state of 2,775,000 inhabitants. How are the mighty fallen! What a sad deception this must be to the high spirit of Protection, to the "scientific" tariff-mongers and to the learned economists who, with great trouble and not a little expense, have been endeavouring for a decade to mislead the economic common sense of this country, and have failed so lamentably that they have not even convinced their leaders. They have certainly failed to secure any tolerable agreement between the statements of those leaders as to the policy of the party. Thus, while Mr. Bonar Law talked of a tariff on manufactured goods lower than that of Belgium, where it probably does not exceed 7½ per cent., Mr. Austen Chamberlain, six days later (Redditch, 30th of January), announced that the duties on manufactured goods would "average, roughly, 10 per cent."

Free Traders have every reason to rejoice at this recent development of affairs. It proves that if the battle is not yet over half the victory has been won. The rest cannot fail to follow. It surely can no longer be argued that if the foreigner will not pay the small duties which it was proposed to levy on food—and he apparently declines to do so—he will generously pay them on manufactured goods. It surely can no longer be contended that if duties on agricultural produce are of no use to the British farm labourer, duties on manufactured goods will be to the advantage of his urban brother. If it be a good policy to give the people of this country access without let or

hindrance to cheap food, how can it be maintained that they ought not to be allowed to have free access to cheap goods? If the loaf is to be left untouched, why tax boots? If the joint is to come free on the dinner-table, why tax the coat of the man who is eating it, the knife he is eating it with, the plate on which he is eating it, or the stove in which it has been cooked? If the farmer, exposed to the competition of virgin soil throughout the world, does not require protection, or at any rate is not to have it, what excuse is there for giving protection to the extremely prosperous manufacturers of this country, whose goods are competing on more than equal terms in the neutral markets of the world? Why should they be allowed to levy tribute on the agricultural industry for the sake of giving them unnecessary protection against foreign competition? That question has but one answer. Such a policy is condemned to failure, as was pointed out by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1885:—"As to the prospect of any return to Protection in any shape or form, I think it is inconceivable that the agricultural interest would allow manufacturers to be protected while food imports went free; and I think it is equally improbable that the working classes of this country will ever again submit to the sufferings and miseries which were inflicted upon them by the Corn Laws in order to keep up the rents of the landlords." This reasoning is as valid now as on the day on which the statement was made by Mr. Chamberlain.

When the Corn Laws were abolished, the enormous Tariff Schedule on other products, amounting to no fewer than 1,150 different rates of duty on imported articles, gradually followed them. Stupid as Tariff Reformers seem to consider the agricultural classes, and entirely heedless as they are of the interests of that large section of the community, they will discover that they are neither so gullible nor so weak as to allow such manifest injustice as the present proposal involves to be perpetrated at their expense.

How long the present proposals will endure it is impossible for anyone to prophesy. How, indeed, is either the critic or the elector to understand or find any finality in the chameleon-like policy of a party led by a man who, last April, went to Ireland to assure its people that his tariff system would be "framed with special and anxious

regard to the interests of Ireland," which are mainly agricultural; who stated in the House of Commons (October 17th, 1912) that his policy was "to treat the Colonies better than any foreign country, but we do not intend to treat them as we treat ourselves"; who, with equal inconsequence, in a later debate (November 19th, 1912), remarked: "I should like to see the largest possible area of complete Free Trade, and if France and Germany were willing to have Free Trade with us I would have it with them to-morrow"—without making any attempt, either then or in the course of his oratorical pilgrimage, to explain how he proposed to reconcile these opposing policies of Free Trade and Protectionist Preference; a leader who on the East Coast promises to admit ship-building material free of duty, and at the bye-election at Bootle was obliged to give Liverpool an undertaking that it would have the advantage of being made a free port; a leader who, in short, presents a fresh policy to each successive audience?

Whether the food taxes are really buried or are simply in a state of suspended animation, to be galvanised into life again when opportunity offers, whether Imperial Preference has really been abandoned as a serious policy, or whether the mere mockery adumbrated at Edinburgh of a preference on Australian wine, South African tobacco, or Indian tea is to be offered on the shrine of Empire time alone can tell. Whether the attenuated tariff of Belgium is to take the place of full-blooded Protection of British industries, much to the disappointment of the deluded witnesses before the Tariff Commission, who were unanimous in stating that even a 10 per cent. duty was quite inadequate for their purposes—would also appear to rest, if not on the lap of the gods, at least in the ballot-boxes of some future General Election—or perhaps it depends upon that power behind the Throne, the Earl of Derby. However that may be, the policy of a party compared to which a jelly-fish is a monument of stability, and a weathercock a symbol of consistency, is of no use for sensible people. Of course, our great Imperial interests and our world-wide trade would immensely benefit if the Conservative Party would now make up their minds to have done with the remnants of a policy which has led them from disaster to disaster, and which, while it exists, must produce insecurity

and uncertainty in every business transaction throughout the Empire. There is nothing more difficult for a political party than to admit that they have made a mistake; but, on the other hand, there is nothing more fatal for them than to refuse to cut their loss. In the interests of the British people, though not in that of the Liberal Party, who can only benefit by the repeated blunders of their opponents, it is to be hoped that the Conservatives will at length renounce their breathless chase of the will-o'-the-wisp of Tariff Reform, which has never led them into such hopeless quagmires as under the leadership of Mr. Bonar Law.

The Commercial Side of Music

By G. Herbert Thring

It is a degradation to the profession that any composer should be asked to sign the common form of agreement that is at present being put forward by some of the best houses in the music publishing trade.

There has been recently considerable correspondence in *The Times* and other papers about the sale by Mr. Coleridge Taylor of his copyright in *Hiawatha* to Messrs. Novello and Co. outright for a sum down. But it is not on this form of contract that I desire to comment, but on a much more subtle form, namely, a contract for the payment of a royalty on the assignment of the copyright. This form is distinctly more subtle, for it seems to the composer that by securing a royalty he may be gaining his just reward, whereas he may still be losing by the assignment everything that is worth holding. When a publisher of literary works asks for a licence to publish, he is generally contented with a licence to publish in book form; in some cases even this is limited to book form at a certain price or during a certain period, and if the publisher does not keep the book on the market the contract is at an end. He does not ask for—or should he ask for, does not get—the dramatic rights, the rights of translation, the American copyright and cinematograph rights; but the music publisher, who should be content with a licence to publish in printed form, asks for an assignment of copyright which carries the performing rights—equal to dramatic rights; the rights of publication in foreign countries—infinitely more valuable than the translation rights, for music is a universal language; the rights in the United States—infinitely more valuable than an author's United States rights, because the heavy tax of printing in the United States is unnecessary

in the case of music; and the rights of reproduction by mechanical instruments—infinitely more valuable at the present time than the cinematograph rights in a book.

After this preamble, it may be useful to print an ordinary form of music publisher's agreement:—

I ..... of ..... in consideration of the royalties hereinafter reserved and of the sum of one shilling (the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge as an advance payment) hereby assign to ..... of ..... (hereinafter called the Publishers) their successors and assigns the entire and exclusive copyright, rights of representation and arrangement of whatever kind, rights of reproduction upon mechanical instruments of every description and all other rights whatsoever in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland its Colonies and Dependencies and in all foreign countries their Colonies and Dependencies now or hereafter conferred or created of and in the following original work of which I am the composer and compiler "....."

The Royalties shall be

(*a*) In the United Kingdom its Colonies (except Canada) and Dependencies at the rate of pence on all copies sold by the Publishers or their successors or assigns.

(*b*) And in the United States of America and Canada and on the Continent of Europe one half of that rate.

No royalty on copies gratuitously distributed nor on Band parts.

7 copies shall be counted as 6.

On Mechanical Reproductions:—

50 per cent. of the nett amounts received by the Publishers therefor:

As WITNESS &c.,

It is surely a mockery to call such a document an agreement; and, indeed, many of the music publishers realise this fact, as they refuse or neglect to send the composers a copy signed by the firm; and if the composer has not the business acumen to keep an exact copy, he is left in the humiliating position of having to appeal to the publisher should he subsequently desire to have particulars of the document he has so rashly and foolishly signed.

Before discussing this particular form, it will be as well to repeat here some of the legal difficulties which arise out of an assignment of copyright.

To begin with, if anything should happen to the firm, if it should become bankrupt, or—if a company—go into liquidation, the composer would have no right, according to existing decisions of the Court, to prevent the assignment of the copyright to another purchaser, and he might find that his property had come into the hands of a most undesirable assignee.

But there is worse to follow, for the composer would have no claim for royalties against the assignee, and would

be in a worse position than if he had sold his copyright for a sum down.

Secondly, after the work has once been published, even in a limited degree, no power on earth can force the publisher to continue to keep the work on the market, and the composer might have to buy back that which the publisher refuses to utilise at the publisher's own price.

Thirdly, if after the work is put on the market an action for infringement of copyright is threatened—this case actually occurred—even though the composer may have the strongest evidence that there is no infringement, the publisher may refuse to run the risk and has power to withdraw all copies. Again the composer is without a remedy.

Finally, the publisher may alter the work within the limit of libel, produce a chorale as a waltz, or adapt the airs for other purposes than those originally designed by the composer. Such alterations, which might be the cause of the greatest annoyance to the composer, need not, and probably would not, give him a right of action.

These are some of the legal difficulties arising out of the assignment of copyright. The financial loss is also considerable, for the performing rights, save in few cases, are squandered by the publishers for the advertisement of their own wares when these rights might be husbanded by the composer, and if properly marketed, bring in, in this country, as good a return as they bring in to foreign composers. Reference will be made later to the loss to the composer arising from the assignment of his mechanical instrument rights.

The faults to which attention has been drawn are, however, faults of commission; but look at the faults of omission.

The publishers do not undertake to put the work on the market. No doubt, as payment of a royalty on every copy sold is part of the consideration, publication would be an implied term of the contract. But what kind of publication? In what form? At what price? At what date?

As the royalty is a fixed royalty of so many pennies a copy, it is of great importance that the published price should be fixed, for what might be a fair royalty if the work was issued at one price might be a very unfair royalty if the work was issued at another price. Then, again, all

mention of the date is omitted. It is not unknown in the publishing trade that where no date has been fixed, delays of six, twelve, or eighteen months have occurred.

Again, there is no clause to compel the publisher to continue publishing, or, alternatively, having published, to give up his rights if he does not intend to use them further when the work is out of print.

There is not even a common form clause by which the composer is to receive accounts properly issued at fixed dates.

Many other points might be noted, but for the present purpose these are sufficient.

The answer of the man of business is clear: "What a fool the composer must be." To some extent this is true, but it must be remembered that the marketing of works of art is different from the marketing of merchandise. The artist is a man often in absolute ignorance of his rights and their potentialities, and he is dealing with a man whose business in life has been to study every detail of artistic property from the commercial standpoint.

No wonder, then, that music publishers grow fat and prosper, and that, as far as financial returns are concerned, there are many Coleridge Taylors among the rank and file of the profession. What wonder, also, when one of the leading members of the profession in his smug prosperity says he sees no need for a combination of composers to strengthen the chances of his struggling *confrères;* when another states in public that he is too busy to look after his royalties (he may be quite sure the publisher is not); when another writes that most of his contracts are made across his publisher's dinner-table. If the leaders are so weighted with chains, whether of gold or of inertia or of prejudice, no wonder that the young composer sees so little chance.

But the young generation is vigorous and full of life. If it is neglected by those who ought to make it their duty to help, by those who have known what it is to be told that if they did not like to put their name to a contract of slavery, the publisher will never publish anything more for them. Still, let it fight on until it carves the way to its own salvation.

Rights of Reproduction on Mechanical Instruments.—When the Copyright Act of 1911 came into force, a splendid

opportunity occurred for the composer to break away from his bondage. The rights of reproduction on mechanical instruments were then, for the first time, included under Statutory Copyright, and in order that composers who, before the Act, had assigned their copyrights, might not lose by such conveyance rights of property which, prior to the Act, had not existed, the Act placed those rights, in spite of the assignment of copyright, in their hands to deal with. But it stipulated that composers should receive a fixed royalty. The publishers, seeing what was about to happen, at once took steps to counteract the benefits that the Act bestowed. The Society of Authors wrote a letter to *The Times* to point out to composers their position under past contracts. But the publishers proceeded to form a company for the collection of fees, by the rules of which, after deducting all the expenses of collection—a quite indeterminate quantity—30 per cent. of the royalties on the property, which, by the Act, was the composer's absolutely, was transferred to the publishers' pockets. The music publisher claimed that he was entitled to a percentage of these fees because, by publishing the composer's music, he had made the mechanical reproduction rights valuable. This may or may not have been true, but if it were true it was a matter to be decided between the composer and the publisher, and not arbitrarily by a company which was started on a business basis and not for the settlement of an ethical question. It is certain, however, that in the near future it will be the music publisher who will have to thank the mechanical reproducer for the advertisement rather than the mechanical reproducer the publisher. Mechanical reproduction is going ahead very fast, and many owners of pianolas, gramophones, etc., go to the retail dealers and try these reproductions, quite irrespective of the music publisher, and make their choice for purchase or hire, quite irrespective of whether they have heard the original played from sheet music. This practice will become more and more common, so that the music publisher's argument that he is entitled to a share in the mechanical instrument rights, if ever it was good, grows less and less valid. But I do not admit it was good. The music publisher is the agent of the composer to produce his music in a certain form specified in the contract, and the author's royalty is based

on this consideration. He is not the principal, to claim from the composer control over his rights. The editor of a magazine might as well claim a share in the book production, or the publisher of a book claim a share of the serial rights.

But the rules of this company contained other interesting statements.

The committee of the company was to be allowed to conduct or defend such legal proceedings, as they might sanction, apparently, without reference to the composer who was the owner of the rights. Under this rule they might neglect, perhaps for financial reasons, to protect the composer's rights, and in that case the composer would have no means of obtaining redress for infringements, as the transfer of his rights to the company would have prevented his taking independent action. Secondly, the committee might decide to take action in a case to which the composer might strongly object; and thirdly, the committee might take action in respect of the reproduction of the rights of one of its members, and get involved in a complicated lawsuit, leaving the rest of the members to bear the expenses of the proceedings, however indiscreetly the committee may have acted. The only limit upon the expenses was the total amount of all royalties collected. Generally, a society can rely on the subscriptions received, and no member is liable for anything more. But in the case of the company referred to, the whole income of the members for royalties on mechanical reproductions was at stake.

The principles embodied in the rules of this company have been put forward at some length. It may be that some of the rules have been altered since they were first promulgated; that milder methods have been suggested.

But the idea underlying the publishers' action is still the same; they desired to obtain 30 per cent. of property to which they had no right, which, under the very wording of the Act, was declared to be the composer's absolutely.

But there is something more bitter behind.

The management of the company was to be under the control of a Board consisting of six publishers, three composers and three authors. I understand that composers have been ready to accept places on that Board.

Under the Act another difficulty has arisen. It has been pointed out that the composer, although he had assigned his copyright before the Act came into force, was still allowed to maintain the right of mechanical reproduction in spite of such assignment. It seems, however, from recent evidence, that composers consider that the same principle applies to any contract entered into after the Act has come into force. This deduction is entirely false. Any assignment of copyright after the Act has come into force assigns to the publishers the rights in mechanical reproduction.

In the agreement printed on a previous page the publisher has taken advantage of this and claims 50 per cent. This is kind and generous, for, as he held the copyright, he might have taken everything; but he has also the power to licence or refuse to licence the reproduction. That they should retain this in their own hands is a matter which some composers might consider to be of the utmost importance.

Is it true, then, that composers are letting slip their opportunities, and are coming back to a worse slavery owing to the fact that copyright now means much more than it did? If it is true it is the fault of those in the forefront of the profession, who from their position could make a firm stand but refuse to do so. It is not the negative side, the faults of omission, which is making it so hard for those who are struggling to rise; it is the positive action and the sins of commission. While these continue it is much to be feared that there will be little change in the customary form of pseudo-agreement on which I have reluctantly been compelled to comment.

The Place of Martyrs

By H. G. Dwight

SENTIMENTAL, sentimental, my dear lady! It's grossly sentimental, and it isn't much of a story anyhow. Mine never are, you know. They're only notes for other people to make stories out of. And you mustn't think that it has anything to do, except by accident, with the name of the place. The place was named for the first Turkish skirmishers who fell in the conquest. It's quite a place, though, isn't it? Of course there are plenty of higher hilltops, looking down on broader lands and bluer seas. But there are not many so picturesquely furnished with ragged cypresses and grey old turbaned stones, from which you may behold two continents staring at each other so melodramatically. And I, for one, am acquainted with no hilltop that gives out quite so intricate a sense of life—of all the different kinds of people that have lived in the world, of all the fatalities and transformations that have befallen them, of the strange singleness in their destinies, and the strange impossibility that they should ever quite die out. Up there is Giant's Mountain, where Jason had such a bad time with King Amycus and which the Turks have turned into the grave of no less a personage than Joshua the son of Nun. Down there are the hills where Hannibal was buried. I wonder whether it would be anything to him to know that the castle under our feet was built by a terrible young man who battered down what was left of the Roman Empire. A Greek temple of Hermes stood there once. Then that bare brown country behind us—— They talk about the Roman *campagna*. I remember two young men in a compartment talking about it one afternoon as we rumbled out of the valley of Umbria. "È magnifica, ma melanconica," observed the one. "Also the sea renders melancholy," declared the other: "It is the infinite, the unattainable." Yet I don't know why I should laugh at them for being so much more eloquent than

two young Englishmen would have been—except that the Roman *campagna*, after this one, always seems to me so small and mild, a sort of happy hunting ground for painters and paper-chasers. It was meant to put in a gold frame and hang in a drawing-room. You can't put this *campagna* into a gold frame. It's too big and too melancholy. Too many horsemen have trampled its fields, cut down its woods, burned its houses, left it each more desolate than the last. But all the horsemen of Europe and Asia never quite trampled out some stubborn virtue that persists in it still, that proves itself in chosen lights, at changes of the year. And there are lost slopes and hollows where, among remnants of races and struggling patches of green, the old drama of the earth goes obscurely on. There! didn't I tell you I was going to be sentimental?

The day I discovered the place, though, I didn't trouble myself much about remnants of races or melancholy campagnas. I had ridden down here from Therapia, on one of those mornings we get oftener with a south wind than otherwise—when the sky and the Bosphorus have the light in them they ought to have if the Black Sea were not at our backs. You know that clear, soft, coloured, swimming light. I can't describe it, but it's the light in which Greece and Italy grew up. There's something irresistibly pagan about it. It always makes me forget that anybody but Jason and Byzas and Xenophon ever had any business here. So when I started to look for a road into that ravine behind us, and stumbled on those white stones you see at the edge of the slope, beyond the threshing-floor, I had a momentary impression of—what shall I say without being sentimental or callous? Those stones are the Armenian cemetery of the village down by the castle, and they made an incongruous note in a pagan morning. The Armenians have always been for me the least sympathetic of the races here. They have neither the history nor the physical appearance that attract one to some disinherited peoples, and their centuries of servitude have left not the happiest traces in their character. Then those neglected graves scattered on that burnt slope, unguarded by wall or rail, unshaded by so much as a scrub oak, cut off from sight of house or sea—they were like a sudden chill in that lighted summer sunshine.

However, I left it behind me, leading my horse down a sort of rocky trough that was evidently a watercourse in time of rain. The high banks on either side were overgrown with scrub oak and bay and those ragged blue flowers with jointed stems, whose name I never remember. Chicory, is it? The trail dropped into a wider one at the bottom of the ravine, where there was a trickle of water. There were also blackberry bushes in a tangle of honeysuckle and wild rose, and trees of some size. It was a pleasant place on a warm June morning. But I found a pleasanter one in the hollow just beyond, where three ravines met. A big oak-tree stood there, shading one bank of the brook. The other bank was the steep side of a hill, out of which, from a small brick archway, bubbled a spring. Branches of bay and linden hung above it, ferns grew in their shadow, sage-roses dotted the green. You would never have expected so delightful a spot in so burnt up a country. I tied my horse and sat down under the big oak. This time there was nothing to jar on my mood. There wasn't a house to see or a voice to hear. There were only the trickle of the water, the talk of the birds, the movement of the leaves, the shimmer of the steep slopes in the pagan light. On top of one of them a cypress tapered darkly into the luminous sky.

As I sat there, the only piece of incongruity, smoking cigarettes and taking in with the sweetness and coolness of the place the sense of that old Greek earth, I became aware of someone looking at me through the leaves of the opposite bank. It might have been a faun, tutelary to the pool or in search of its guardian nymph. At all events, he was a remarkably good-looking faun. He reminded me of a certain little Renaissance bronze, with low-growing curls and a pleasure-loving nose, that beats his cymbals in the Bargello at Florence. If it were a nymph he was looking for, I knew she was as good as lost, because his eyes were the most faun-like part of him—of a brown in which warmth and wildness were most perilously mixed. For myself, I was more occupied with his ears, trying to make out in the shadow if they were properly pointed. He obligingly assisted my investigations by jumping down the bank and asking me in Greek if I had a cigarette. That might have broken the spell, for who ever heard of fauns smoking—

to whatever other forms of enjoyment they may have been addicted? Moreover, sculpture does not present them in ragged blue shirts and nondescript trousers tied in at the waist by an apology for a white girdle. But the faun had so engaging a smile, he displayed such white teeth, his carriage was at once so lithe and so proud, that I could only find him more faun-like than ever. We accordingly entered into relations of some shakiness, my Greek being none too strong. The faun turned out to know Turkish, though, and much better than Greeks usually do. He told me that he worked in the strawberry fields near by. He also informed me that the spring in the archway was an *ayasma*, one of the holy wells in which the Levant abounds, dedicated to Ayo Yanni—St. John. I asked him if he were Ayo Yanni in person. He, smiling, replied that as a matter of fact his name was Yanni, but that for the rest he was no saint. I fear he spoke the truth. Yet how should he have been? He said that on the day of the saint, later in the summer, people came from everywhere about with candles, with music, with beer, and made merry in the hollow. While there were elements of incongruity in this picture, it only established me in my view of the faun. The custom he described was older, after all, than Christianity. I had discovered a Sacred Fount and its tutelary divinity.

Well, we chatted a while, and then I rode away. But I went back. I took a great fancy to that Sacred Fount and to that faun. There was a pleasant magic about them—their having survived, in their secret hollow, so many changes of those barren downs. The fountain must surely be of perpetual youth. It happened that I always returned to it on the same sort of day. When I got up in the morning and saw a Mediterranean light, I thought of the Sacred Fount. I doubted whether I should find anything there on an ordinary day. As it was, I rarely failed to find the faun—perhaps through his willingness to receive human offerings of tobacco. There were times, however, when I wondered what he was up to. He seemed to spend his days in an elegant leisure, unperturbed by the passing of the season and the work of the fields in which he had claimed a share. I asked myself if some hamadryad were hidden among the trees, who fled at my approach and reappeared when I was gone.

It was finally given to me to have light on the hamadryad. Yanni inquired of me one day if I could read. Upon my confessing that I could, he produced a scrap of crumpled paper, which he handed to me with some solemnity. I could scarcely make out the scrawling on it. I finally announced that the words were in Greek, and therefore to me unintelligible. "But if you can read——" objected Yanni. He evidently doubted my possession of the accomplishment I had boasted. I presume he thought that the language of writing was one, whatever the dialect written. I only wish it were so. However, we eventually succeeded in picking out between us the contents of the letter—for such it was—I pronouncing such vocables as I seemed to see on the paper, and Yanni correcting me out of his superior knowledge.

The letter, I concluded, was from a hamadryad, and one in distress. "My heart," it ran, "come once more. No one will hurt you. I am in Koum Kapou." I didn't quite like that of her—being in Koum Kapou. Koum Kapou is a fishy quarter on the south side of Stamboul, where the Armenian Patriarch lives. What should a hamadryad be doing there of all places? I looked at the faun, by way of finding out. As for him, he exclaimed with a sigh:

"These are the things a man must suffer!"

I was inclined to smile. Yanni looked as if he might, at a stretch, be nineteen.

"Well, are you going?" I threw out.

I remember he glanced behind him, in the quick way he had, before he spoke:

"It may be a trick."

"At least go and see," I said. "Let the fault be on the other side, if there is one." I always abound in specious sentiments at moments of indecision.

He considered it doubtfully. "*Vallah!* I don't know what to do," he finally uttered.

"But what if she should really need you?" I asked. "What if she should be ill?"

The hamadryad would have forgiven him anything in the world if she had seen his eyes when he answered me:

"She is. And the fault is mine."

He took his tobacco-box out of his girdle and began

rolling a cigarette. There was an extreme pliability about his crouching figure that gave him more than ever the look of a wood creature, ready to spring away at a sound. He might have been surprised to know that the stare I bestowed upon him was not without envy. He was evidently one of the favoured people to whom things happen. I have never made up my mind just how they differ from the rest of us. It isn't altogether a matter of looks. There are hatchet-faced young gentlemen, there are pimply ladies, who only have to put their nose out of the door to enter into a crucial relation with the first person they see. They are the people to whom the world belongs. They are on the inside, so to speak. We others are on the outside. We sit by and watch the hares that they have started. I, for example, might go to and fro a hundred years without entering into a crucial relation with a cat. All I know is that there is a wireless telegraphy going on about me, of which I haven't the code. Perhaps that is why I have such an inordinate curiosity about people's stories. They are never very extraordinary, to be sure. When you have heard one—or when you have heard three: how many possible stories did that Frenchman say there are?—you have heard the rest. But—I don't know—there are always variations, of character, of circumstance, that make each a little different from the last. If I hoped to hear the story of my faun, however, I was disappointed. Just at the wrong moment there appeared an old man who evidently desired speech of him. Without being exactly a humpback, the old man's shoulders looked as if he had never tried to stand up straight till that moment; and he had a cataract in one eye. He also carried a bundle done up in a painted handkerchief. Although he saluted me with no lack of respect, I felt myself *de trop*. I therefore took my leave.

I meant to go back the next day. I was rather curious about my mysterious young man, with his old gentlemen and young ladies. But the sun wasn't right, and the Embassy kept me busy. In fact, ten days or a fortnight passed before I had another pagan day. What a day it was, too! The crickets had come by that time. Do you like crickets? Some people don't, but they make me rather dotty. All the drowsiness and antiquity of summer is in them. They were like the sound of the clear

warm light as I rode over the hills. But I found no faun I concluded that he must have gone to Koum Kapou. So, after drinking from the Sacred Fount and leaving a votive box of tobacco beside it, I rode on up here. I came by another way I had discovered, a paved lane arched by bay-trees, through which you look down into the valley below. It comes out there, to the right of the Armenian cemetery. As I got near the top I heard a curious sound. It was a kind of chanting that rose and fell in the distance. When I was clear of the trees I made out a procession winding up the hill from the village. My first impression of moving white and colour made me think of the faun. Should he not be watching among the trees while youths and maidens, chanting, white-robed and chaplet-crowned, led some sacrificial creature through the pagan morning to some sacred height? But I soon saw how different a procession was this. A boy, in a sort of buff surplice with a red cape, led it, carrying a tall silver cross. Two other boys, a little behind him, carried what might have been silver pyxes at the end of long staves. They were followed by others still in white, singing, with censers and lighted candles. You don't know how strange that candle-light looked on such a morning. Then, among a crowd of bearers in different coloured capes, I saw a bier covered with a red pall. The bier was partly covered, that is. You know how they do. At one end was an uncovered pillow, and on the pillow an uncovered head jarred with the steps of the bearers, while two dreadfully white hands were clasped outside of the red pall. The head was that of a young girl, with a great mass of black hair, who should never have been carried up the hill like that, while crickets sang under such a summer sun. I wondered what could have brought her to the Place of Martyrs. After her came priests in black robes and white embroidered chasubles. I recognised them for Armenians by their brimless pointed hats of black or purple. One of them, with a long white beard, wore a black veil over his hat and carried a silver crosier. They were all chanting and swinging censers. They came on up the hill, chanting, chanting, passed me so close that my horse jumped, and climbed the last bit of slope to the Armenian cemetery. There I saw them stop, put down the bier, take off the pall, lift the body, and drop

it out of sight—like that, without any covering. It was horrible—that young girl, on such a summer morning——. I turned away and came up here.

It was of the nature of the faun that I suddenly found him beside me. By that time the people were gone. He squatted on his heels, as usual, and as usual I handed him my cigarette-case. But I realised that my paganism had somewhat cooled.

"Well, did you go to Koum Kapou?" I asked, glad to escape from the oppression of what I had just seen.

"No," he replied gravely, after a pause. "How did I know what they would do?"

"Why, what could they have done?"

"They might have made me an Armenian," answered Yanni.

The word and the hint of a smile drawn by my look made me conscious of something that had happened inside of me. I remembered the first time I came here, how those gravestones and their Armenian letters jarred on my pagan morning. This time—— I don't know; I presume it had never occurred to me before that one may have inglorious ancestors and a bulbous nose, and yet be subject to this queer adventure of life. The pitifulness of what I had seen somehow included the rest of those abandoned graves. These old boys around us here had as much to compensate them as anybody could for being bundled out of a warm and coloured world. They belonged to a great race. They died in a conquering cause. They laid up for themselves crowns of martyrdom for falling in holy war against the infidel. And they lie here now in their promised land, in sight of the continent that gave them birth, on one of the most romantic hilltops in Europe. But those other Asiatics, to whom no land ever was or ever will be promised, lie there in the face of that desolate campagna, in soil unfriendly whether Greek, Roman, or Ottoman, in all the ignominy and defeat of death. They made me think of a phrase in the Koran: "He who dies in a strange land dies the death of the martyrs."

"How could they make you an Armenian?" I asked at last. I suppose he meant that they wanted him to change the Orthodox for the Gregorian creed.

"They were very angry. They went to my father,

they took me to the Armenian priest; I don't know what they didn't do. That was why I went to Ayo Yanni. I have been there four months, hiding. My father brought me food sometimes—that old man you saw. I have never been away except at night. They would have killed me."

"But why?" I persisted, beginning to be interested in my faun again.

"Because—because of that girl you saw them take there," he replied, pointing to the Armenian cemetery. "I was apprentice to her father. He is a shoemaker in the village. The shop is downstairs, upstairs they live. I lived there too. And she—she became my friend." He drew meditatively at his cigarette. I could see that it would be easy for him and that young girl with the black hair to become "friends," and why they had left her at the Place of Martyrs. "How does one know that things will end like that?" he went on. "I would have married her, but they said I must first become an Armenian."

I must have stared ridiculously at that young man to whom things happened. I realised that he was telling me a story. It was the oldest and commonest of stories; and yet, in this place, among these people, it had a colour of its own. One of those chaps who scribble might have made quite a thing out of it, with all the frills and stuff they put in. He didn't put in enough—to suit me. I had to put them in for myself, while he sat smoking and staring down into the village where he hadn't dared to go for four months. There was such a look in his eyes, too. It made me forgive him for being so abominable, see him only as a piece of life, of blindness and fatality. It even made me, first dragoman of an Embassy, feel a queer respect for him, a cobbler's apprentice *quelconque*—the respect of the spectator for the actor. Then I saw the shadow fade out of his look. He threw away the stub of his cigarette, stood up, and stretched himself like an animal let out of a cage. He was all faun again as he smiled down at me, with his hands behind his head—young, handsome, wild, irresponsible.

"That also has passed!" he exclaimed.

Ragtime: The New Tarantism

By Francis Toye

A LARGE number of people, from a well-known musical critic to a writer in *Grove's Dictionary*, have tried to define rag-time. They have agreed that it is a syncopated or broken rhythm and leave it at that, generally adding that examples can be found in the classics. But I do not think that rag-time can be defined as a rhythm at all. True it has a characteristic rhythm and usually a syncopated one. But not invariably. The popular "Hitchy-Koo" and "Dixie," for instance, are hardly syncopated, yet it were pure pedantry not to class them as rag-time. For rag-time is essentially a popular term, and to the popular mind these particular tunes are not only "rags," but perhaps the best-known examples of "rags."

As a matter of fact, in the popular acceptance of the term, rag-time is rather a school than a rhythm. It denotes a species of music almost invariably associated with particular dances of a lascivious or merely ridiculous kind, with a peculiarly hideous lurch of the shoulders like a ship lopping from side to side in a swell, and, usually, with yells or interjections of most revolting sound. In any case, it seems to me as useless to define rag-time as the traditional camel. Everybody knows what it is, and, alas! as one of their own poets has said, "everybody's doing it now."

To most sane people, doubtless, the existence of rag-time is just a mild bore, a matter of ridicule rather than apprehension. That is not my view. I believe that it is a direct encouragement to hysteria, and that in a society where, as Sir Thomas Clouston writes in his "Neuroses of Development," "The social needs and restraints of modern

civilised life . . . unite with subtle hereditary nervous defects to make hysteria as common as it is," such encouragement is really dangerous. For be it noted in passing, rag-time, in just that technical sense of the work which I disclaimed above, has never taken any hold on the populace. They whistle and sing the tunes, of course; but the rhythm escapes them. They turn it, as a matter of fact, into ordinary two-four, preferring the tunes like "Hitchy-Koo," which are practically in that rhythm already. Doubtless this is partly due to their inability to reproduce a complex rhythm, but I suggest that it is also due to the fact that, from the nature of their lives, they are not so receptive of hysterical suggestion as the upper-classes. In any case, it is an undeniable fact that among these upper-classes rag-time appeals especially to the more neurotic individuals and cliques. *Ex hoc disce omnia.*

It is too often forgotten nowadays that rhythm has a direct effect on the brain. The Greeks knew it well enough and that is, largely, what Plato meant when he insisted on the kind of music proper to education. "Rhythm and Harmony," he writes in the *Republic*, "find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten." And it is amusing to note how much more modern is his point of view than that of his editor Jowett, who is inclined to scoff at him for attaching so much importance to music. For modern educationists and scientists are more and more coming round to the view that a proper rhythmical sense is the basis of character. To any sceptic I would recommend M. Jaques-Dalcroze's book on "Eurhythmics." This gentleman's system of rhythmic training has, it is well known, worked little short of wonders in musical education. An Englishman, Dr. Yorke-Trotter, has with methods somewhat similar, achieved no less remarkable results. And it must not be forgotten that in the former case, at any rate, not only musical but general education is aimed at. Could anything be more significant of the influence of sane rhythms? For what is education but the training of the motor-centres of the brain to act in harmony?

And without wishing to betray my ignorance by discussing psycho-therapeutics or psycho-physical polemics, I can assure the curious that an afternoon at the British Museum or the London Library will corroborate this point of view

in the most weighty (and often unintelligible) fashion. Edith Somervell, for instance, in her book on "The Rhythmic Approach to Mathematics," says: "Laws of curve-formation do not deal only with happenings among inanimate things and forces, but are a notation of laws of thought-sequence." And if an individual dancing and singing rag-time can be expressed in a curve, as I suppose he can, I am sorry for his thought-sequence! Moreover, it must not be forgotten that all these dynamic associations act and react on one another. Thus Feininger, Muensterberg, Clouston, all the authorities I chanced to light upon, agreed, from various points of view, in saying much the same thing, to wit, that there are true rhythms and true movements that are in accordance with nature, which is sanity, and false rhythms and false movements, which are allied with hysteria, neurosis and nervous instability generally.

Of course, it may be objected that rag-time is not rhythmically unhealthy at all, but merely a kind of "free declamation" with the accents falling in unexpected places. This point of view was lately put forward by a very able writer in *The Times*. He claimed, to begin with, that it had at least the merit of having dealt a fatal blow at the sloppy, rhythmless amateur. True, and we are all grateful. Moreover, I would add that it has exterminated that peculiar, slow, sensual waltz which once devastated our ballrooms. But because a very bad man murders a bad man we do not call the very bad man a saint. The *Valse Lente* might and doubtless did, drive people to conjugal infidelity, but rag-time, I verily believe, drives them to mania, and of the two alternatives I prefer the former—as a bachelor at any rate. Further, this writer assumes that the association of the tunes with the dances, which he admits to be disgusting and depraved, is purely accidental. He has absolutely no right to make such an assumption. Why should the inventors of such dances choose such rhythms or the composers of such rhythms patronise such dances unless they had something in common? Any dance is but the expression of music, imagined or heard. If the sentiments of the dance and the music are not allied the result is inevitably a failure from every point of view. And nobody could deny to rag-time, both in music and dance, at least the quality of success. But the writer of the article

finally gives himself away, I think, in saying that the characteristics of rag-time are absolutely identical with those of the hymns formerly sung by the negroes in the "white heat of religious fervour during some protracted meeting in church or camp." Exactly so. They show precisely the kind of "vitality" associated with Revivalism, and especially the type of Revivalism peculiar to the negro! What need have we of further witnesses? For of all hysteria that particular semi-religious hysteria is nearer to madness than any other.

But, quite apart from all this theorising, I would ask any person accustomed to analyse his own and other people's emotions whether he thinks that the effects of rag-time are beneficial. I have, personally, taken the trouble to do so in the case of two or three of my more intelligent, though disreputable friends who frequent the haunts where nothing but rag-time is played. All except one are emphatically of the opinion that since the introduction of rag-time people are much more given both to excitement and drink—and that not only when they are dancing. The one says that "he doesn't know, but it's certainly more stimulating." Naturally. Absinthe is more stimulating than good claret, and methylated spirit, so I am told, is far more exciting than whisky. Nobody denies the rhythmical power of rag-time, and rhythm is always "stimulating." But in this case the stimulus is that of an irritant. These "crotchety" accents, these deliberate interferences with the natural logic of rhythm, this lengthening of something here and shortening of something else there, must all have *some* influence on the brain. The behaviour of the chorus during the rag-time songs of the Alhambra revue, for instance, is not without significance. Any unsophisticated visitor from Mars, who did not know of their excuse, would judge from their looks, their movements, and their strident but pathetic yells that they were raving lunatics only fit for the Martian equivalent of a strait-jacket. Besides, I can speak from personal experience. During the three weeks round Christmas I happened to hear no music but rag-times. I could not get them out of my head; I could not concentrate, and I could hardly think. Indeed, till the advent of a respectable concert I suffered all the mental ills one is accustomed to associate with the advertisements of patent

medicines. What, then, must be the effect on those who never hear anything else? Doubtless they are not so sensitive, because they are not accustomed to musical and rhythmical receptivity as is a musical critic. But, in a greater or lesser degree, the effects are there all the same, working, unnoticed, to the general detriment of efficiency and even sanity. If it were not obvious that six months at the most would see this new Tarantism in its coffin, I might be tempted to approach the member for one of my two constituencies—there are, mark you, advantages in plural voting—and beg him to persuade Parliament to deport Messrs. Hirsch and Melville Gideon and their various satellites, both male and female, as highly undesirable aliens, before this unhappy country should be converted into an even larger lunatic asylum than it is at present.

In Memoriam

Captain Scott and the "very gallant gentlemen" who died with him, March, 1912

TIME'S mysteries are MAN'S chief monument:
Truth quarried by his courage witness bears
That he may harness heaven to his bent
Whose knowledge is the sum of all the years.
Now to earth's secret place his feet have striven!
Where ages turn in Desolation's womb
And dearth to ghastly death-in-life is given
To him is given glory for a tomb!
The unapparent South
Yields up her truth in tribute to the brave:
And from a dead man's mouth,
Above the horror of her winds that rave
With pitiless wide murder o'er his grave,
THE SPIRIT OF MAN, undaunted, mocks his doom.
Honour to them! Who, 'midst the fruitless throes
Of barren birth, and monstrous ice and gloom,—
Where, hundred-leagued, the ambush of the snows
Awaits to choke with death
All fruit of mortal breath
And hide the thing MAN'S lips spake ere they froze,—
Went forth for Truth and found! The whole world knows!

JOHN HELSTON.

Books of the Month

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM COBBETT IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By LEWIS MELVILLE. With 32 illustrations. Two vols. Lane. 32*s.* net.

To the foreigner who should ask us for a study of John Bull, we would proudly point to William Cobbett, for Mr. Melville's compilation should certainly enhance Cobbett's reputation as a husband and as a father, as well as a robust English citizen. He stands out in these pages not only as a fearless champion of the most oppressed and friendless of the working classes, but also as a beacon of honesty in an age dark with corruption. There is no doubt that had he chosen he could have had at the hands of Pitt not only place, but fortune, but he shrewdly saw that acceptance would only forge the fetters of his political slavery. He chose the more valiant part, and vigorously fought his way to become the greatest Free-lance that ever tilted at corruption in high places. But these letters show something more. They show that this truculent writer, who wrote as though he were wielding a bludgeon, was not only a very tender husband, but also an affectionate and sensible father. Mr. Melville has done us a service in printing the racy letters of Cobbett's daughter Anne, letters which indicate that this youthful, feminine comrade of Cobbett's had caught his literary style. "There will be warm work this winter in the Houses of Parliament," she writes to her brother, "the Whigs are trying to pick up a bit of a bobery about the country by declaring themselves for Reform." No father surely had ever a doughtier champion than Anne! Cobbett was not only an abstemious man, but one who strongly objected to loose sexual relationships. "There is one Hunt, the Bristol man," he indiscreetly wrote to Wright. "Beware of him. He rides about the country with a whore, the wife of another man, having deserted his own. A sad fellow! Nothing to do with him. Adieu." And this letter, by the way, brought him into a good deal of trouble. Some of the most interesting letters in the book are those which Cobbett (self-appointed and unpaid) wrote for Queen Caroline to the King, and to her Royal son-in-law. Picture Cobbett trying to adapt his style to that of a letter-writer at Court! The dullest letters are those which he wrote to Windham, and these might just as well have been jettisoned, as they shed but little light upon Cobbett's character. The biographer pictures this turbulent agitator as quite a success in the House, where, by his humorous, conversational style, he captured its ear. The book contains a valuable bibliography of first editions of Cobbett's books, and many reproductions of Gillray's entertaining caricatures, which together add distinct value to the book.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES. By H. M. HYNDMAN. Macmillan.

This is good to read—whether the admonition relative to the more digestive processes of an ancient formula be recognised for the book as wisdom, or refused it on similar grounds, whether Socialism be rejected as impracticable, or heralded as essential because inevitable, for one and the same reason, viz., "Human nature being what it is." In its five hundred odd pages Mr. Hyndman has collected an abundance of anecdote diverse enough and never dull; the tragedy of the individual is there, as in the story of Eleanor Marx that he gives to the world; the tragedy of that quarter of our people, worse fed, worse housed, worse clothed, than

are hunters or lapdogs, is like an indictment in the grasp of his strong personality, in a hand as ready after seventy years of life, and but the more determined for its thirty years of struggle in the van of the Socialist battle. There is a long chapter on Bernard Shaw, and if the Fabian mind will object that its prototype's satire is undervalued in its utility as a "dissolvent" of present-day shams, those whose Socialism is inspired by the infection and passion of a living humanity, rather than that of a theorising one, will agree with the denunciation of Shaw's Sardonic Acid, his Psychological Wet Blankets for the fevers and fervours of Enthusiasm, his serious efforts to idealise for mankind the more playful tendencies of the office-boy. Those who have lived among "the lower orders" will understand their rejection of the illustrious Irishman and his Fabians for firebrands of the first water. At a time when the curse of Compromise is heavy on the land, when the truth of what should function as a method of adjustment has become apotheosized into an altogether higher principle of human progress and development, Mr. Hyndman's book will be welcome to many revolutionists, otherwise widely at variance in some of their ideas. If his contribution on the South African war will find many dissentients, the majority of readers will agree that all the truth of that disastrous campaign has not been forthcoming. His appeal for a citizen army and a big navy is free from the Jingoism he denounces, and which provides the material for the relation of personal incidents and encounters in the East End and in the West End at the time of the war. Those who object to his condemnation of Bureaucracy, as illogical in a Socialist, will be doing him less than justice if they fail to recognise that, from a Socialist's point of view, the practical effect of Capitalism is an attempt to vindicate its own hypothesis: that incentive to human endeavour can best influence mankind by appeal to cupidity. If that the encouragement of greed is the best way towards its elimination be the last word in human wisdom, *who is* illogical? who responsible? The salaried Bureaucracy of Mr. Lloyd George is *not* Socialism, says Mr. Hyndman. For the rest, there is enough of personal incident in the book to satisfy anyone for whom the subjective is a matter of less importance.

QUEEN ANNE. By HERBERT PAUL. Hodder and Stoughton. *7s. 6d.*

An admirable history of the twelve years which constituted the reign of the last of the Stuarts. Fortune is capricious, and does not always throw the mantle of monarchy across the right shoulders. It was perhaps the chief misfortune of Anne, so singularly dominated by other women, that fate made her a queen. Yet she was a harmless monarch (to judge her only by what went before and what came after), even if it be true that she "never seemed to realise that her reign was made illustrious by the verse of Pope and the prose of Swift, as well as by the finance of Godolphin and the arms of Marlborough." Marlborough, the brilliant, the incomparable, the irresistible—the restorer to England of the European prestige which Cromwell had won and the earlier Stuarts lost—is the hero of Mr. Paul's book. Mr. Paul, like most historians, has his likes and dislikes, and it is because this clear and excellent account of an important epoch deserves to be regarded as more than a primer that we regret he has not thought it necessary to annotate it with the references and authorities which would add so much to its value.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE ENGLISH STAGE. By D. E. OLIVER. John Ouseley, Ltd. *1s. 6d.*

Mr. Oliver is so obviously enthusiastic and his account so racy that one is swept into mid-current without being quite aware of what is happening. The fact that the book had been delivered in lecture form previously, in and around Manchester, may account to a certain extent for the raciness, and may also explain why four pages of a small book are devoted to killing the dead bogey of the explanatory soliloquy.

Passing over rapidly the development of the stage from the Miracle Play to the morality, with a chapter on the Restoration and two on the nineteenth century, he devotes a very virile chapter to the music-hall and cinema, a specially lurid passage, and one which gives the whole tone of the book, being ". . . to the trash, drivel, and filth which too many variety theatres offer for pubilc delectation."

DANTE AND THE MYSTICS. By EDMUND G. GARDNER. Dent. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

To class Dante resolutely among the mystics or poets of mysticism would be to make a definition straining the delicacy of the fine and elastic genius of the great mediæval, but it is with the mystical side that there was in Dante's composition that this book of Mr. Gardner's deals. Father Tyrrell has said: "All love is mystical in that it refuses the exact analysis of reason, which, without contradicting, it ineffably transcends"; but Dante was a mystic in a much clearer and more precise way than is suggested by that rather facile explanation. That the love of man for woman, finding itself greater than the object of its devotion will turn to the love of God we know, and it is with the relations of Dante's spiritual and temporal emotions that Mr. Gardner's analysis is concerned. Further than that, we are shown the direct influences of scholastic writers on the poet. The author gives some instances of the way in which the *Inferno,* and to some extent the *Purgatorio,* have analogies with certain passages in St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei.* The Neo-Platonic elements in the *Convivio* have been traced to Dionysius, but Mr. Gardner refers them back further to Proclus. St. Bernard's influence on the poet is the subject of a chapter alive with points of scholarly interest, some of which Mr. Gardner can only leave in an interrogatory form. Abelard, St. Bernard's most famous opponent, is not mentioned in the *Divina Commedia.* This book of Mr. Gardner's is a serious work, evidencing patient study and research, and will certainly reveal sides of Dante's mind even to those who imagine they know their poet truly and well.

PORTRAITS AND SPECULATIONS. By ARTHUR RANSOME. Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Arthur Ransome's maturity is as charming as his youth when he was the gay enthusiastic showman of Bohemia in London, and the prose poet of a thousand moods. His maturity is at the same time more solid. He has become a scholar whose reading in ancient and modern languages is broad and deep. His style has advanced from a delicate but uncertain sweetness to a resonance and dignity which prove that his time was not wasted in Bohemia. Very noticeable, too, is his intimacy with French literature. He has, for example, in the present volume an essay on Aloysius Bertrand, whom most readers of Baudelaire and Ste. Beuve have allowed to remain a name. With the personal help of Anatole France and M. Champion, of the Quai Malaquais, an intimate and illuminating study has been made of a genius who was fortunate only in an early death. There are fuller studies also of Coppée and Alphonse Daudet, written as long ago as 1909, and having in them rather more of Mr. Ransome's earlier and more exuberant manner than the work of 1911 and 1912, here represented by essays on Remy de Gourmont, Nietzsche, Pater, on "Art for Life's Sake," and "Kinetic and Potential Speech." One other early essay there is, however, on the Japanese who writes English poetry, Yone Noguchi. Mr. Ransome knew him well in 1902, and recalls for us such details as how, even in the poet's handling of a cigarette, "whose end he stripped of its paper so that the tobacco might serve in the making of another (we were almost penniless in those days), there was a delicacy that made it impossible not to recognise that he was a man who lived more finely than most."

These portrait-studies are in Mr. Ransome's best and most cordial

manner. But he makes a notable departure and advance in his two essays in literary theory. His study of Pater proves him keenly alive to some of the most important questions of style, and incidentally reminds us that Mr. Ransome served part of his apprenticeship in Pater's workshop. Perhaps in Pater's reference to De Quincey's distinction between the literature of "power" and the literature of "knowledge" is to be found the origin of his own brilliantly written essay on "Kinetic and Potential Speech." Pater remarked that in the literature of "power" "the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present." Mr. Ransome amplifies this with equal dignity and picturesqueness, and no less a critic than Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie has acknowledged that the definition and distinction therein established make a permanent contribution to criticism. The same qualities mark the essay on "Art for Life's Sake," where, with enthusiasm both sturdy and graceful, he silenced the cries of "Art for art's sake" and "Art for conscience' sake," and substituted the reasonable but stirring cry of "Art for Life's Sake," which lamb and lion may raise together. This essay marks perhaps the high-water mark of Mr. Ransome's work, and has most of the dignity of thought and dignity of style which are natural to his maturity. We should suggest, however, that he runs some risk of excessive dignity. Once or twice we have noticed him giving way to a ceremonious phrase like "It will be our privilege to be grateful." It is a weakness incident to professorial work, and whether or not this is the explanation in Mr. Ransome's case, to avoid it would be a gain, though the suggestion is made with a consciousness of appearing ungrateful for great gifts, of wishing to gild refined gold. A word should be said in praise of the exterior of this book. It closely resembles one of Pater's books.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE: A CRITICAL STUDY. By EDWARD THOMAS. Secker. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

A short time ago Mr. Clutton Brock weighed Shelley the man and the poet in the balance of prudent middle age, and here in this *Critical Study* we see Mr. Edward Thomas working, beaver-like, in the bed and on the banks of the thundering Swinburnian torrent. It is an artistic sight, this cool and fastidious figure probing and peering amid the boulders and eddies, amid the tangled branches and mud and detritus that the "bright brown waters" have deposited in their headlong rush. Criticism, in general, is dull, because in discussion the subject's living colour and movement fade out, being replaced by verbal abstractions. Mr. Thomas, with instinctive cunning, has shut the doors of the critical laboratory, and makes his tests and asks the poet his questions in the atmosphere of "sea and bright wind, and heaven of ardent air." It is a most skilful performance, this open-air examination, and the selection of the network of passages, on which the commentary is hung, shows what a fine knowledge Mr. Thomas possesses of the literary lie of the land. For indubitably we are plunged by this study into the thick of the poetic forest, we pass in review its characteristic features and superabundant growths, its barren places and pitfalls, its wastes and wildernesses. To the superficial observer Mr. Thomas, with his fine air of detachment, his discreet malice, and his tone of reservations in his outspoken praise, may appear to be belittling Swinburne's poetic achievement. But, in fact, this exacting analysis, this very limitation of sympathy, this recurring implication that sublime Olympian heights rise behind the spiritual peaks that the poet trod, demonstrate what a wealth of elemental forces went to shape the beauties of the Swinburnian landscape. When the worst is out about the work of "this most extravagantly artistic" of men, viz., that of a considerable section of it, "hardly one verse means anything in particular, hardly one line means anything at all," and that even of many of the best poems, the magic cadences, the sweetness of the words, and the wonderful rhythmical inventions are really the vital spirit of their being, quite apart from their appeal to our soul or intellect, the poet and critic

conjointly agree that Music is the Court of Appeal. Many of Mr. Thomas's critical *dicta* are very happy, as: "In some of the poems, and consummately in *Anima Anceps*, the rhyming words have a life of their own, as of birds singing or fauns dancing." And again: "There is no other poetry where the substance is so subdued to the musical form of verse. It is not thought set to music, but music which has absorbed thought." Perhaps Mr. Thomas is least happy, and perhaps also least fair to Swinburne, when, discussing the *Songs to Liberty*, he suggests, "Swinburne seems to be definitely assuming a part; he has come from outside to celebrate men and events of which I cannot feel that he was the equal, save in ardour, and their ardour has a certain thinness and shrillness." He also fails to see the inevitable distinction between the ardour of twenty-five and the contracting horizon of fifty-two, when he writes, "he gave reason to believe that accident had consecrated to Liberty, Love, and Peace a nature that might have sung Tyranny, Hate, and War with equal bigotry." But in this and in half a dozen other passages where the critic's cool suspicions declare his bias, it is not Swinburne who suffers. The study, in fact, is extraordinarily dextrous, both as a literary expostion and cross-examination of a genius whose strength and weaknesses partake of the nature of the elemental forces which inspired him.

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE: Being selections from the writings of Arthur Christopher Benson. Compiled by CAROLINE ABBOTT DERBY. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s*. net.

ONE of the features of the publishing world of the moment is the prevalence of the anthology of excerpts from the works of living authors. During the past month or so we have seen separate volumes of such selections from the works of Mr. Henry James, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Temple Thurston, and now Mr. A. C. Benson has received a like apotheosis. There is no reason why such volumes of selections should not appear, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why some of those named should. The selection from Mr. Benson's works is not among the latter; on the contrary, it makes a very excellent and companionable book, which will delight his old readers and probably bring him new. Mr. Benson himself contributes an introduction to the volume.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND ITS GEOGRAPHIC CONDITIONS. By ELLEN CHURCHILL SEMPLE. With Maps. Constable. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

IN studying Miss Semple's extraordinarily interesting volume we find ourselves almost persuaded that it is the earth itself rather than the initiative of man which accounts for the destiny of nations. This is not precisely what she intends; it is only the impression left by her scientific and also very ingenious examination of geography and nation-making. The Norwegians first discovered America, both because they were the nearest to America and because their own mountain barriers threw them out upon the sea; they were cast back from America because the discovered regions of Greenland and Labrador were barren, inhospitable lands. The Portuguese and Spaniards won in the race for the Indies because the trade-winds wafted them as if by accident to their Eldorado; Holland was next in the field because her geographical position in Europe had trained her to seek expansion overseas. When the French and the English came into conflict on North American soil, the victory went to the English settlers because their rivers and mountains had shut them into a narrow area and made them strong and compact, while the French had been scattered by the lure of the Great Lakes and the Upper Mississippi. And again, it is the Appalachian Barrier and the vast, well-watered plain stretching to the gorges of the Rockies which have cut the Americans off from Europe, have made them a westward-looking people, and have inspired

them with a distinctive nationalism on the one hand, and on the other with dreams of capturing the trade of the Orient. Miss Semple has unrivalled knowledge of her subject, and an imaginative grasp of the broad trend of history. We should not like to see history studied exclusively in this way; but it is important to recognise that to the existing methods—the study of individuals in history, the study of institutions, and the study of economics—has now distinctly been added a fourth, the method of the scientific geographer.

THE LETTERS OF A POST-IMPRESSIONIST. Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent van Gogh. Constable. *7s. 6d.* net.

THE introduction to these letters discusses van Gogh from a Nietzschean standpoint. It is ponderous and precocious, and its judgment of art is as bad as could have been expected from one who is totally ignorant of the meaning of it. The translator informs us that the letters are but fragments from which the soul has been torn by pious persons. None but the translators can know how little of the unadulterated originals have come to us; and the latest of these defends the cleaning business by saying that if the suppressed parts had been retained they would have lowered the market value of "the publishable parts." Very pretty. But the truth is that Professor Anthony M. Ludovici perceived in these damaged goods a fine opportunity to label the Dutchman with German glue. As to the method, let a sample or two of the professor's splashes suffice. He finds it necessary to explain away van Gogh's madness. It would never do to allow either Nietszche or van Gogh to be born with pathological potencies; nothing of the sort must smoulder in their gametes. So we are informed that, figuratively, they went mad through "trying to study the laws of a spinning top in the midst of the traffic of the city." Worse follows. The professor tries to square van Gogh's face with the Nietzschean doctrine of the body and face. In doing so he reminds one of Lombroso's method of marking off criminals and idiots.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF JAPAN. By E. J. HARRISON. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is certainly one of the most interesting books that has been written on Japan, because it really introduces the Western public to certain occult aspects of Japanese arts which have never hitherto received attention.

The subject is Judo, which is the highest form of ju-jitsu, in which art the author became extremely proficient. What he has to relate about the feats of the great exponents of Judo is quite marvellous. The trouble really is that Mr. Harrison has not revealed the secrets of these people, so that we are not able to carry out the experiments that we should like to after reading his book. His account of what the Japanese call tanden, that part of the abdomen just below the navel, as the centre of human courage, is certainly extraordinary, and has unquestionably an enormous amount of truth in it. The ability to use the shout or kiai as a weapon for good or evil is certainly unknown in England. Of course, it is merely a matter of strength and force of will. And many people who have been in tight corners have often been struck with the peculiar feeling in the tanden, which, with the Japanese, is the nerve centre of strength for combat and the expression of courage.

Later on the author rather weakens his case by admitting that he himself is inclined to occultism and mysticism, thereby considerably destroying our faith in some of his astounding stories, so that we pass on to other things that he writes about with less sympathy.

WITH THE TURKS IN THRACE. By ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Heinemann.

OF all the books on the war this is in all probability the best, because Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was the only correspondent, with the exception of one other, to see the great battle of Lule Burgas. He actually saw more of the fighting between the Turks and the Bulgars than anybody else.

That he did so must be set down to his own peculiar genius coupled with that luck which is part of it. Here one gets a very able description of what did take place, and the story has a human interest because his brother, Seabury, was out there helping him, is always turning up at odd moments, once actually saving the life of his brother after the great battle, who was exhausted and half-starving, but always turning up fresh as paint, with a two weeks' growth on his chin, thus giving to the book an almost boyish delight in the hardships, escapades, privations, and dangers to which they were continually exposed, over all of which they triumphed with singular credit and *bravoura*.

Mr. Ellis Bartlett, who has hitherto been regarded as a great Turkophil, comes out in this book as a very determined judge of Turkey's centuries of misrule and disorganisation, the inevitable results of fatalism.

The only thing we would like to criticise in this really interesting book is that he complains rather severely of the Bulgars for not rushing on after the great defeat and breaking into Constantinople. It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Bartlett that the real reason of Bulgaria's armistice was political, not military, as so often is the case; as was the case all the time with us in the Boer War. No doubt, from the purely military standpoint, Bulgaria should have swept down on the heels of the rabble after Lule Burgas and taken Constantinople. They did not do so because at that time things were looking so serious on the part of Roumania, Austria, and Germany that it was deemed wiser in the interests of Europe to desist from too complete a victory.

This is a chapter, too, that will some day have to be written.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CARLYLE. By DAVID ALEC WILSON. Alston Rivers.

IT is not for THE ENGLISH REVIEW, which published the article by Frank Harris, to go into the rights or wrongs of Carlyle's impotency. The matter in any case has a purely literary interest, and it was in that sense that Harris apparently renewed the controversy stirred up by Froude. Mr. Wilson's book is certainly closely reasoned, very judiciously put and admirably argued, and on the whole one is inclined to think that his vindication of Carlyle is justified. On the other hand, the book is sicklied o'er with a very specious kind of sanctimonious self-righteousness which seriously detracts from its literary qualities and also from its value as evidence.

The Preface, by Sir James Crichton-Browne, is really an example of Scottish clan unction, most irritating. Mr. Wilson himself is free from this taint, but he is surely making a great mistake when he condemns Harris for having made Carlyle say, "there is no Falstaff in Jesus." Whether Carlyle or Harris said it, is immaterial. That is good, and it is the only thing personally that I shall remember out of all this rather fatuous controversy.

FICTION

THE CELEBRITY'S DAUGHTER. By VIOLET HUNT. Stanley Paul and Co.

THE kinema style is invading fiction, and in this almost abominably clever story Miss Violet Hunt lays it on, and lays us out, in the most approved picture manner. There is no shade. It scintillates, sparkles, gleams, switches on and off, just fascinates all the time, like an electric show—quite an achievement. A little—ah, yes!—a little vulgar; slangy, racy, a bit slovenly, too, yet, when that is said, there still remains the book, which is one to read, and one that will be read. Her women—these are types drawn with the certainty of Holbein. Not over pleasant, to be sure, not lovable natures. But they are real people, people we know, that we meet, and there is no getting away from the fact. Yet how much better a book of this sort than the sugared artificiality of so many of our novelists, themselves out of touch with life, who write because they can write, and not because they have something definite to say! Violet

Hunt has something definite, even if there is a touch of malice about it, which may, however, be merely an attitude. As a kinema study of modern life, this book has an interest of its own; it is so far above the ordinary work of its kind in power of observation, clear and rapid presentation. Perhaps it is a pity the author has allowed herself to be so slangy—it is a tendency that seems to be growing upon her—but we get our money's worth, with plenty of fun and revelation. Violet Hunt really does reveal her characters. And who will deny that the dreadful vulgarity of all these people is not a true kinema picture of their kind and their class?

HARRY THE COCKNEY. By EDWIN PUGH. Werner Laurie. 6s.

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new fiction is cast in the form of an autobiography, but with practically no attempt to give it verisimilitude, even in its opening sentences, which are: "To begin, then, at the beginning, since this is autobiography and no ordinary fiction. My name is Harry Weaver—Harry, not Henry. I was born about forty years ago. My family have been barbers for many generations." And all through the book the writing is not that of a Cockney "different from the rest of his kind in that he has become more or less articulate," which, according to Mr. Pugh, Cockneys seldom are. It is the writing of a quick, clever writer, who prefers the immediate to the final effect, who leaves the pounds to take care of themselves. This, however, they refuse to do. Almost every page is spotted with plums of reflection, description, or dialogue. Thus, the fat father does not like thin men, and says: "I never could abide them walking miseries myself. Give me a man with a presence on him." He comes down on Sunday mornings, sniffing the tainted air and growling: "Funny thing! Whenever I fancy kippers there's always a bloater, and whenever I fancy a bloater it's always a haddock," at which the wife interrupts with the supposition that when he fancies pheasant it is eggs and bacon, which leads him to remark: "Anybody would think all the pigs and all the hens was dead." The more or less articulate Cockney can always enliven us with such a sentence as "He would go into one of those Italian shops in the Euston Road and swill hot raspberry and scuff the richest and most expensive pastries as if there were no hereafter." In fact, this ability runs away with some of the elements of reality. For example, can a man who is descended from a long line of barbers, whose father and mother always had "winkles or shrimps or watercress, as well as muffins in their season, and jam and marmalade and cake" for Sunday tea, who was proud of his home, can such a one be called an "offspring of the gutter"? Yet so he calls himself. There are other slight inconsistencies. In one place he amuses us by saying that it seemed to him, as a little boy, that his parents "must be very wicked or they could never have been so happy"; in another he speaks of the "hallowed associations" of home, and of how it is still difficult not to think of his father as "the finest man that ever lived"; yet again he pictures both parents going to lie down after Sunday's dinner in a tone that need not be altered for any poor couple; he makes his mother, who is at one moment worthy of his father, at another time speak "in a kind of husky screech." The little boy who indulged in "orgies of cruelty," reappears a little later "morbidly sensitive and shy and pensive, timid and shrinking," a not unlikely development, but imperfectly indicated. Then in one place the National School hymns are said, even in recollection, to make old boys feel "sullenly miserable and acutely blasphemous"; in another place the boy is made to wonder if "the melting influences of the soft words and sweet music" would soften his enemy. On the same page he will say that he can see the old parlour as vividly as the room he is writing in, and *suppose* it was "a dreadful parlour." Mr. Pugh's Cockney cannot give up any chance of being effective, and so is continually alternating or combining the attitudes of a child and of an adult. The vision, perhaps, is the child's; the comment, though not so indicated, is usually the adult's. There are also good passages, like the Sunday at home, where the adult is painting a

humorous picture almost regardless of the child, so that really, in this instance, we are surprised to hear the child exclaim: "Sunday—weary, dreary Sunday—is over." Such is the artistic imperfection of a clever and vigorous book, full of humanity, as well as of cockneyism.

DAPHNE IN PARIS. By the Author of *Daphne in the Fatherland*. Andrew Melrose. 1913. 6*s*.

THE material of this book has been made very familiar by the work of Gyp's most popular English imitator. The young girl of good family on a visit to an elderly French lady, intriguing sisters-in-law, "snaky-compelling" married women, indefatigably amorous cavalry officers, dances, races, the Faubourg. Why can't they leave the Faubourg alone for a bit? Its inhabitants are just the people the average middle-class English tourist never meets. And surely we have had enough high-falutin' about Versailles and the *ancien régime*. The style of the book is both slapdash and cumbrous, without the occasional wit and the light touch which redeemed its flashy prototype.

THE WAYS OF EVE. By ROY MELDRUM. Andrew Melrose. 1913. 6*s*.

THIS book contains two really excellent bits: the point-to-point race, ridden—and, need we say, won?—by the heroine, and the struggles of her schoolboy brother with his Cæsar. His methods of tackling the translation and the results which he obtains must have been studied from life. Thus does young England, at great expense to its parents, learn to appreciate the grandeur that was Rome. The easy swing of an unpretentious style carries one over the improbabilities of a plot abounding in kidnappings, elopements, rescues, stray shots, incriminating letters, and other delights, rare indeed in a peaceful West Country village. The characterisation is indistinct and uneven; the heroine totally unreal but rather "taking."

JOHN CHRISTOPHER. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN. Heinemann. 4 vols. 6*s*. per vol.

THE last volume of Mr. Cannan's translation of *John Christopher* is now before the public. The whole vast work is accessible to those who are content to read their French authors in English. It is astonishing not so much by reason of its sheer length—surely Hugo's *Les Miserables* is considerably longer, and Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is not far behind—but by reason of its scope, its all-embracing criticism, its prodigious intention. Clearly nothing would be easier than to discover faults in a work which attempts so much. It consists of ten parts, crammed in this edition into four volumes; but it was only in the first two and the last three parts that we felt that greater compression would have been a serious gain. In that first volume it is difficult to fall in with the long stride of M. Rolland; and, like most novelists, he has not quite succeeded in penetrating the inmost heart of a young child and turning it inside out for our inspection. And in the last volume, wherein John Christopher discovers a religion for himself and passes into an almost serene old age, we begin to feel some dragging in the interest, some falling off in the keen criticism of life, as if the author were already anxious for a reincarnation of his hero.

But we must understand that M. Rolland is not aiming at the neat, well-made story which none can make more cleverly than his countrymen. There are a score of stories in this life-cycle which he has constructed; there are a hundred themes upon which he rings the changes; there are aspects of life innumerable which he unfolds. And yet the whole is very far from lacking in construction. The broad scheme is planned out like a system in philosophy. And his subject is as vast. For it is nothing less than the whole of life as it presents itself to the artist—not life reduced to a few abstract principles as it is in philosophy, but life presented in the infinite variety of intense experience, the experience which in one aspect is sheer doing and suffering, and in another aspect is food for the imagination and the intellect.

Nothing less than the whole of Europe is needed for M. Rolland's scene; nothing less than the whole of a man's life for his subject. And he has deliberately chosen a type of man who shall be moved by the life-force in its most active and vehement manner. He has needed a genius for his hero; he has made him an artist because the artist is of all men most concerned with experience, and the truth in experience, for its own sake, without any ulterior end. And he has made him a musician, because music requires the most elaborate discipline and is at the same time wholly spontaneous in its inspiration; it is a self-contained art, though to the musician, who interprets everything in terms of music, it is co-extensive with the whole of life as he conceives it.

John Christopher is a musical genius, and for M. Rolland that means that he is also a great man. Living is to Christopher as important as creating, and in his view nothing is life which is not creation, nothing is creation which is not of the essence of life. We see him growing up in *bourgeois* surroundings in a German provincial town, evincing his powers at an early age, an awkward, obstinate, passionate boy. We watch him in the first tempestuous love-affairs of his adolescence, in his early criticisms of conventional religion, in the general "unease" of youth. The ecstasy of passion and the fury of mere living alternate with the consciousness of the need to create and zealous devotion to expression. He becomes critical of everything that exists in German art and in German life. He sees the necessity of making "a clean sweep of all admiration and respect got at second-hand." He sees what he calls the "German lie," the hypocrisy and insincerity in German art—the hollow idealism, the emotional complacence, the talking habit, the "anæmic lying" of derivative culture. He himself, in his own professional experience, in his eagerness for active life, finds himself violently protesting against all the shibboleths which are the passwords to success; as it happens he strikes, not the emotional complacence of the Germans, but the cast-iron armour of German militarism.

He goes to France; and here, in Paris, where he had been led to expect freedom and generosity, he finds something even worse than he had found in Germany. There was freedom, indeed, the freedom of triviality and recklessness. He found incessant talk about *form*, which existed at the expense of *life*. He found logic, indeed, but the logic of lunatics, "ready to sacrifice themselves and everybody else for one of their syllogisms." There was a fine sense of irony, but an irony which killed faith.

By "faith," he does not mean the creed of conventional religion. It implies for him vitality, creation—whether it be the passionate creation of sexual love or the equally passionate creations of art—everything that is opposed to standing still, to routine, to nothingness. M. Rolland has achieved the most difficult of all tasks—that of making a hero who persuades us that he is a man and a genius. He has written, in fact, a biography of the creative genius *par excellence*. He can make people act in a lifelike way, but he is strongest in describing them, in hitting off their characteristics in a few paragraphs, in showng the effects they produce on his hero. As criticism of art—not only German and French—the book is invaluable. It is criticism which brings art definitely in relation to life, and it equally definitely makes it a matter of the imagination—Christopher is one of the "voices of God." It is the biography of a genius, a criticism of France and Germany, an exposition of the meaning of the art-impulse, a picture of what is true and what is false in society, a setting forth of the whole world in terms of M. Rolland, in fact, a prodigious *tour de force*, exciting both to the imagination and the intellect.

ISRAEL KALISCH. By W. L. GEORGE. Constable. 6*s*.

IT is not a necessary fault to a novel that it be a tract. Some of the best of novels have been tracts, as, for instance, *One of Our Conquerors, Anna Karenina, Crime and Punishment, Jude the Obscure*. The question is: what sort of a tract is it? If *Anna Karenina* had been a cushion on

which the object-lesson was thumped, instead of being a living soul who demonstrated it in her vitality, her book would still have been a tract, but it would have been no more. And in *Israel Kalisch* its eponymous hero is less a living soul than a convenient cushion. Not that Mr. George identifies himself with his sermon. That need not be. The Jewish lad who grew to a man of striking appearance, flaming red hair and beard, pale skin, and wonderful blue eyes; who, by his large idealism and quick sympathies (things always anarchic in their tendency), became an active anarchist, and finally met his death by the misthrowing of a bomb, may not hold Mr. George's views, and it does not matter whether he do or do not. The point is that he is more a lay figure for these views than a recognisable soul of whom they are an integral part. The other characters in the book live, though they are rather distinguished by their description, and by the employment of certain phrases and actions, than by a real difference in personality. But they and Kalisch live, as it were, by reason of their environment, and the strength of Mr. George's book lies in his depiction of that environment. That was so in *The City of Light*; it is even more so now. He describes, evidently as the result both of fairly wide experience and painstaking examination, certain aspects of cosmopolitan life in New York and London where Israel lives his life, struggling painfully that it should be lived, and seeks to understand the wretched pattern that Society in its cowardice and avarice has made of life. Men like Leidunvitz and Warsch, women like Sonia and even Karsavina (whom Israel saves from suicide, and who loves him wildly for his idealism and personal beauty) are like points where that environment has uttered itself in an expressive symbol The dirt and poverty that, being in a non-English atmosphere, do not necessarily degrade; the fierceness of those that are ground down; the strikes that fail; the desperation that this inevitably engenders; the curious sense (one of the most remarkably accurate things in the book) of getting outside the English class-stratification in the very midst of an English system. are all faithfully presented. It is more than photography; it is more than stereoscopy; for there is atmosphere. And yet the book fails in a literary sense, and not only because the style is without form or value. It will be read, however, and it will have its effect, for it is good journalism.

TAMSIE. By ROSAMUND NAPIER. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s*.

A GIPSY story, and one for which George Borrow himself would allow the claim for kinship to his own literary offspring. It is a graphic picture of the customs and superstitions, the instincts and passions, of the oldest and most interesting and least known wanderers upon the earth. It is redolent of sun, wind, and rain as they sweep over the Exmoor downs.

PHILOSOPHY

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NIETZSCHE: AN EXPOSITION AND AN APPRECIATION. By GEORGE CHATTERTON-HILL, Ph.D. John Ouseley, Ltd. 7*s*. 6*d*.

This is a work calling almost as little for praise as it does for blame. The author's avowed purpose is to explain the Nietzschean philosophy, and this purpose on the whole he successfully accomplishes by the aid of long Nietzschean quotations and long Nietzschean periphrases in which he trots faithfully along at the heels of his great master. So far as we can judge from the body of the book Dr. Hill would appear to be so orthodox a Nietzschean that he considers criticism, if not blasphemous, at any rate irrelevant. At any rate, no criticism is provided, although in his penultimate chapter, Dr. Hill actually suggests that, "judged by the standard of pure erudition, the value of Nietzsche may be inconsiderable," and questions the validity of some of the philosopher's most important theories. Nevertheless, the chapters on "The Will of Power" and "The Theory of

Knowledge" are able expositions of the Nietzschean metaphysic, which is really a repudiated twin of Pragmatism itself.—"There is no Force superior to Force," the only function of truth is to be an instrument of life, and Becoming not Being is the one fluid reality of a protean existence. The chapter on Max Stirner is not uninteresting, but throughout the book the writer fails to differentiate sufficiently between the two quite distinct meanings of Superman—(*a*) an individual genius, and (*b*) a racial ideal.

About fifty pages are devoted to Nietzsche's life. No mention, however, is made either of Nietzsche's engagement or of any of the details of the Lou Salomé episode. So far, too, as the Wagner relationship is concerned, Dr. Hill apparently forgets that distinct traces are actually to be found in Nietzsche, of what your good and true Nietzschean would no doubt call "the cloven hoof of Christianity."

The style provokes no comment with the exception of such expressions as "nervosity," "Wagnerian diathesis, so to speak," and "genial" (as the adjective of genius).

THE VALUE OF THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS. By E. NOEL REICHARDT, M.D. George Allen. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this very ambitiously-planned treatise propounds a theory which, he claims, "explains every fact in human development, and gives us the key to every problem in morbid psychology"—a theory which he undertakes to "prove beyond all manner of doubt." He seeks to show that the ancient Oriental religions embody within themselves a continuous progression of ideas which completely reveal to us the evolutionary process responsible for the historical progression of humanity during the last eight thousand years. Viewing the evolutionary process as a continuous wave of vital energy, he holds that this has propagated itself through a series of smaller wavelets, giving rise to the rhythmic growth and decay of great communities. This generic wave began to rise about 6,000 years B.C., in its growth successively affecting Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, and Hindoo religion, and culminated in Judaism—plus the revelation of God in Christ—subsiding in the Greek, Roman, and Mohammedan faiths, followed by mediæval Catholicism and Protestantism. It is a fascinating speculation, impossible to criticise in a short notice, but worked out by Dr. Reichardt with unfailing vigour, and, as we have hinted, no lack of confidence.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY. By FREDERICK A. M. SPENCER, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

A certain detachment—an air as of one determined to think high matters out for himself—pervades this attempt at a re-valuation or re-interpretation of Christianity from the standpoint of a writer who accepts the verdicts of modern science and the modern criticism of the Bible. It is inevitable that the present age should produce not one but many such re-statements, and Mr. Spencer's volume, with its evidence of wide reading and earnest purpose, will be perused with interest by all to whom his themes appeal, whether they are able in each case to share his conclusions or not. Many will be attracted by the author's view of Christ as "Divine life coming forth from God, incarnating itself and incarnate in souls, constituting altogether a great vital unity of spirit," and "typically incarnate in the Jesus of history"; on the other hand, we confess that we are left unconvinced by his speculations on the subject of immortality—a doctrine of reincarnations queerly tinged with feminism, of all things. But Mr. Spencer has produced a serious and thought-provoking book, which would have gained in value by the addition of an index.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC

La Gestion par l'État et les Municipalités. Par Yves Guyot. Paris: Felix Alcan. 3 fr. 50 c.

An uncompromising attack upon all forms of State and municipal trading and industry, based upon the following article of faith, with which the distinguished economist heads his work: "Ni l'État, ni les communes ne doivent jamais faire ce que peut faire un particulier." The publication of this work, which has been prepared for a long time past, would seem to be due to a debate between the author and M. Edgard Milhaud, Professor of Political Economy at the Geneva University and editor of a review entitled "Les Annales de la Regie directe," in which the contrary thesis is maintained. M. Milhaud's adherents in France dwell upon the success of the Prussian State Railways and the triumphs of municipal socialism in the large towns of England. M. Yves Guyot, who has written this volume to furnish the public with precise information showing the "emptiness and bluff of their programmes," declares that he has found no advantage in State or municipal exploitation, while an impartial study reveals the evils to which it gives rise. After a destructive analysis of the State railways in different countries, the writer deals in like fashion with the Municipal Socialism of London, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Manchester, with the British tramway system, the work done by the British municipalities and in other countries for the housing of the working classes, and a series of other State and municipal enterprises—all illustrating his thesis that the gains of those undertakings are factitious, their administration unsatisfactory, and their influence corrupting. A work that would have pleased Herbert Spencer, and written with all M. Yves Guyot's well-known vigour of expression and wealth of information.

Seasonal Trades. By Various Writers. With an Introduction by Sidney Webb. Edited by Sidney Webb, LL.B., and Arnold Freeman, M.A. London: Constable, 1912. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This useful work is, on the whole, highly creditable to the students of the London School of Economics, by whom the different chapters have been written under the guidance of the editors. Their field of investigation is, unfortunately, one which has, up to the present, been too much neglected from a statistical standpoint. Consequently this mass of valuable information on the West End Tailoring Trade, the Waiter, the Cycle and Gas Industries, the Skin and Fur, Boot and Shoe, Millinery, and Building Trades is exceptionally welcome for its methodic form no less than for the freshness of a considerable portion of it. To find the whole collected in a single volume of 400 pages, provided with a workable bibliography and statistical tables, does certainly help in the formation of sound general ideas on the subject. Happily, in this case, as in so many others, closer inquiry proves that, difficult as is the problem of the periodic unemployment of such large numbers, there is no reason to regard it as insoluble. A hopeful feature is that while all trades have periods of relative slackness, these periods never coincide, and there is no time at which the whole industry of the country is slack. This fact alone proves that those reformers who insist on the necessity of making the remedies—or even palliatives—for unemployment national rather than local, and comprehensive rather than confined to special trades, are on the right track. A further recommendation of this book is that it occupies itself exclusively with the conditions of the problem, leaving aside the question of remedies, and thus appeals with equal force to reformers of all shades of political opinion.

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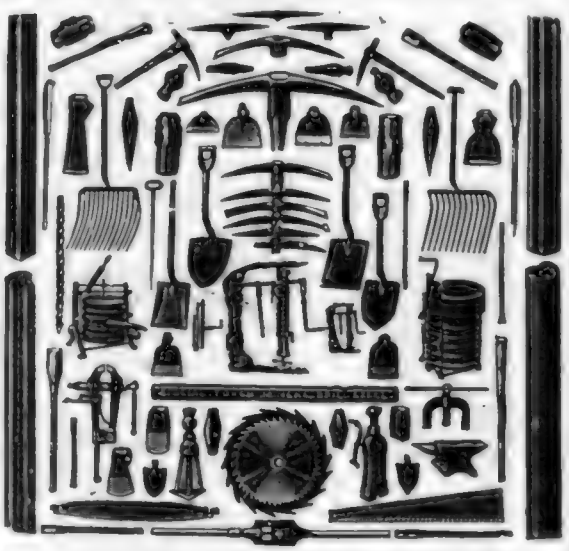

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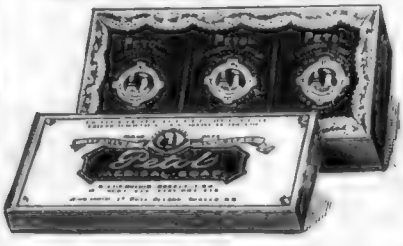

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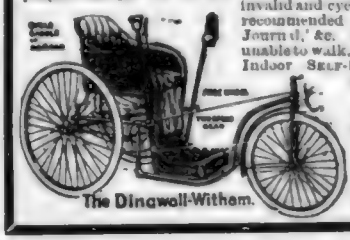

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¶ The time is approaching for the casting aside of those heavy fur coats which have been such an astounding craze of fashion throughout the entire Winter season, and every woman is beginning to be keenly interested in the question of what will be the most fashionable type of tailor-made for early Spring wear. Year by year one notices that as Easter approaches there is always some particular novelty in tailor-made costumes that appeals to popular favour, and is counted the latest *chic* amongst the best dressed women. This year there is a craze for a particularly light and ultra-attractive type of Repp suiting which has been launched by one of the best and most exclusive tailoring establishments in London, whose influence upon coming modes is so great that it cannot be ignored.

Suitable for Young and Old alike

¶ Not only does this new Repp suiting make the most delightful of all tailored suits for Spring wear on account of the fineness and hard wearing quality of the cloth, but the new material can be recommended as hitting the happy medium between the ultra-elaborate silk and satin tailor-mades and the severe tweed or serge costume that is really only suitable for morning wear. Fashioned into artistic tailored costumes, the new Repp cloth is to be had in every imaginable shade of colour. A point in its favour is that, being very fine of texture, it lends itself equally well to the making of youthful-looking tailored costumes or the more elaborate type of visiting toilette adorned with silk or satin collars, and enriched with handsome silk braid and ornaments.

The Charm of Cheapness

¶ The new material being very fine has the merit of draping very easily, and can be fashioned into a three-piece costume with a picturesque bodice *en suite,* although a great many women prefer to wear their coats and skirts over the new tucked net blouse shirts or those smart little lace bodices covered by an overslip of ninon exactly the same tone of colour as the coat and skirt. The costumier who is introducing the new cloth to London has been fortunate in securing all the very latest and most advanced Parisian models, which he is reproducing with great success; while a factor

to be reckoned with by a great many women is the pleasing fact that these are being sold at such moderate prices that they are well within the reach of *débutantes* who find they have to dress upon a strictly limited dress allowance—and to whom the choice of a really smart tailor-made that will do duty for afternoon as well as morning wear, is one of the most pressing problems of the present moment.

A New Motor and Travelling Coat

¶ Another novelty for Spring wear is an attractive type of travelling coat which has lately made its appearance, and is very much smarter and more attractive than any seen hitherto. These coats are made of the new striped ratine that has a white or a pale champagne-coloured background, lightly striped with black, grey, brown, fawn, or purple lines as the case may be. Fashioned after the most picturesque modern "Directoire" models, many of which show a high waist-band that imparts a very picturesque finish, these new coats are ideal for Spring wear. Not only do they look extremely smart and far more youthful than the ordinary dark-coloured travelling coat, but they are very light, and yet warm without being at all cumbersome. Made by the best London tailors, these coats are quite smart enough for Town wear, and they should come as a boon and a blessing to many fair motorists who are just now looking out for something to take the place of the heavy fur and tweed coats that are only suitable for Winter wear.

A Travelling Wardrobe

¶ Writing of motoring and travelling, many people who are already contemplating Easter holidays will be delighted to hear of a new type of travelling trunk that once and for all does away with the trouble and the toil of packing and unpacking, and which obviates any fear of finding dresses, &c., crushed and creased at the end of even the longest journey. The new trunk, which can be had in a variety of sizes to suit all journeys (whether a short week-end visit or a prolonged Continental tour), is made on exactly the same lines as a fitted wardrobe, having a set of six drawers to hold linen blouses, veils, and other small etceteras of dress on one side, while the other half is fitted with a series of arms and hangers made of polished wood and devised to hold one or more of every conceivable kind of toilette from elaborate ball gowns to tailor-made coats and skirts. These hangers are fitted on to a light framework which by a touch can be pulled forward so as to expose the entire contents of the trunk at a glance, so making the withdrawal or replacing of any gown simplicity itself.

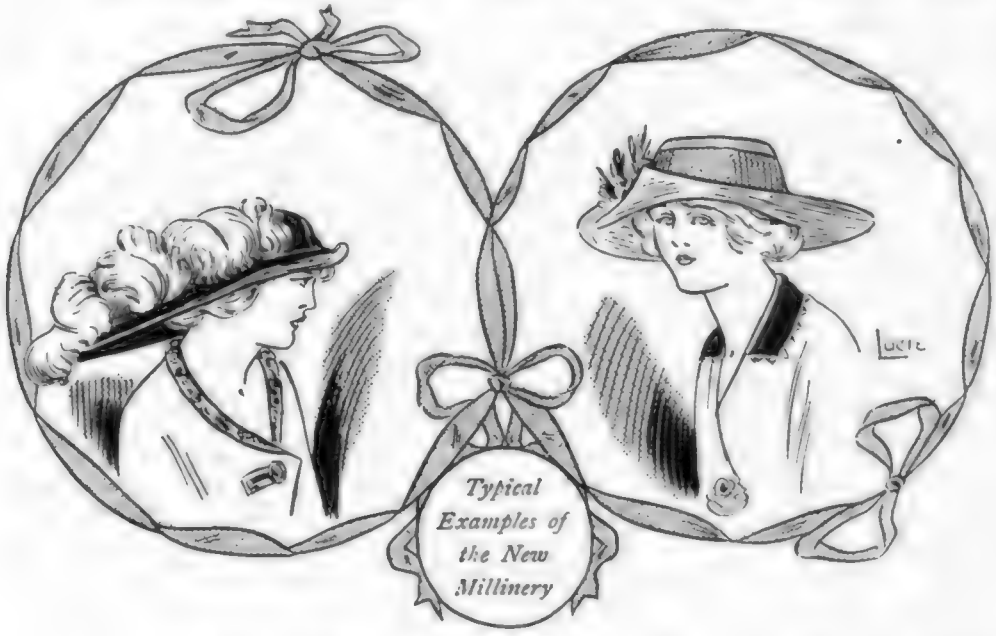
A Boon to Every Traveller

¶ The fact that these new trunks can be made in practically any size and that they are light in weight and moderate in price will make them appeal to a large section of travellers who find the labour of packing and unpacking the greatest trouble of touring. Indeed, these considerations are so great that the new travelling wardrobe bids fair to entirely take the place of the old-fashioned trunk-box which necessitates everything being unpacked wherever one may be. Travellers who have experienced the inconvenience of the all-too-scanty wardrobe space provided in the average hotel bedroom will likewise appreciate the great comfort of carrying a portable chest of drawers and wardrobe about with them; while those women who travel without a maid will find that the new trunk not only saves them the trouble

of packing and unpacking, but that it also does away with all the now unnecessary toil of ironing light toilettes which under the old system got so hopelessly creased after the most careful packing.

The New Idea Adapted to Wardrobes

¶ So successful and so simple is this new invention that the same principle is being applied to wardrobes all over the country; several people having new ones designed to match suites of furniture, or their old ones fitted in this new manner, that allows the entire contents to be pulled forth to view with the same ease as a door is opened. The new method of packing and storing clothes applies equally well to men's and women's wardrobes, as in every instance the hangers are made



Typical Examples of the New Millinery

so that they will accommodate practically any style of ladies' gowns or gentlemen's suits; while hat boxes on the same practical line, combining shoe racks and box-trays and lockers for trinkets and small fripperies, are to be had, designed by the same makers.

The Most Fashionable Type of Sports Coat

¶ The knitted sports coat seems to grow rather than decline in popularity, for it has become one of the most indispensable articles of the modern woman's wardrobe. So far it has been tried in silk, wool, and cashmere; now it makes a welcome appearance in Shetland wool, which seems to combine all the virtues of every type of sports coat that has gone before. In this beautiful light lacy-looking yarn the golf or jersey coat is certainly seen in perfection, for Shetland wool does not stretch or lose its shape like so many of the other kinds are apt to do. The great advantage of the new Shetland coats are their becoming shape, and the fact that owing to the extreme elasticity of the wool they fit much closer and better than any other kind.

The Finest Woollen Spencer

¶ There is also a craze for real Shetland spencers. These are being adopted by a great many women who at this time of the year feel the sudden change from heavy Winter to light Spring clothing, and who are only too glad to avail themselves of the extra warmth provided by a light Shetland wool spencer worn under a light tailor-made costume. The particular charm of this soft, light yarn, which is so familiar in the form of those delicate lace-like shawls and scarves which, used by our grandmothers, are now being adopted by motorists, is that it fits so closely and adapts itself so well to the wearer's figure that while supplying the extra warmth required on so many Spring days, a spencer of this wool takes up no room when worn under even the thinnest silk or satin coat.

The Fashionable Slender Silhouette

¶ Underclothing made by hand by the workers in the Shetland Islands is also a fad of fashion at the present moment, as this wool, which is naturally very fine in texture and so wonderfully thin and soft that it takes up no more room than the finest nainsook, can be worn without any discomfort by persons with the most delicate and sensitive skins. Hitherto real Shetland goods have been difficult to obtain, but to meet the want which is growing more and more urgent in these days when the fashionable slender silhouette makes warm, light, and, above all, thin underclothing a matter of urgent importance to a great many women, a Scottish firm who obtain their goods direct from the Shetland workers are prepared to supply every class of goods from men's, women's and children's clothing to lace shawls, gloves, scarves, &c.; while a very great *spécialité* is made of those beautiful hand-woven Shetland tweeds which are so fashionable for men's suits and ladies' tailor-mades, as well as for golfing and sports skirts. This firm issues a delightfully illustrated and a particularly interesting pamphlet about the Shetland workers and their products, and in this is given the most minute directions regarding the proper way of washing and cleaning these delicate fabrics. This book is sent free of cost to all who care to apply for the same.

The New Button-hole

¶ The little corsage bouquet made of tiny silk and satin flowers, or those quaint little Victorian posies of small, highly-coloured, old-fashioned blossoms, such as Sweet Williams, stocks, and vivid blue forget-me-nots, have now been extended to the tailor-made costume, and the latest craze is the wearing of a single velvet pansy in the button-hole lapel of the new tailor-made coats. These single pansies are very smart, and can be had in exact imitations of several well-known varieties. Mounted with or without foliage, they are being very generally adonted by several of the best-dressed women in London.

To Take the Place of Winter Furs

¶ Another very delightful etcetera of dress are some quite new rucked and piped soft satin stoles and muffs edged with a narrow border of dark brown marabout trimming. These can be made to match any coloured dress, imparting a delightful finish to a Spring visiting toilette. For wear with velvet costumes one finds the new rucked stoles made of the finest chiffon velvet and lined with a contrasting coloured ninon, while long narrow velvet stoles edged with marabout or ostrich feather trimming, and ornamented with large motifs of gold, silver, or oxidised lace, are another novelty of the Spring season.

A Delightful Perfume

¶ A decided change has affected scent during the last year. In place of the sharp clear scents used a while ago, one finds the more subtle and heavier perfume that imparts a decidedly feminine fragrance are first in favour. Everyone is using a particularly delightful new scent that is distilled from real orange blossoms, which has the merit of never growing stale—indeed, it improves rather than deteriorates after use. This new perfume is practically everlasting, and unlike so many scents of the past few seasons does not evaporate quickly, nor does one require to use a great quantity. A few drops sprinkled upon any article of dress lasts for a number of days and imparts the most delicate of odours. Put up in various sized bottles of perfumery, in soap, and in bath crystals, it is nothing short of a craze amongst fashionable women, who are using it to the exclusion of those individual perfumes which it was the fashion to have specially distilled for one's exclusive use a few seasons ago.

The Newest Needlework

¶ The needlework craze continues to be a fad in the fashionable world, and it is quite astonishing to find how much time, trouble, and energy is expended nowadays upon the new tapestry and *petit point* which are by far the favourite types of work just now. Go where you will you are sure to find needlewomen engrossed in producing those canvas pictures which, worked on a large frame, are destined to be used as seats for chairs, footstools, or settees. With designs all ready washed in, in water-colour, these tapestry pictures are anything but difficult to work, for with every design an entire set of properly dyed tapestry wool is supplied. Great interest is centred just now upon an exquisitely new screen that has been designed expressly for a well-known fancy work emporium, where all that is latest and most up-to-date in fine needlework is sold at prices far below those asked at the big art needlework depôts. The particular screen in question is worked in tapestry wools on fine canvas, and has the centre all ready worked in the finest *petit point,* the design chosen being the portrait of a famous French beauty, the face being reproduced in the finest miniature stitch so that it resembles a painting more than needlework. Surrounding this is a lightly painted tapestry design all ready coloured for the amateur needlewoman to work in the simplest and most easy manner.

The Latest Fashion in Food

¶ There is no doubt that the rush of modern life has enormously increased the wear and tear which the average man and woman find themselves exposed to, and although every other person one meets complains of feeling fagged out with the nervous and mental strain that the high pressure of present-day existence entails, there is no ignoring the fact that tonics in the form of drugs of all kinds are steadily going out of favour, having to give way to a far more natural and healthy form of pick-me-up and restorative. The latest and most fashionable of these is a delightful preparation that, instead of being administered in the form of medicine, can be served in dishes that are to be found in any ordinary menu, such as cocoa, soup, milk puddings, sweet and savoury omelets, &c., &c.

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Facing end of letter.]

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¶ **The Annuity business transacted by the "Sun Life of Canada" is the largest reported by any Life Office in the Empire, and exceeds that of all other Canadian Offices put together. New business 1911 (*Life*) £6,331,721, (*Annuity*) £412,751.**

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Investments all under Government Supervision.

To J. F. JUNKIN (Manager),

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

79, Canada House, Norfolk Street,
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Please send me particulars, explanatory booklets, etc., of your various forms of Annuity Insurance. (Enquirer should state age, particulars of annuity required, etc., the communication being regarded as confidential).

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The Capabilities of Endowment Assurance and Annuities

What Endowment Assurance Is.—The most popular form of life assurance in these days is that which is known as endowment assurance, because it is much more flexible and adaptable to the varying circumstances of life than the whole-life system. Because that is the case, and because experience constantly impresses upon one how little people really know of the subject, I devote some space to a simple, and, I hope, clear explanation of what endowment assurance is and the purposes which it serves. To begin at the very beginning, a whole-life policy is one under which the insurance company guarantees to pay a certain sum of money at the death of the assured, and this is the form of assurance under which the annual premiums are lowest. The essential point is that the benefit arises at death and not before. An endowment assurance, on the other hand, becomes payable after a fixed term of years, or at the death of the assured should it occur during that term of years. Thus if one aged 30 takes out a 30-year endowment assurance for £1,000, he himself receives for his own uses the £1,000 at the end of 30 years, if he lives as long, while if he should die earlier, his representatives immediately become entitled to the £1,000. Such is endowment assurance—a combination of provision for old age, with provision for dependants in the event of early death.

Variations of the Endowment.—Upon this foundation a great variety of valuable forms of assurance have been built up, each shaped to serve a different end, and, in their sum total, fit to suit the needs of almost any man or woman or child, various as people's circumstances necessarily are. Some of the variations I have touched upon, more or less briefly, in earlier supplements of this REVIEW. I have referred, for example, to the educational endowments for children and to the "option-policies" which are so highly popular in these days of keener intelligence and foresight in most matters of life, and in life assurance, which is rather a matter of death. I want to get it well home into the minds of my readers that when one pays the first premium under an assurance policy, one becomes possessed of an estate. True, it is only contingent possession to begin with; there is an "if" about it. But if the premiums are regularly forthcoming, the estate will emerge in due time; and that time may be any moment, be it remembered. There are many thousands of men in this country who, in hard cash, would be worth more dead than they are alive—because they hold life policies. But if they are policies payable at death only, the assured himself can never enjoy the principal sum; that waits for his successors—his widow and children, or possibly deserving parents, or conceivably even undeserving others. Let me add here, as a side-thought, that a man who accepts commercial risks should take care that his life policy is protected against creditors in the event of his bankruptcy. It is easily done, and the law expressly provides for it. That is a point which everybody does not know.

The Creation of an Estate.—Pursuing the line of thought, let me say that the essential advantage of endowment assurance as contrasted with ordinary whole-life assurance is that, under the former, the policy holder, on attaining a given age, becomes a capitalist. What the age is to be

is a matter merely of arrangement with the insurance company. If there is a stipulation that the sum assured is payable in the event of death before the fixed age is reached (which makes it an endowment assurance), then, of course, the age at the beginning helps to decide what the annual premium is to be, the other factor being the number of years which must elapse before the policy falls due for payment by reaching maturity. A pure endowment policy is one which ignores the question of the death of the holder. It is simply a guarantee of the payment of a certain sum of money at the end of a fixed term of years, and this is the basis of the ordinary form of children's educational endowment, under which the parent or guardian pays premiums during the earliest years of the child's life, and afterwards for a period of years (beginning usually at age 16), receives in return yearly sums with which to defray the cost of University or other training for the world. But if (as is often very wisely done), it is provided that the policy shall remain in full force without further premium if the parent dies, then the death risk is brought in, and the policy covers an endowment assurance. I want the distinction to be understood quite clearly, for my correspondence discloses that people do not always grasp the meaning of terms used by insurance men, to whom they are familiar.

The Money Problem.—Now, when, by the passage of time, an endowment assurance policy matures, the holder is usually of the age of at least 45, and more probably he is 55 or 60; and although we are all glad enough to receive money, it is not always easy to handle it wisely when (and if) it comes. It is a fact proven by experience that very few men can keep what they have got. I like to put these things personally, and I say this to each one who reads these lines. Ask yourself what your best friend, your most intimate enemy, and yourself would do, respectively, with £1,000 thrust upon you. The answer of a sensible man, resisting the inclination to be jocular, must be that it depends upon the circumstances of the recipient what he *should* do with it, and upon his personality what he *would* do with it. And that brings me to the next point.

Alternative Benefits.—The idea of insurance usually is seriously considered when a marriage has been arranged, to use the correct phrase. To the young and hopeful, the idea of receiving a good round sum in the fall of life is very attractive, and a large proportion of men (and women, too, happily) invest in policies of this kind. Arrived at the maturity of the policy, the insured is entitled to his money. But he may have no particular need for money in the form of cash. If he has prospered tolerably well, and enjoys a sufficient income, owns his own house, and owes nothing to speak of, the £1,000, or whatever it may be, will have to be found employment for, and that means investment. And—I say this deliberately, not for the first time—amateurs at investment are dreadfully stupid, while money is wonderfully elusive in Capel Court. So the insurance company says, in effect: "Instead of money, have money's worth. Have a life annuity. Or, if you have a pension terminating at your death, buy your wife an annuity beginning at your death—*i.e.*, a single-payment whole-life assurance on your own life, with a direction in your will that the proceeds are to be applied in purchasing an annuity for your wife." And so on. It does not require a special form of policy to confer these alternative forms of benefaction upon the assured; he is a capitalist when his endowment assurance matures, and can arrange a new annuity or other contract with perfect ease.

A Danger and its Prevention.—Up to relatively recent days, however, all life assurance had one grave flaw, which can be avoided by means of what are called investment policies. The flaw is this—that the effect of life assurance has been to place comparatively large sums of money in the hands of totally inexperienced people, usually women, as the principal means of preserving them against financial trial. A wise man

does not want foolish trustees or an inexperienced and untrained woman to rob his insurance provision of its value by frittering it away or indiscreetly investing it; and an investment policy does what he wants. At his death (or, in the case of an endowment assurance, when it matures), the insurance company guarantees to pay for a term of years an annuity equal to (usually) 5 per cent. on the amount of the policy, and at the end of the period the amount assured is payable.

Illustration by Example.—I can best explain its working by example; and although I do not, for obvious reasons, give publicity to the names of the companies whose figures I quote, I will do so privately to anyone who asks. A man of 30 takes an investment policy for £1,000 under the endowment assurance system, maturing in 20 years. Then at age 50 he comes into an annuity of £50 per annum for 20 years, and thereafter receives £1,000 in hard cash. And if he should die before reaching the age of 50, his widow, or whoever it may be, enjoys the benefits which I have named. So the amateur capitalist of either sex is spared the dangers of Stock Exchange investment, gets a much higher return on the capital than Government bonds will yield, and has the capital itself absolutely guaranteed against depreciation. It is nearly twice as productive as Consols, and infinitely safer as to capital value.

A Hypothetical Critic.—I can imagine one of a critical turn of mind countering me with: "Yes, but at the end of the 20 years, the difficulty arises again." But I am not cornered. When the £50 annuity ceases, the £1,000 is payable. By that time, in the instance I am using for illustration, the policy-holder is 70; or if the wife should be a widow and the beneficiary, she, in a usual case, would be somewhere about that age. What is to be done? Well, if income is what is wanted, the obvious course is to get it; and it can be got on a far higher scale by means of a life annuity than by purchasing securities of the "gilt-edged" order. At the age of 70 a man with £1,000 can purchase an annuity of no less than £138 10*s.*; or a woman one of £124 14*s.*; in normal cases her vitality is somewhat higher. The yield, it will be seen, is from 12½ to over 13¾ per cent. per annum, according to sex. And the *maximum* cost of all this is £1,323 6*s.* 8*d.*, made up of the twenty annual premiums which, at the most, the policy-holder has to pay. It is to be noted that if he should live to the age of 50 and die without reaching 70, it makes no difference to the obligation of the company to pay the 20-year annuity and the final £1,000.

Another Point of View.—I will meet my imaginary critic in another respect. He may say, truly, that this scheme of assurance would not suit all cases. The policy-holder when the endowment matures may have quite different needs. He may (1) require cash, or (2) have less need for the final £1,000 than for a larger immediate income; or (3) less need for either cash or income than to provide to the utmost for wife or other dependents after his own death. These are all quite possible contingencies, and one great charm of the policy I describe is its adaptability to any of them. As to the first, the policy-holder may want to buy his residence, or pay off a mortgage, or extend his business, or one of a dozen other things. If so, he claims a cash settlement, and he draws the face amount of the policy (£1,000), plus a guaranteed premium of 30 per cent. (£300), plus accumulated bonuses, which may be put at little short of £500—a total approaching £1,800, against his payments of £1,323 6*s.* 8*d.* The figures indicate the investment value of life assurance—*i.e.*, the earning power of savings applied as insurance premiums.

The Burden of Age.—The second case is covered by the right which is conferred under the policy to take the value of the cash I have already mentioned—not the cash itself, but its equivalent—in the form of an imme-

diate life annuity. The amount of it, in the illustrative example I have chosen, would be £120 yearly. The third case is perhaps the most striking of them all. If (and it is not seldom the case) the assured knows that while he lives his family will live in comfort, but that the income will cease or greatly diminish at his death, the prime need is a large sum payable at that juncture. A doctor with an established practice, a pensioned officer or other public servant—instances readily occur to the mind. In such a case, the policy confers the right to take, instead of cash or an annuity, a fully-paid life assurance, payable at death, the amount of which, in my representative case, would be £3,185. (Remember that the total cost of it is £1,323 6*s.* 8*d.*) Now, if we suppose that the policy-holder at his death leaves a widow of the age of 60, this little fortune of £3,185 puts her in a very comfortable position, for she can purchase with it a life annuity falling not far short of £300 per annum. It will be more if her age be greater, and less if she be younger.

Looking Ahead.—I have devoted a good deal of space to this question of endowment assurance, introducing into my discourse also the matter of annuity purchase, because they illustrate in a striking way how great is the buying power of small sums of money regularly invested in life assurance, and they illustrate also the adaptability of endowment assurance, in the hands of a wide-awake office, to the circumstances of the assured. A man does not know in youth what his needs and responsibilities will be in the evening of life. He needs insurance protection for his wife and children, so that early death may not leave them entirely bereft; he wants some kind of old age provision, although he cannot know what he will need until he needs it. And these difficult problems are solved by the admirable policy which I have described, especially if it be conjoined, at one point or another, with an annuity.

How it is Done.—I need make no secret of the fact that the instances I have chosen are of policies issued by Canadian companies with offices in the Motherland. The most fruitful source of benefit to policy-holders is the interest earned. It is that which makes life assurance a first-class investment, as I have always called it; and the higher the average rate of interest a life office earns, the greater the benefit to the policy-holder, other things being equal. It is precisely in this connection that some of the colonial insurance companies have a valuable advantage over their competitors indigenous to the soil of the United Kingdom. I do not mean that the latter are all ultra-conservative and are neglecting their opportunities of advantageous investment in younger countries; but it is the fact that the leading Canadian offices earn a far higher average rate of interest than purely English offices of equal strength and standing. It is a very important circumstance. A difference one way or the other of even 2*s.* 6*d.* per cent. per annum, over a period of 20 or 30 years, amounts to a substantial thing; and the earning power of money in sound securities in Canada is far higher than that which is offered by no better securities in England. Therefore, the life policy-holder of a Canadian company is investing indirectly in that very progressive and flourishing land of infinite possibility, and at the same time is getting the incalculable advantages of life assurance from the moment the first premium is paid. I mention Canada in particular because of its extraordinary progress during recent years, but I am not blind to the renewal of Australia's advance along somewhat similar lines.

W. B. R.

The writer of these supplements is a recognised authority on Insurance matters AND IS NOT ATTACHED TO ANY INSURANCE COMPANY. *He will be pleased to give advice free of charge upon any Insurance question, and to supply statements as to the cost of various Insurances, suggesting the best and most reliable Companies for any particular Insurance. Enquiries should be addressed to the Manager, The "English Review," 17–21 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., and marked "Insurance."*

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Holidays

"I've a slack purse, and shun guides and inns when I can. I care for open air, colour, flowers, weeds, birds, insects, mountains. There's a world behind the mask. I call this life; and the town's a boiling pot, intolerably stuffy."

Ask the majority of people nowadays how they feel, and they will probably reply, "Rotten." What with the irritating weather, stress of competition, and a general feeling of topsy-turvydom, everyone is more or less in a high state of nervous tension that calls for relief. What is "ragtime" but a symptom of nervous strain, the hysterical excrescence of overwrought American nerves?

A change of air will prove the best remedy, and Easter will come to many as nothing less than a "godsend." The period between Christmas and Easter is undoubtedly the most trying of the whole year. What with Christmas and New Year festivities and the continual round of social functions, the system has become jaded, and even the latest craze that London has to offer fails to satisfy. Amongst City men the strain is noticeable by a simple little sign—the continuous "putting on" of cigarettes, not because they badly want a smoke, but through sheer nerves. A few days at the seaside will work wonders, provided the holiday-maker does not cram into the time more physical exercise than he or she is generally accustomed to. For those who lead sedentary occupations, a quiet lounge by the seashore, judiciously interposed with a game of golf or a good walk, should prove of greater benefit than any tonic that doctors provide.

Nature's remedies are certainly more pleasant to take, and the effect is generally more lasting. "But a good deal depends on the weather," many will say—admittedly—given sunny days the pleasure of the holiday is greatly enhanced; but from many years' experience of Easter holidays and their beneficial effect, even a change of air and place in the wet is better than no change at all. If holiday-makers would only take with them sensible clothing,

much less grumbling about the weather would be heard. For an Easter holiday the most important and desirable items are a good stout pair of boots, tweed clothing, and last, but not least, a thoroughly reliable weatherproof—a Burberry for preference, because they are made of a material and in a style that is light and easy to walk in, and yet efficiently rain- and damp-proof. Go out, whether it be wet or fine, and get as much sea air as possible. Don't take new suits and dresses in the hope that the weather will respond to your desire to parade the pier or promenade in a smart blue serge for the delectation of others; turn out in your old clothes and enjoy what nature has to give at the season of the year when she is once more laying aside her winter garb and revealing her beauties in all the glamour of new-born glories.

"Go out upon the unbeaten track,
In an old hat, suit, and mack."

Enjoy yourself, never mind the crowd or its clothes; be comfortable. The choice of a place—yes, that is difficult and requires somewhat serious consideration. It is not proposed in this supplement to recommend or deal with any particular resort, because no two persons' tastes are alike. What may appeal to one will not to another. In order therefore, to make this article as useful as possible, it has been arranged that if readers will state their individual tastes and requirements *and the sum they are prepared to expend,* the writer will then consider such individual application and recommend resorts most likely to appeal to them. Knowing the United Kingdom thoroughly, the writer does not anticipate much difficulty in being able to suit even the most fastidious taste. To those who have little leisure or inclination to wade through confusing guides, time-tables, and other mysterious illusions, the writer hopes to be of material service; and to those who are fond of walking special tours will be detailed. All the applicant need do is to clearly state the distance he or she desires to travel from any given town, the total sum to be expended, and the time to be allowed for the holiday. These supplements will be continued until September, 1913, in order that advice and information may be given to summer holiday-seekers as well as to those merely desirous of taking advantage of the general holidays such as Easter and Whitsuntide. The matter of holiday clothing will also be advised upon. Many holidays have been spoilt through the lack of suitable raiment

adaptable to certain resorts and particular kinds of holidays. For instance, one would not in August take the same clothing for a holiday in Devonshire as, say, for the North of Scotland. Travelling last summer by steamer from Oban to Fort William, several young people were noticed who, through want of suitable clothing, were absolutely miserable. To obtain the full enjoyment of any holiday, one must be comfortably clothed both in mind and body. Disappointments arise every year because so many people are disenchanted with a particular place, not because anything is radically wrong with it, but because it does not come up to the expectation that some guide-book or other has led one to expect. Guide-books serve a useful purpose, but are not to be taken literally, and one of the objects of these supplements will be to deal more particularly with those places that the average guide-book does not touch upon. Popular resorts are generally so well known that no good purpose would be served by recapitulating their claims; it is sought rather to indicate lesser-known resorts—spots of natural beauty, free from pierrots, "penny-in-the-slot machine" adorned piers, and such "attractions" (*sic*) that provide apparent amusement to those who have no eye or desire for:

> "The clearest echoes of the hills,
> The softest notes of falling rills,
> The melodies of birds and bees,
> The murmuring of summer seas,
> And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
> And airs of evening" . . . .

Why people who live in large cities and towns where the best amusements are available should spend their holidays in listening to inferior and third-rate performances is one of those mysteries that Mr. H. G. Wells might seek to solve in one of his future studies of the smaller mind that he alone can make interesting. Another "Mr. Polly," for instance. The popular resorts proclaimed by pictorial posters will not come within the province of these Notes; they advertise themselves like the people who patronise them. Some who read this Supplement may say, "I wonder what sort of a melancholy holiday these people would like us to spend?" Do they think a holiday in solitude—walks with a book of poems—will be advised? If the inclination is for sport, why, then "give 'em sport," and plenty of it. One can't always be "just so" and perfectly proper; it leads to stodginess and liver com-

plaints. "The devil's most devilish when respectable." A good romp for a staid stockbroker is as good as a feed of grass to a sickly cat: it gives tone to the system. What will not be given is information as to ancient monuments and prehistoric remains, and other superfluous items with which so many guide-books are crammed. For those who like them—well, there they are. Groping amongst tombstones and such cheerful delights may interest a few, these Notes are for the many, and will try and lead seekers after the true delights of a holiday to the discovery of those spots "far from the madding crowd," where pure air, glorious seas, and country delights provide that which is the real essential of a good holiday, the setting-up for the work that has to be:

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

F. C. D.

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